Why Tunney Retired from the Ring

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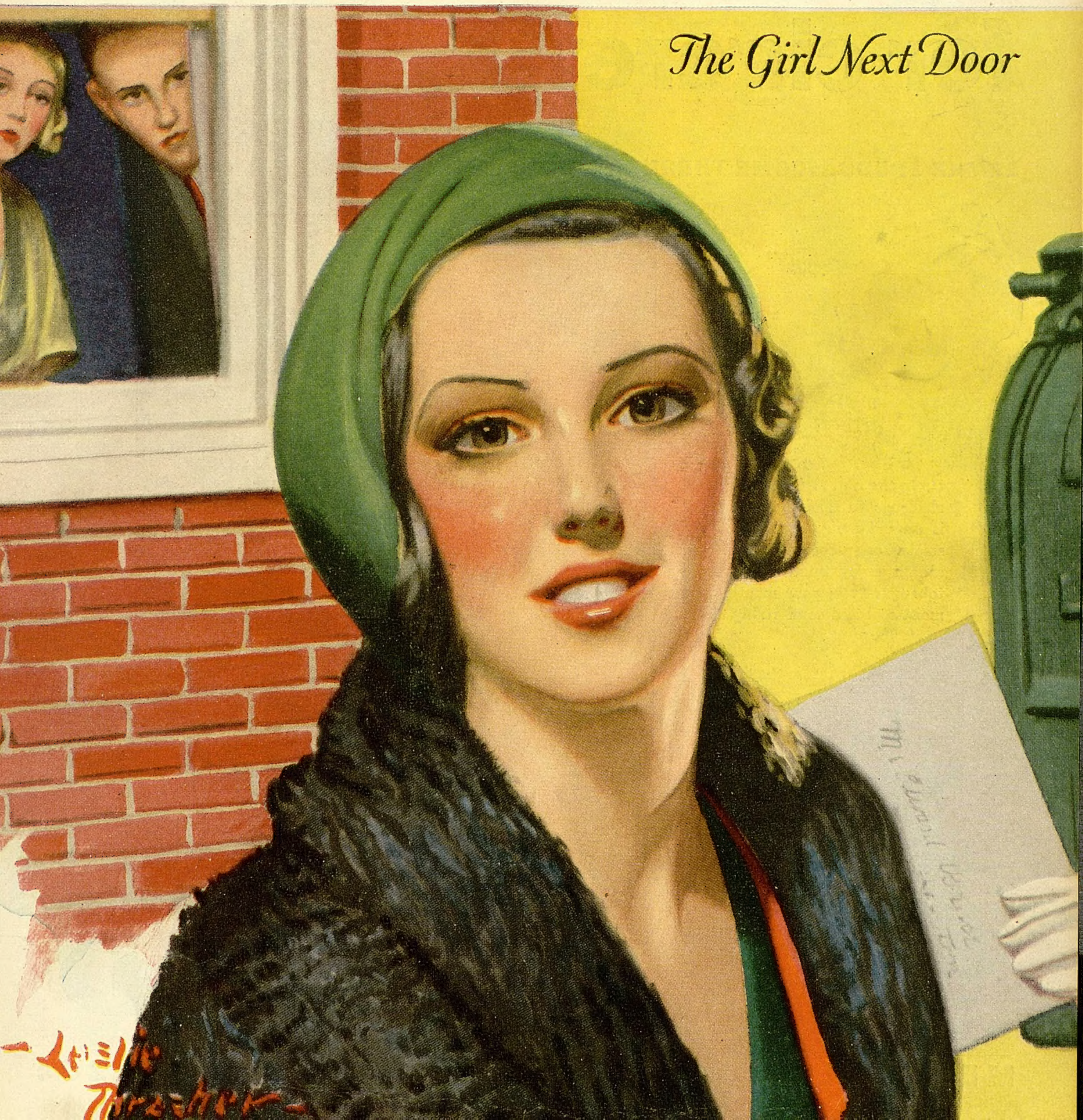

The Girl Next Door

Leslie Thrasher

Tough spots for cigarettes

SMOKE SPUDS...COME THROUGH MOUTH-HAPPY!

Up in the air . . . Altitude is a real challenge to smoking. But Spud is an old aviation veteran. Solo smoke or passenger flight, you always enjoy Spud's full-bodied tobacco flavor; your mouth stays moist-cool and comfortably clean.

Changeable weather . . . Rain, snow, slush . . . sun, clouds, gales . . . all chasing on each other's heels. Tough weather, that, for smoking. But even then Spud tastes like fine tobacco ought to taste, keeps you mouth-happy.

Whatever your own "tough-spots" . . . smoke Spuds . . . you'll come through mouth-happy. Spud cigarettes are the grand new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment.

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"OH, JACK! .. the dentist gives me the most TERRIBLE news"

FEW things of common occurrence are more terrifying than the prospect of losing one's teeth. A single tooth seems like a small matter while in its proper place, but when it comes out the gap is enormous, and seemingly the eyes of the world are upon that place.

In time the dentist will repair the damage skillfully, but first there will be ugly days of self-consciousness and dread. Trying to talk or smile behind closed lips . . . the hand held before the face . . . hoping not to meet people . . .

The dentist would rather prevent

Yes, dental surgeons have grown very skillful, but the modern expert takes more pride in prevention than he does in repair. Make a professional confidant of your dentist, both with respect to your own teeth and those of your children.

Nobody today believes that simple polishing is all that is needed to keep healthy teeth. There is much more to it than that. When teeth come out, there is a deeper cause for it than the mere cleanliness or non-cleanliness of the surface enamel. And when it is stated that over one-half of the adult teeth lost can be charged against *pyorrhea*, it will be realized just what this "deeper cause" actually is!

One great danger in pyorrhea is the fact that people often think they understand it when they really do not. It works so insidiously that it may undermine the gums for several years before making its presence known. That is why, among people over forty, we have the astounding proportion of 80% pyorrhea sufferers (four out of five).

Probably the best-known name in the entire country in connection with pyorrhea is the name of Dr. R. J. Forhan. Thousands of dentists from coast to coast, and all over the world, are using Forhan's Pyorrhea Astringent, an ethical preparation solely for the use of the dental profession. The dentists themselves take pyorrhea very seriously and it will pay every man and woman to take it seriously, too.

A lifetime devoted to pyorrhea

Dr. Forhan worked for 26 years in this field and the fruit of his experience is available in the products that bear his name. Don't wait for bleeding gums or similar signals of trouble. Take up the use of Forhan's Toothpaste in your home both night and morning. Brush your teeth and massage your gums *according to directions*. And please remember that this Forhan principle is a "plus," an extra, an added safeguard for the *protection* of your teeth and gums.

Take the care of teeth seriously

The important point is *to get ahead* of pyorrhea. Don't give it a chance to seep down silently from the gum line. Forhan's will not do the work by itself. You yourself must take the matter seriously, in your own case and for the children. And quite aside from its other virtues, Forhan's is the finest toothpaste money can buy—pleasant, agreeable, long-lasting. Start with Forhan's today—*Forhan's*, the double-duty toothpaste in the big brown tube. Forhan Company, Inc., New York, N. Y. Forhan's, Ltd., Ste. Therese, P. Q.

SERIOUS THOUGHT ABOUT TEETH LEADS TO THE USE OF FORHAN'S

MAR. 5, 1932

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> *"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."* —*Abraham Lincoln.*

GRAFT—OUR GREATEST NATIONAL MENACE

Our pioneer ancestors were far from faultless, but they were honest—to the last degree. But slowly and insidiously this great basic principle is being undermined.

Does honesty pay? is a query that comes to all of us at some time in life. We come in contact with people who are disloyal, undependable, and dishonest apparently enjoying material success, and we wonder if traveling the straight road is worth while when quick rewards can be secured by easier routes.

It is twisted arguments like this that start the grafter on the road to ruin. Easy money becomes attractive, and one success leads to another until he is caught and has to pay the penalty for his sins.

Some people may "get by" without a reckoning, but the constant fear of detection and conviction is always with such lawbreakers and the peace of mind and contentment so essential to a worthwhile career is rarely enjoyed.

The political grafter has always been with us. Favoritism, another form of graft, has crept into nearly every phase of life. And although it may elevate one to a position that he has not legitimately earned, the ultimate value of that kind of success is questionable.

Previous to the prohibition era, grafting had found an important place in many phases of American life. But with the advent of this law, this method of acquiring easy money has been everywhere popularized. Deceit and dishonesty have been encouraged and a premium put on disloyalty.

Certain forms of lawbreaking have now been popularized and commended and the grafter has become a respectable member of society. You will find him everywhere. He may be your next-door neighbor and you may be fully aware of the nature of his business, but the law rarely annoys him. And you are expected to accept him as a respectable member of society.

Prohibition has become a hideous evil due to the graft that it has introduced into American life. We have tried to eliminate one evil and have replaced it with something far worse.

The lawless grafter is a terrible menace, and the example he sets to our young manhood brings an incalculable amount of injury. Easy money is always a powerful magnet, and no matter how firmly the principles of honesty may be implanted in one's character there are occasions when temptation is hard to resist. At this time, when jobs are difficult to obtain and when money is often actually needed to supply the most meager comforts of life, the lawlessness of the grafter often becomes menacingly attractive.

The rigid honesty of our ancestors is the foundation upon which this great nation has been built. Strict adherence to this principle can give us national solidity with the strength of Gibraltar.

But the general acceptance of grafting will ultimately undermine the foundation of our national structure. It will bring us ruin and destruction. For when disloyalty is applauded traitors will be found everywhere.

No nation can exist without loyal adherence to fundamental principles that tie its citizens together as fighting units, willing at all times to contend for the conservation of those ideals that must be maintained to preserve our national honor and prestige.

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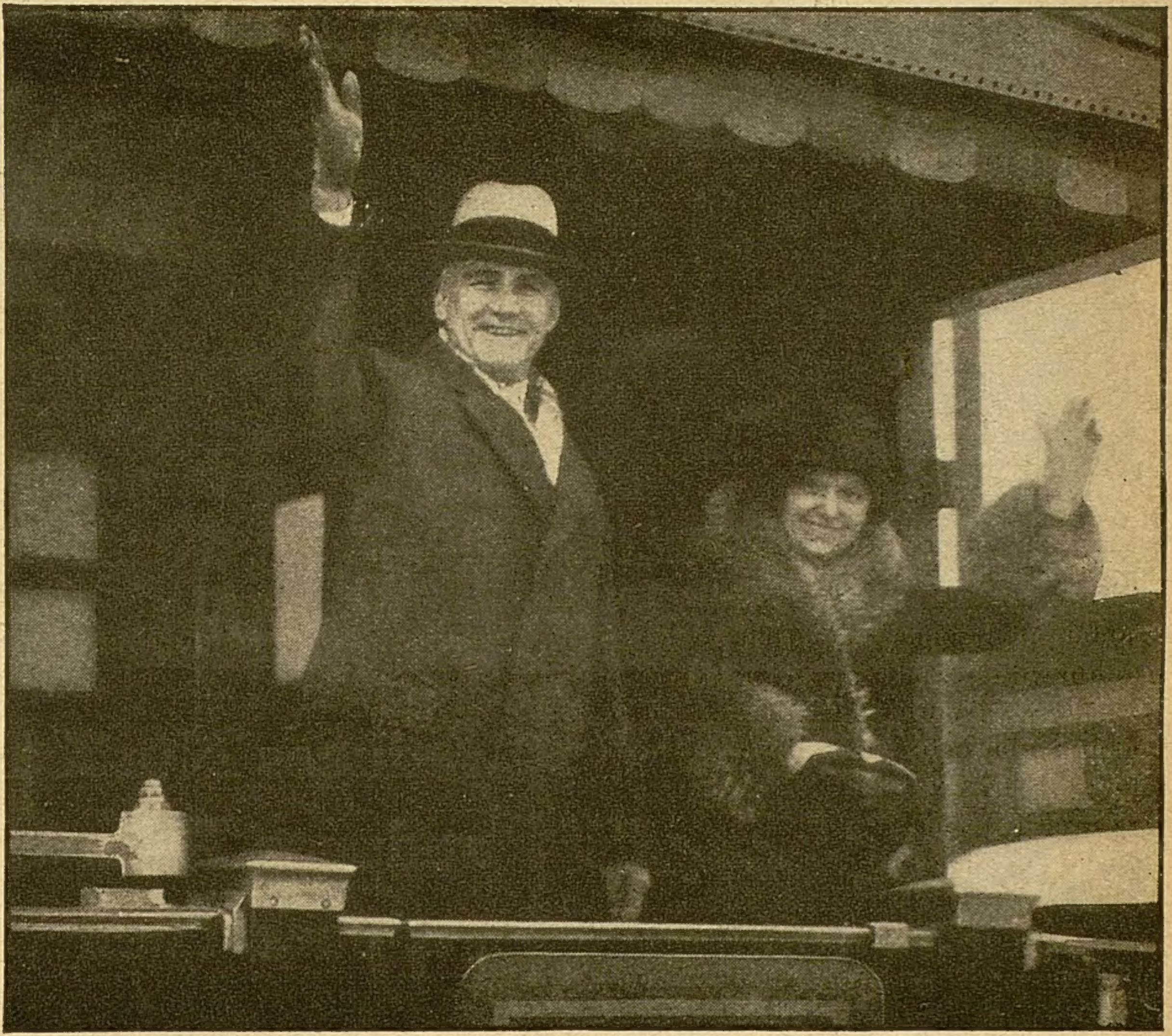
Cover by Leslie Thrasher

How to provide a RETIREMENT INCOME for yourself



Say good-by to money worries forever

THIS new Retirement Income Plan makes it possible for you to retire at any age you wish, 55, 60, or 65. You may provide for yourself a monthly income of $100, $200, $300, or more.

Suppose you decide to retire on an income of $200 a month when you are 60. Here is what you get:

1. An income of $200 a month, beginning at age 60 and lasting the rest of your life. You are assured a return of $20,000, and perhaps much more, depending upon how long you live. If you prefer, you may have a cash settlement of $27,000 at age 60 instead of the monthly income.
2. Upon your death from any natural cause before age 60, your wife or any other beneficiary receives a cash payment of $20,000. Or, if preferred, she will receive a monthly income for life.
3. Upon your death from accidental means before age 60, your beneficiary will receive a cash payment of $40,000. Or, if preferred, she will receive a monthly income for life.
4. If serious illness or accident stops your earning power for a certain period before a stated age, you will thereafter receive a monthly income to live on during such disability, even if it lasts for life.

How much does it cost?

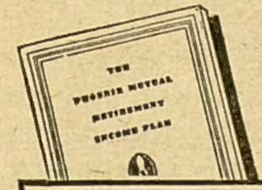
A Retirement Income may be paid for in comparatively small monthly installments. The exact amount depends on (1) Your present age (2) The age at which you wish to retire (3) The amount of monthly income you will want.

One of the great advantages of this Plan is that it goes into operation the minute you pay your first small installment. Even though you should become totally disabled, you would not need to worry. Your installments would be paid by us out of a special reserve fund.

Get this Free Book

The Phoenix Mutual Company is one of the oldest, most conservative institutions in this country. It was founded in 1851, and has been helping men and women to end money worries for over three quarters of a century.

An interesting 24-page book called "The Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan," explains how this plan works. Send for your copy today. There is no cost. There is no obligation.



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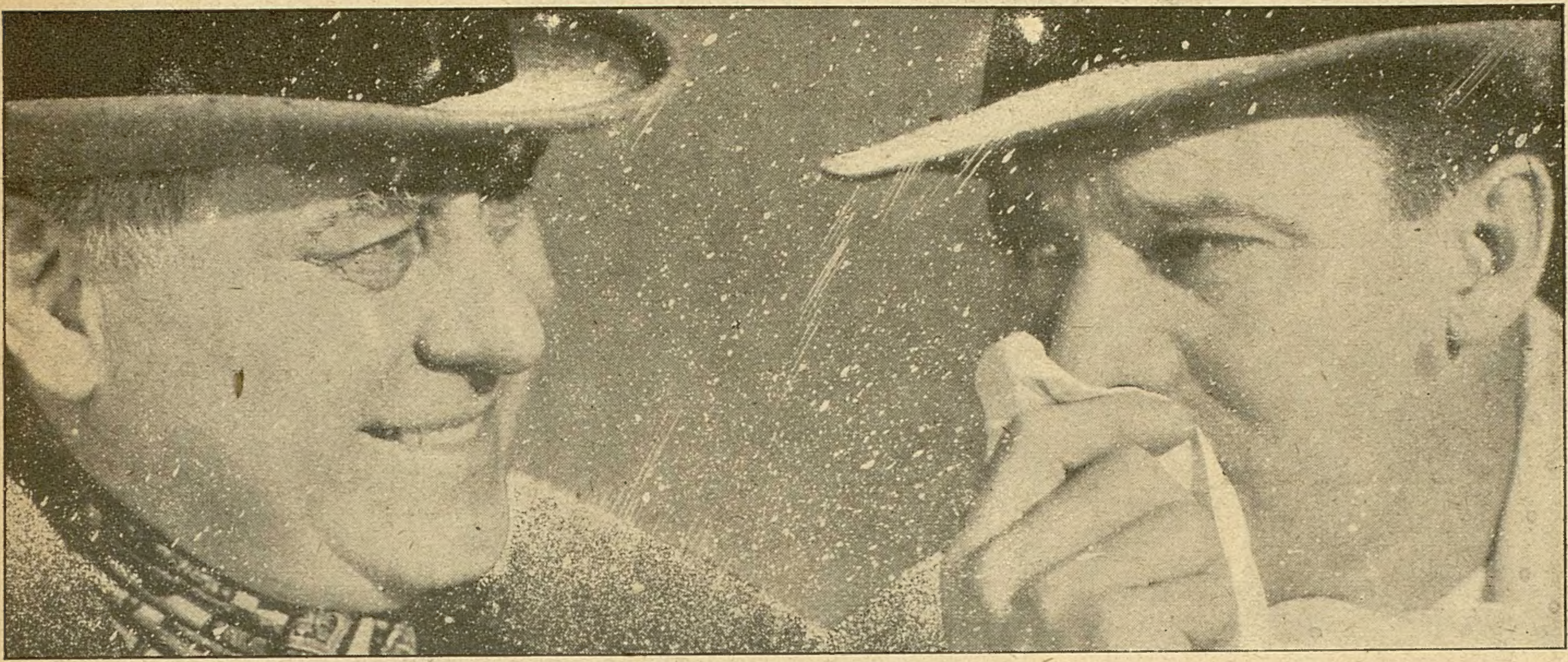
"Take my Tip, Charlie— you won't catch Cold half so often"



TESTS SHOW
Listerine
GARGLE

reduces Number of Colds 50%
reduces Their Severity 75%
reduces Their Duration 66%

Everywhere men and women are talking about the remarkable power of Listerine to keep them from catching cold, and to convert what threatened to be severe colds into mild ones. School teachers, guarding the health of their little charges, join parents in praise of the twice-a-day Listerine gargle.

Not Opinion, But Fact

And now, just to clinch matters, a number of scientific tests, conducted under medical supervision, show that public endorsement is based on scientific fact. They prove once again that to be efficient in the control of infection, a **mouth wash must not only kill germs, but that it must do so without harm to tissue.** Harsh mouth washes, authorities say, could not possibly achieve the results credited to Listerine, the safe antiseptic. Because Listerine, while it kills germs in the fastest time and reduces bacteria 98%, also heals tissue.

Succeeds Because Safe

Here, in brief, is an outline of some of the tests and their remarkable results:

204 people in normal health were under medical supervision in winter weather for periods ranging from 4 weeks to 4¼ months. During this time, ⅓ of the number did not gargle full strength Listerine. ⅓ did gargle with it twice a day. ⅓ gargled with it five times a day. Now, see what happened:

One-Half as Many Colds for Garglers

Those who gargled with full strength Listerine twice a day, contracted only ½ as many colds as those who did not gargle.

When Listerine users did contract colds, their colds were ¼ as severe and lasted only ⅓ as long as colds caught by non-Listerine users.

Those who gargled with Listerine five times a day showed even greater resistance to infection, although not in proportion to the frequency of the gargle.

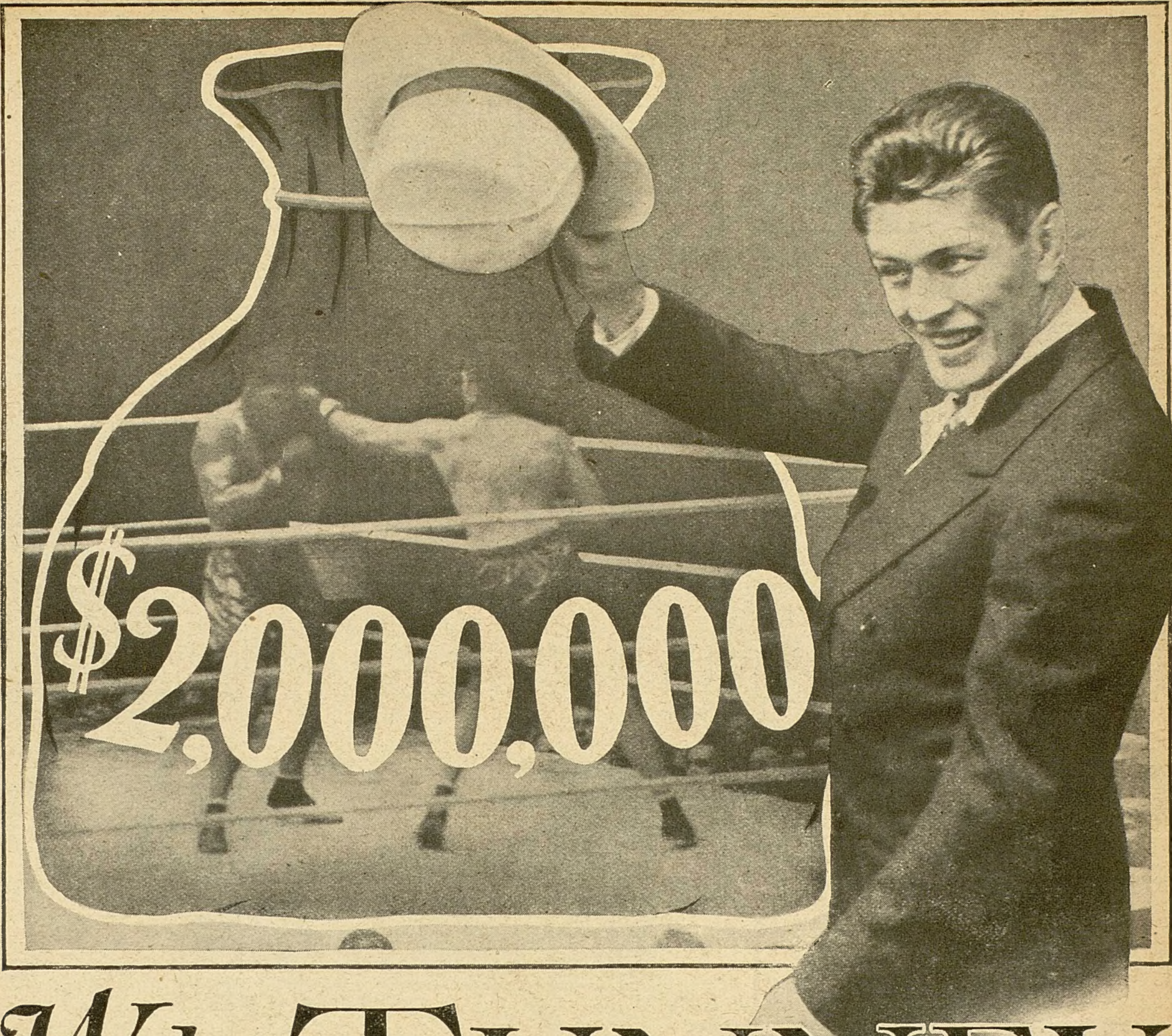
These results, brilliant as they are, do not mean that Listerine should be a substitute for the family physician. They *do* mean, however, that Listerine should be used systematically twice a day as a means of fortifying the oral tract against infection.

Prove it Yourself

All we ask is that you try Listerine and see how well it lives up to the claims we have made for it. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

also relieves
SORE THROAT

EFFECTIVE BECAUSE SAFE



Why TUNNEY *Retired from the Ring*

The Extraordinary Career of the Former Heavyweight Champion Who Gave Up the Title in His Prime—First of a Series of Recollections of the Giants of the Fight Game

(Reading time: 18 min. 10 sec.)

By WILLIAM INGLIS

GENE TUNNEY came home from the war. He had in his pocket what was left of the sixty-dollar bonus this grateful nation gave him when he was mustered out of the U. S. Marine Corps. He wondered whether he could get his old job, bill clerk and typist at the Central Railroad of Georgia freight depot on Pier 35, Hudson River. He called the office on the telephone.

"That you, Gene?" the office manager greeted him on the wire. "It's great to hear your voice again. And you're in good shape? Fine!"

"How are you all down there?" Tunney asked. . . . "Good! How's business?"

"Only middling," the boss answered. "Pretty full staff, too. We're proud of you, boy. Drop in and see us sometime. Good-by."

No job there. Tunney tried other offices, with no better luck.

"We-ell," he said at last, "if I can't find anything else to do, I suppose I'll have to fight for a living."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHY TUNNEY RETIRED FROM THE RING

Continued from page seven

That was the beginning of Tunney's career as a pugilist, a radical change from his earlier sport as a boxer. Within a few years he trained himself into a perfect fighting machine, won the championship of the world and $2,000,000—and gave up the title.

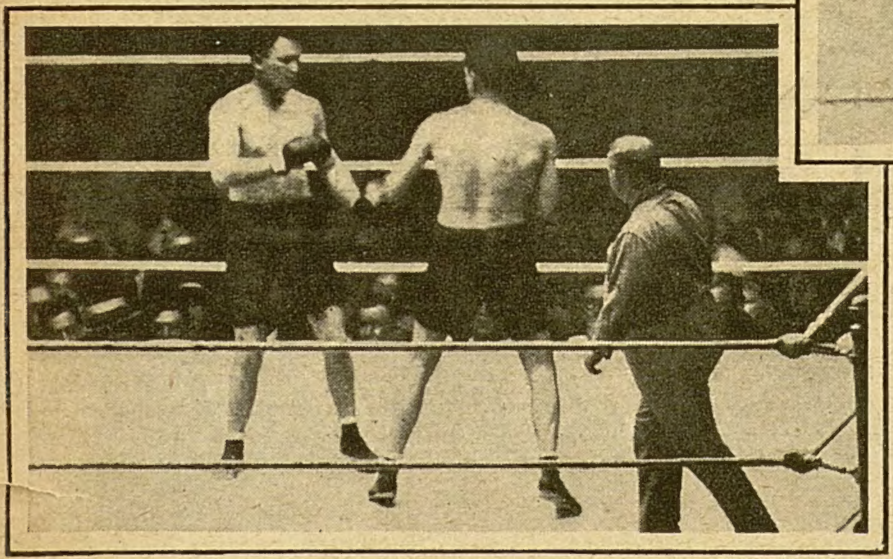
But those two millions were not, as has been widely supposed, his sole reason for giving it up. He was tired of the drudgery of training, of having to subordinate his daily life, even his wishes, to the monotonous round of work, play, and sleep necessary to keep in condition. There was no further honor to gain, and the amount that he had gathered with his fists was all the money he wanted. He would grind no more.

There were other reasons. "Sometimes I think I have not made one friend since I won the championship," Gene told me. He could not understand why noisy crowds rushed him whenever he appeared in the street, when he wanted to go quietly about his affairs like any other business man. He was disgusted with the shady schemes of a certain class of promoters. He publicly denounced the gangsters who tried to "fix" fights. While what he said was true, his saying it did not add to his popularity.

TUNNEY never scowled or glared, but he was one of the best men that ever drew on a glove. Jack Dempsey says he was. Jack knows. So do all the other men who fought him. If ever there was a synthetic champion, created by will power and clear thinking, Tunney was that man.

Distance running was the sport that appealed most to Tunney when he was a long-legged boy in his native Greenwich Village, on the lower West Side of New York City. While he was in La Salle School he became such a strong swimmer that during vacations he earned his living as a life guard on the beach at Keansburg, New Jersey. At school and in the Village he boxed for fun and exercise, but never took the game seriously.

Young Tunney was fond of reading and study. No one could have seemed less like a coming champion. One evening he went with some of his chums to the Greenwich Village recreation center of the National Playgrounds Association. They asked him to box with the director, a tall middleweight fighter. Gene set to with him in a friendly bout—and outpointed him easily. Through the next season Gene took charge of a recreation center, and the pay was a welcome addition to his salary as a bill clerk during the day. From a cheap seat in the balcony he studied Benny Leonard and other clever champions who boxed in Madison Square Garden. He got matches with middleweights in preliminary bouts at the smaller clubs. He enjoyed boxing, and the pay was not unwelcome.



Wide World photo

Tunney (at right) winning from the clever Tom Gibbons.

It would be awkward to explain a closed eye or a swollen ear at home or in the office; so Gene devoted his skill to defensive boxing at long range. Early in 1917, when he needed money, he won two lively fights. He was nineteen years old then.

The war changed all that. When Gene joined the marines, his officers found that he was a first-class boxer, and they kept him busy teaching the art to recruits. He soon became light-heavy champion of his battalion. In the great tournament at Paris after the Armistice he won the light-heavy championship of the A. E. F.

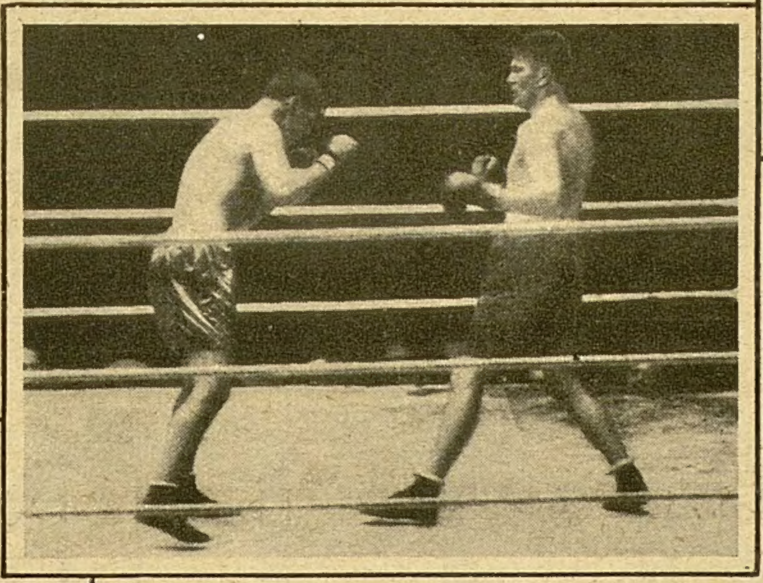
When he came home Bill McCabe and Jimmy Bronson, who had coached Tunney in France, recommended him to promoters, but the tall, soft-spoken youngster did not look like a fighter, and the promoters put him off. Besides, the condition of his hands worried him. Boxing every day in the army had puffed them, and in the championship he had injured his right fist so badly that he dared not hit hard with it now.

At last he got a match at the Bayonne Athletic Club, in New Jersey, with Dan O'Dowd, a Boston heavyweight who had fought a draw with Bill Brennan. He did not try to knock Dan out, and he was glad to win with one hand crippled.

The mild student won thirteen fights in 1920, and had two drawn battles. He knocked out Jim Monohan in one round, Jeff Madden and Sergeant Ray Smith in two rounds each.

Gene was earning a steady income now. In the rest periods of training he read more diligently than ever. But he concealed his love of study, and went about his business of fighting as often as possible.

But those tender fists threatened to wreck his career.



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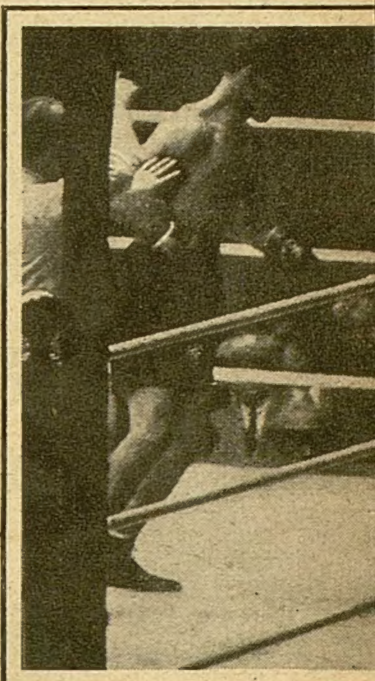
Dethroning the champion, Jack Dempsey (left), at Philadelphia.



Down for the histo
second fight wi

Doctors failed to help him, so he tried a remedy of his own. He went up to Canada and worked in a lumber camp during the winter of 1920-21; swung his ax nine or ten hours a day. He came out in the spring with a pair of fists that would not weaken. Eager to face any man of his weight, 170 pounds, he formed a partnership with a manager, Billy Gibson, who had piloted Benny Leonard to the lightweight championship.

The new firm began to make money. Gibson matched Gene with Battling Levinsky, who was still the best man in America at 175 pounds. Tunney won the decision in twelve rounds. The championship of America went with the decision.

That title meant more matches and larger purses for Tunney. He tackled Charley Weinert of Newark, and although Weinert was fifteen pounds heavier, Gene held him even. This was a long step upward. Over in Philadelphia Gene beat clever Tommy Loughran in eight rounds.

Perhaps he was growing a little cocky, when along came Harry Greb and asked for a match at fifteen rounds. Harry was half a head shorter than Gene and ten pounds lighter. He should not be hard to beat. Gene took him on at Madison Square Garden in May, 1922.

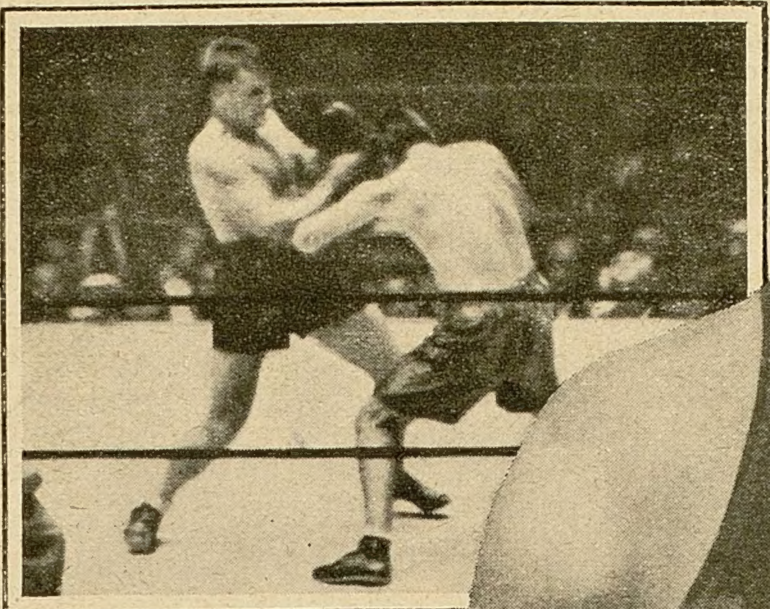
Greb had won the decision over the great Tom Gibbons in ten rounds, thanks to his hurricane attack. At the first gong he flew at Tunney, a revolving human bullet. Gene blocked him off, and he clinched. Greb threw up his head and broke Tunney's nose; did it again and closed his left eye.

Harry apologized—but he made the most of his advantage. Within a few more rounds he closed Gene's right eye, too. The rest of the fight was absurd—nine parts Greb to one part Tunney.

"Better call it a day," Manager Gibson suggested after the tenth round.

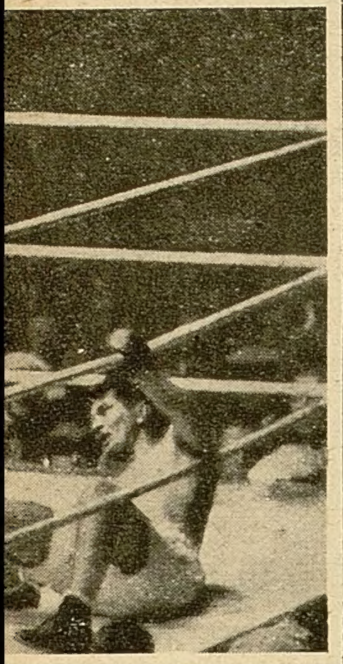
"Why, no," Tunney replied very placidly. "He's not bothering me, Bill—except that it's awkward not to be able to hit him."

The referee gave Greb the decision.



International photo

Tunney's last battle, with Tom Heeney, New Zealand champ (right), in 1928. Tom was no match for him.



Wide World photo

g count" in his psey, at Chicago.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Gibson later, in Gene's dressing room, wondering whether the punishment had jarred his fighter's thinking apparatus.

"It's really a marvelous joke," Gene explained. "If Greb can't knock me out when I'm blind, what do you suppose I'll do to him when I can see? Get him for me, Bill, as soon as you can."

The two met in Cleveland a few months later, and Tunney kept his tall head well out of the way of Greb's whirling fists and "accidental" butts. At the end there was no doubt in the referee's mind that Gene had won.

But Greb was not satisfied, and he tackled Tunney again in December, 1923, and took another beating.

TUNNEY'S vision of the championship was growing clearer. Meanwhile he was hitting harder and surer in every battle. Best of all, he was keeping himself at concert pitch.

In June, 1924, he met a slugger named Erminio Spalla, who had lasted fourteen rounds against Firpo in Buenos Aires. In the seventh, with Spalla helpless, the referee stopped the show.

Four weeks later Tunney met Georges Carpentier in New York in a battle that was a demonstration of grace and speed and swift hitting on Carpentier's part, and of steady, cautious efficiency on Tunney's. In the tenth round he dropped Carpentier twice with sudden onslaughts. In the fourteenth he downed him again. In the fifteenth the Frenchman was so weak that he staggered, and Tunney refused to hit him any more. The referee raised Gene's arm to indicate that he had won.

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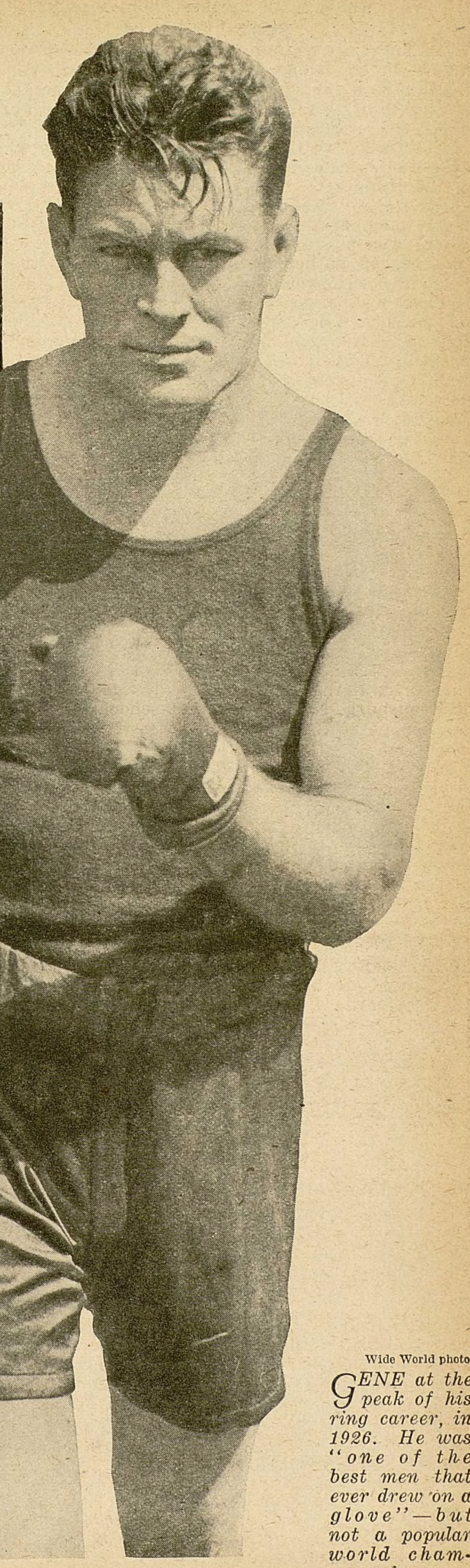

Wide World photo

GENE at the peak of his ring career, in 1926. He was "one of the best men that ever drew on a glove"—but not a popular world champion.

WHY TUNNEY RETIRED FROM THE RING
Continued from page nine

Crowds would pay well to see Tom Gibbons, whom Dempsey had barely beaten, and Gibson matched Tunney with him at the Polo Grounds, New York, in June, 1925.

For the first five rounds Gibbons outboxed Tunney with a dashing attack that made Gene seem sluggish and indifferent. But as the fight went on Gene met him like a relentless machine, gradually robbing him of energy, but always avoiding unnecessary risk.

At the opening of the twelfth Tunney leaped in with a hard left drive on the mid-section, instantly followed by a right to the jaw, and Gibbons fell. Seven seconds he stayed down, then sought to escape by dodging and covering up; but the Tunney fighting machine pressed him every moment. He dropped his guard to save his ribs—and Tunney crossed his right to the jaw. Gibbons was down and out. Time: 1 minute 23 seconds.

Tunney was delighted at this proof that he could outgeneral and outlast one of the ablest men in the business.

Ready now to fight Dempsey for the title, Tunney had to wait long before he could get the match. His challenge was not taken seriously. But Michigan promoters failed in their effort to bring Dempsey and the Negro heavyweight, Harry Wills, together. The New York State Athletic Commission bade Jack fight Wills or stay out of New York. Tunney called on William Muldoon, the venerable state boxing commissioner, and convinced him that he was fit to cope with Dempsey. Gene persuaded Rickard too, and Tex made the match—to be fought in the Sesquicentennial Stadium at Philadelphia in September, 1926.

Dempsey trained for the battle at Atlantic City and impressed the critics as being as good as ever. But Kearns, his former manager, sued him in court for profits he claimed, and worried Jack with a series of writs and orders that upset him and spoiled his training.

Tunney trained in a quiet, pleasant camp near Stroudsburg, among the Pocono Mountains, a hundred miles from Philadelphia, with no crowds to bother him. The most important part of his training was done in a remote room, with no one present but Tunney and Gibson. They had a film of Dempsey in a fight, which they ran off in secret again and again. They made one discovery on which they based their plan of battle: every time Jack was about to attack, he turned his head for a moment toward the right shoulder before plunging in.

IT was upon this trivial act that Tunney built high hopes. If he could drive his right fist to Dempsey's chin at the moment it was turned aside, he might knock Jack out! That blow, worth $1,000,000 if Tunney could land it fairly, became an obsession. Gene practiced it on the light bag, the heavy bag, and on his sparring partners.

International photo

Gene, in full-dress uniform as aid to the governor, photographed with Mrs. Tunney at the inaugural ball in Hartford, Connecticut.

A heavy rain fell on the day of the fight. It gave Tunney an inspiration—he had never been in an airplane, but he would fly the hundred miles from his camp to the ring. Gibson protested, but Tunney knew that word of his flight would be telephoned to the Philadelphia newspapers, and that Dempsey would be worried by this gay act of defiance.

Philadelphia was crowded. As twilight fell it seemed as if the whole city was moving toward the stadium. The customers paid nearly $2,000,000 to see the show. Governors of eight states sat near the ropes.

Tunney, being the challenger, was first in the ring. The betting was two to one against him. Outwardly calm, he was tense within, his mind full of one problem—could he send home the million-dollar blow?

There was a long wait. At last Dempsey came floating up the aisle on a flood of cheers, ran briskly up the steps, and ducked in through the ropes. At that moment rain began to fall, thin but constant. The referee called both men to the center to hear his last words of instruction. Back in their corners, they rubbed their shoes in the rosin boxes.

"Remember that right!" was Gibson's last word of suggestion.

"Watch it go!" Tunney replied. He was smiling.

Dempsey, tense as a coiled spring, trotted out at the tap of the gong. Tunney, seeming to glide, was in midring, waiting. Jack came closer, weaving and bobbing—stopped—began to turn his head aside. As Jack started a left hook, Tunney's right fist shot in on the cheek bone; it staggered Jack so that he clinched. In his haste to knock out the champion with his first blow, Gene had shot too high. Perhaps any marksman with so much at stake would shoot too high.

DEMPSEY was dazed, but his heart was strong He quickly rallied and renewed his attack on this amazing light-heavy who had hit him harder than Willard or Firpo or any other of the giants. Tunney kept away, waited for Jack to come in, and propped him off with a straight left that did not know how to miss. At close range Gene tied Jack's arms in a clinch that nothing could break, then shoved him back out of hitting distance. This challenger was no rough mauler like the others Jack had fought. He was carrying out a careful program, leaving nothing to chance. He knew how destructive Dempsey was with half-arm punches.

Jack made up his mind to crowd in and try to get over the lucky punch. But Tunney was not to be crowded out of his pace. Thanks to his superior footwork, he was able to keep out of Dempsey's effective fighting range, and from a distance he stung and shook Jack with straight left and right counterblows. Planning as intelligently as an engineer, he had assembled all the parts of a first-class fighting machine, and he drove it as placidly as he would drive a motor car. He would not try for a knockout, for that would expose him to danger; and the first round showed him that all he had to do was to be careful and pile up the points to win the decision.

He was a calm captain of fistic industry gathering the fruit of many months of wise planning. It was no surprise to either fighter when at the end of the tenth round the referee raised Gene's arm. He was the champion.

How the times had changed—and champions with them! As soon as Tunney had been rubbed down and dressed, he called on Dempsey at his hotel. There was cordial friendship in their handshake and in the chat they had, for each appreciated the real worth of the other.

Out of the swarm of offers that came to him Tunney accepted an engagement in vaudeville. He was always prompt to appear at the theater in which he was booked, but at other times he was often missing. Gibson found out that Gene was spending hours with war veterans in hospitals, and wondered if it might not be a good thing to let the reporters go with him.

"Nothing doing, Bill," said Tunney. "These fellows have had enough hard luck without being used for advertising. My visits are personal. Don't say a word to the papers." The incident throws a new light on the character of this rather shy fellow who wanted to be popular but was too proud to exploit himself.

One vaudeville tour convinced Tunney that theatrical life was not for him. The late hours, irregular meals, and broken sleep on trains would break the perfect balance of mental and physical health he had established. Therefore he refused all other bids for exhibitions and went to live near Greenwich, Connecticut, where he spent the day out of doors, exercised moderately, and slept ten hours every night. He knew he must fight again if he was to make the most of his title.

Meanwhile Dempsey was getting ready for a return match. He knocked out Jack Sharkey. Tunney analyzed this fight as accurately as an engineer would analyze a report of bridge building. The early rounds showed that Jack's footwork, never of the best, had slowed down considerably. But his endurance and terrific hitting power were as good as ever. He was still the Manassa Mauler — *if* he could land his short-arm punches. The thing to do was to make him keep his distance.

But suppose Dempsey should land one of those devastating short-arm blows? How could Gene gain breathing time to recover from its effects? The answer was clear: he must be able to run backward faster than Jack could run in pursuit of him. Tunney practiced running backward one mile every day on a path hidden in the deep woods behind his camp at Speculator, in the Adirondack wilderness. He developed a speed and sureness of foot never before seen in retreat.

Acme photo

The captain of fistic industry cleans up. Gene, brand-new champion, looking over his big pay check the morning after winning the world title. At his left is Tex Rickard, the promoter; at his right, Billy Gibson, his manager.

It was well for him that he did take endless pains to be at his best; for the Dempsey who tried to win back his crown in the Chicago Stadium in September, 1927, was twice as good as the Dempsey who had lost it a year before.

Most of the "three-million-dollar crowd" came to see Dempsey win. Tunney knew how they felt, but he was too busy with his battle plans to bother about the crowd.

Dempsey was in superb condition, and he dashed in from the first gong. But Tunney, perfectly certain of himself, was placid as a bill clerk adding a column of figures. As Jack attacked, Gene stung him with straight lefts or right counters.

NO matter how fast Dempsey plunged in, Tunney always slipped out of reach. As round followed round, Dempsey might well have felt discouraged at his failure to get home one solid punch; but he was sure, as he pressed the attack without ceasing, that his chance would come. And come it did, in the seventh round. Jack drove Gene across the ring with such fury that Gene was in a corner before he knew it, held in by a torrent of short, ripping blows that flew faster than the eye could count them. Before Gene could tie Jack's flailing arms, a right smash caught him in the short ribs and dropped him senseless on the floor.

Tunney was out—as thoroughly out as any man that ever fell. The referee began to count the ten seconds that would end the fight. As he chanted "Four!" he looked up and saw Dempsey standing near him. He ordered Jack to go to a neutral corner. Jack ran off.

The referee began his count all over again.

The State Commission had warned the fighters and their seconds before the fight that if either man knocked his antagonist down he must retire to an off corner, and each had promised to obey the rule. Impetuous Dempsey, full of fury, had formed the habit of standing over his victims. This habit worked against him now; for the four seconds gave Gene that much more time to recuperate when every instant was precious.

Gene lay flat on his back, with his right leg doubled under him. As he began to come out of his trance, the arm of the referee, rising and falling, caught his eye, and his senses clicked into action. At "Three!" he rolled over and rose on one knee. He waited until he heard "Nine!" Then he stood erect, his mind functioning clearly, and before Dempsey could leave the distant corner Gene was away—running backward like a sprinter shot off his mark. That daily hidden mile in the Adirondack forest was worth the best part of a million dollars to Gene just then.

TUNNEY'S years of careful living and the faithfulness of his training paid rich dividends now. One minute's rest at the end of the round sent him out at full speed for the eighth, and soon his strength was quite restored. The seventh round was all Dempsey's, but all the rest were Tunney's, and the referee proclaimed Gene the winner. As to the "long count," over which men dispute to this day, the authorities took the referee's view of it.

Tunney had to wait nearly a year before the public appetite was keen for another big bout. Rugged Tom Heeney, the champion of New Zealand, had fought a draw with Jack Sharkey, beaten Johnny Risko, and knocked out Jim Maloney in a round. Rickard had guaranteed Tunney $525,000 for his next fight, thinking he could get Dempsey again; but Jack was not ready. Tunney and Heeney fought in the Yankee Stadium, New York City, July 26, 1928. The referee stopped the contest in the eleventh round because Tom was out on his feet.

At a dinner given by a group of sportsmen in his honor a few weeks later, Tunney announced his retirement from the ring. Only thirty years old, strong as Dempsey, the fastest and cleverest man since Corbett, it seemed likely that he could have held the title for years.

"I'm proud of the title of champion," he told me. "I'm not ashamed of the profession I was in. A man would not be ashamed to be the best man at polo or tennis. Boxing is a fine game. But I don't like the constant strain of keeping at the peak of physical fitness."

As an offset to his failure to capture the crowd, Tunney won the friendship of many men of good judgment. He went to Europe with Thornton Wilder, a novelist whose work he admired, and together they enjoyed a long walking tour. Soon after his return from Europe he married Miss Mary Josephine Lauder, granddaughter of one of Andrew Carnegie's partners. They spent a long time in Europe. In the autumn of 1931 a fine boy was born to them.

It is a curious thing that Tunney did not win more popularity. In many ways he was the ablest fighting man of our day. He was the victim of his perfection in the art and his lack of emotional appeal.

This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Inglis on giants of the ring whom he has known. Others will appear in early issues of Liberty.

Wheat

A Saga of Land and Love

By

KONRAD BERCOVICI

(Reading time: 36 minutes 25 seconds.)

Wheat in the bins,
Women in the kitchen,
Men in the fields,
Babies in the cribs,
Sends men to the fields,
Women to the kitchen,
Makes babies grow to men,
Brings wheat to the bins.
—*Polish Harvest Song.*

HOW and why the Poniatovskys chose Logan County, Kansas, for their home when they had so many counties in Kansas to choose from is a story without an end. While the Poniatovskys were still in Poland they had received a letter from the Lubovskys, their cousins, who had settled down in Logan County, telling them that such wheat as grew on their farm had never been seen before; and that life there left nothing to be desired,

DONALD GARDNER

PETER, leaning on the long handle of his hay fork, said to Katusha, "My, but you have lovely eyes!"

Pictures by DONALD GARDNER

except that God bless Poland with such fat land as they owned and such rivers as they fished from.

How the Lubovskys ever got to Logan County is a link in the unending chain of letters from America to Poland; the Sobietskys wrote to their cousins in Poland and the Micklaevitches wrote to theirs, and so on.

The Poniatovskys sold their old farm and home in Poland, even as the Lubovskys and the Sobietskys and the Micklaevitches had done before them, and while the crying women were packing bundles and stuffing away the presents their neighbors gave them to carry to their relatives across the ocean, the men, Micklosh Poniatovsky and his married son, Johann, drank farewell greetings at the crowded village inn with their neighbors, who made them promise to write immediately the truth, the absolute truth, about the fertility of the land across the ocean and the lowest price at which it could be obtained.

Of course they had all the confidence in the world in Lubovsky, but he was given a little to exaggeration. His father had been a professional soldier and his grandfather had been a fiddler, while Micklosh's father had grown grain even as had his grandfather and his great-grandfather before him.

IN due time the Poniatovskys wrote letters to their friends and relatives that Lubovsky had not told the whole truth: that he had not praised the fertility of the land half as enthusiastically as he might have done, that he had understated everything because he knew that the people at home would not believe him because his father had been a soldier and his grandfather a fiddler. And so other farms in Poland changed hands, more women packed bundles and more men were bidden farewell at the end of each harvest. The Leshitzkys, Levinskys, Sobietskys, and Mankevitzes crossed the dreaded ocean and settled in Logan County, in Gove, Greeley, in Wichita, and in Scott, along the sweet waters of Smoky Hill River, and on the billowy plains below Sharon Springs.

In due time also the Poniatovskys bought out the land of their cousin Lubovsky, whose children wanted to live in a city because their grandfather had been a soldier and great-grandfather a fiddler, and Micklosh and his son Johann Poniatovsky became the largest of the Polish landholders in the wheat-growing section of Kansas.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHEAT
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They celebrated the new harvests with music and dance and song. While the wheat filled the stout bags at the end of the dust-swallowed, noisy threshing machine, the bare-chested, brown-armed men forking the golden sheaves into the maws of the clattering carrying chain sang praises to the Lord and shouted saucy remarks to the bare-footed, yellow-haired, full-bosomed women and girls below who were busily dragging the heavy bags away and sticking the empty ones on the filling racks.

Heigh, ho—
Wheat in the bins,
Babies in the cribs!
Jasna Polska.

And nights, instead of sleeping after the tiresome day of labor, the Poniatovskys and their Polish neighbors sang and danced, ate, drank, told stories, and yet woke up mornings after a few hours of rest fresh and cheery and ready for another day of hard work and another night of dance and song. In the fall the first furrow plowed was the occasion for another dancing night, for the Poles counted their wealth not by the gold in their pockets but by the children in their homes, the health of the women in their kitchens, the acres under plow, the wheat in their fields, the size of their manure piles, and the horses and cattle in the stables and barns.

Men in the fields,
Women in the kitchen,
Oxen in the yoke.

And it so happened that at the time Johann Poniatovsky had inherited his father's farm of three hundred acres of wheatland in Kansas and joined them to his own three hundred he was also the father of a brood of children, the oldest of which was Katusha, a round-faced, blue-eyed, full-lipped, full-bosomed laughing sprite of about seventeen, of whom he was very proud. And Johann loved her a little more than he loved his other children—because she was born in Poland; "because she has the scent of Poland in her hair," he was wont to say in his more expansive moods.

THOUGH Kansas land was fat and rich, Johann still had longings occasionally for his beloved homeland. He planned to visit it some day, to take his old mother home to die there, after Katusha should be married.

And there were many neighbors in Logan County, people settled there before the Poniatovskys had come, and people who had come after, who were from different parts of the world, some born on the land there, and some come from Germany and Sweden, from Finland and Scotland, and from the plains of Dalmatia.

The children of all peoples went to school together, true, but at the end of school hours the Polish children were Poles again and the others were Dalmatians, or Hungarians, or whatever their parents were, or thought they were. And woe to the Polish child who mispronounced a single Polish word.

• • • • •

Katusha was the pride of her father. He had taught her to play the zither and to sing all the old songs. How Katusha sang! She was Polish throughout. There wasn't another one like her in Kansas—in the world.

Harvest time, Johann Poniatovsky had had to hire many harvest hands that summer, people from everywhere and nowhere, young and old, and to house them in shacks on his farm while they were working for him.

While the heavy sheaves were being thrown to the thresher, a young man of about twenty, brown and lean and with green eyes, a young man they called Peter and who had worked for them the year before, looked steadily at Katusha, who was standing below him at the mouth of the thresher. Johann Poniatovsky was too busy and too absorbed to notice the friendliness with which Katusha had greeted the man each morning and the joy in their eyes when the two youngsters looked at each other.

During a lull in work, while the broad belt connecting the thresher and tractor engine was being shoved back in place, Peter, leaning on the long handle of his hay fork, said to Katusha, who was sewing up the filled burlap bags:

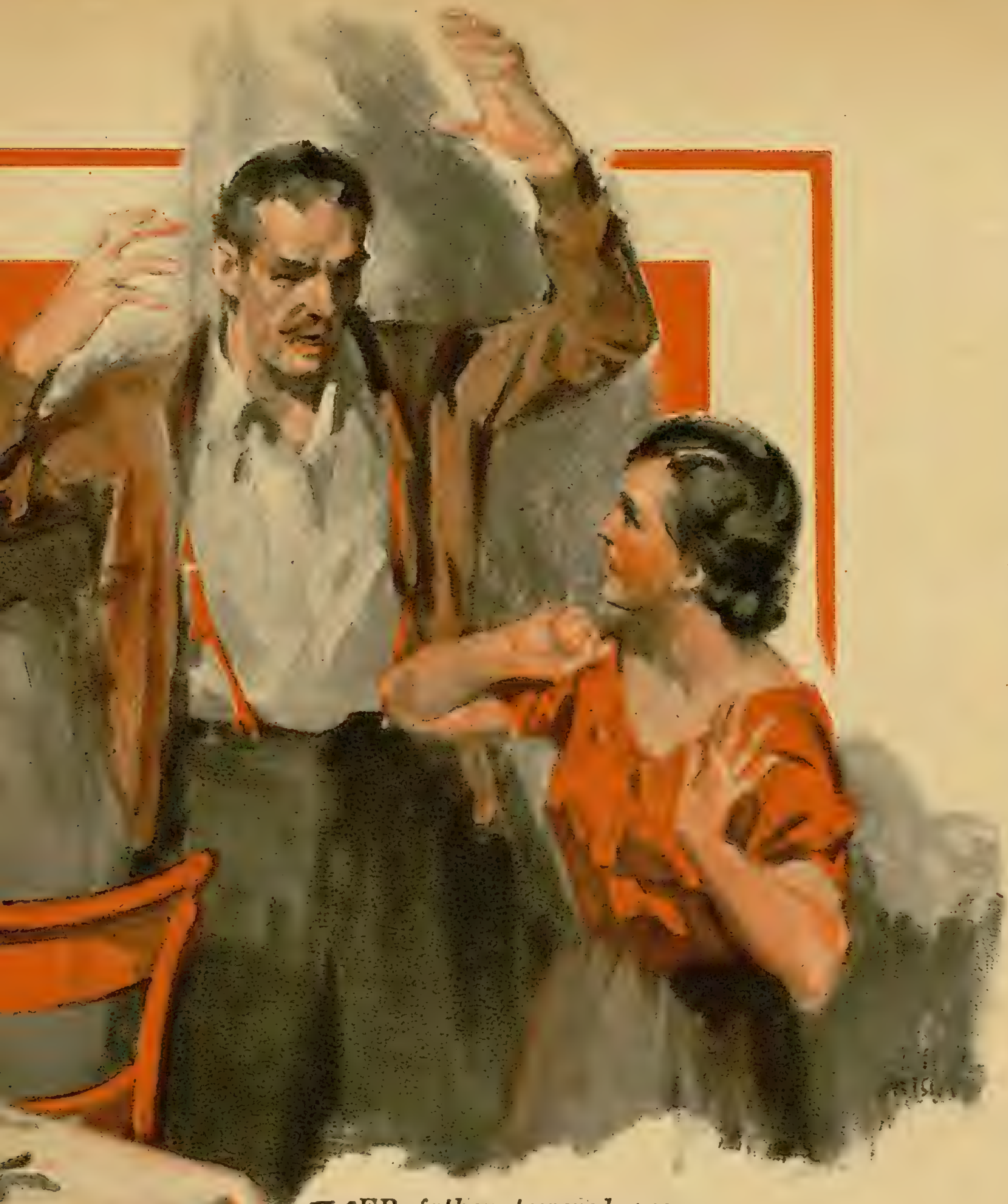
"My, but you have lovely eyes!"

"Same to you," Katusha answered slangily. "Do you tell that to every girl?"

He wasn't telling that to any girl. She was the only one whose eyes he had ever noticed. He launched on a series of protestations.

She cut him off: "Father is coming."

These three words made Peter happier than any other words could have made him. They had a secret between them. He had not lied when he had told her that he had not noticed the eyes of other girls. True, he had not been thinking of her all the time since the last harvest, but somehow, as the harvest time had approached, he had thought of obtaining work at the Poniatovskys', though he could have gotten work elsewhere at a better price. Perhaps she had hoped he would come! He remembered



HER father towered over her. His enormous arms swung themselves above his head like merciless flails.

her friendly greeting when he had come to ask for work. Johann Poniatovsky had not remembered him, but Katusha had greeted him with a friendly "Hello, Peter." She had remembered his face and his name.

When the noon whistle blew he managed to have a word with her.

"How can a fellow talk to you, and when?" he asked, passing her by.

"Stick around tonight. There'll be a dance here, and many people."

"There'll be only your people," he argued.

"That's O. K. Stick around just the same."

Food had never tasted so well. The crust of the bread reminded him of Katusha's brown skin. The bread tasted so well he wondered whether she had kneaded the dough with her own hands. The odor of fresh wheat also reminded him of her.

"Stick around."

HE sure would. "There'll be lots of people." Her people. Some other man, sure. They weren't blind, the Poles. She had grown more beautiful since last year. He had tramped all over Kansas and Nebraska and Colorado since he had last seen her. He had been restless. His parents' home was in Gove County, not far away from Logan.

He had refused to work on his father's farm. There wasn't anything in it. At the end of every harvest season he had had to share his parents' worries about mortgages, interest, the low price of wheat, and all the other shortcomings of the farm. He had preferred to work for wages elsewhere. His father could get along without him, or he had said so.

How did these Poles manage to keep gay and happy in the face of difficulties that well nigh broke down other dirt farmers? Katusha! At the end of the harvest his father generally sat down with pencil in hand to figure out what the wheat had cost him, and how much he would get for it. The Poles danced when the harvest was done. They looked with pride at the wagons carrying away the wheat they had threshed, and sang and danced like children instead of worrying about how much the grain would bring in the markets of Kansas and Chicago.

KATUSHA! Neither did their women worry. They sang. They danced with the men. They played with their babies. They worked in the fields. They baked their own bread. Peter's people ate store bread. He wondered whether Katusha knew how to bake bread. She sure must know, he concluded. The white embroidered blouse she wore wasn't bought in a store. It was homespun. Had she done it herself with spindle and loom? He thought of other girls he had known, and compared them to Katusha. They looked as if they had been bought in the general store. Katusha looked homespun. Her legs, her arms, her face. Solid. Well kneaded. She was homespun. Made to last forever. She breathed and exuded health and strength. Her voice was round and full.

"Stick around."

He certainly would. And he'd dance with her and talk to her. He'd stick around that night and forever. He'd grow wheat and she would bake bread. He'd marry her. He'd go back to his father's farm and show them how to live.

"Stick around."

The afternoon had never been so short. The thresher had never roared so full-throatedly. The straw rustled like silk and the falling grain swished in an unending stream into the bags. The last wagon of bundled sheaves rolled up beside the machine. Johann Poniatovsky and his family had donned their best clothes for that afternoon. The Polish farmer had stuck a long feather in the band of his hat. He had threshed out over twenty thousand bushels of wheat. Twenty thousand bushels of wheat! The richest landowners in Poland didn't thresh more out of their fields. He had land. A home. Wife. Children. Katusha. He was as proud of them as of the amount of grain he had grown, and looked at the loaded wagons that left for the granary and forgot the pittance that he would get for all their efforts.

Peter was the only stranger among them. The other workers were Poles who had finished their own work and who had come to help their neighbor. A loud shout went up. The engine whistled and stopped. The grain of this last wagon was for the family bin. Only members of the family should thresh it. The men jumped down from the thresher. Johann went up. His wife was helped to the top of the wagon. Katusha took up the bags. Even the youngest of the family were made to help with this last wagon. A loud whistle. The engine roared and Johann and his family sang the old Polish harvest song as they worked. When the last sheaf had passed through the maw of the machine, Johann jumped down and taking his wife in his arms he kissed her reverently and went

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WHEAT
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over to kiss his children. Peter and the other men stood aside and watched with bowed heads the happy family. Then each one of them came to shake hands with the workers—each one, from the youngest child to Katusha, and each one gave Peter something. Mrs. Poniatovsky gave him a pair of socks, the children put small pieces of silver in his hand, and Katusha handed him a colored neckerchief. She gave gifts to all the workers. She kissed the Poles, but only shook hands with Peter.

"Stick around," she whispered as she knotted the neckerchief below his rapidly moving Adam's apple.

The evening meal was eaten outdoors. Friends came in dusty cars and carriages; Poles all, and in their best clothes. Some young men trotted in on horseback. Peter laughed with them at jokes he only half understood. They talked a mixture of Polish and English.

When the last bit of lamb had been eaten, lamb that had been broiled on a spit in an open fireplace by the bearded old Poles, one of the men began to play a fiddle. Men and women sang. Then they began to circle slowly in a dance round and round the fire.

Suddenly the dance was accelerated. The feet began to move faster and faster. One of the men broke out from the circle and shouting like a savage he picked out the woman he wanted to dance with and whirled her around while the others shouted encouragement. One after the other they broke from the circle and whirled around the half-protesting women.

Peter looked at Katusha. He wanted to dance with her. But her eyes, winking in the direction of her father, warned him. And that secret between them was sweeter to him than if he had danced with her. He watched another man whirl her around, but he was not jealous. She danced with another, but she shared a secret with him.

A little later the young man who had danced with Katusha, a tall, broad-shouldered, fair-haired giant, came over to Peter and asked, looking into his eyes:

"Where you from?"

"Gove County."

"Working here all the time?"

"No, just for the harvest. Leaving tomorrow."

"Got no farm of your own?"

"Sure. In Gove County."

"Then why you work here?"

"That's my business and not yours."

The young man left Peter after one look of contempt and went to join his comrades. Peter wondered why he had asked him all that. Had Katusha talked to him, or had he scented something? When it got dark, Katusha, with two other girls, approached Peter, and the three girls talked to him as people do talk to strangers at a festival. He was a stranger there; as if he were in Poland and not as if they had come to Kansas.

"HAVING any fun, Peter?" Katusha asked.

"Lots of fun," he answered enthusiastically. She managed to be alone with him for a few moments.

"You did well not to dance with me, Peter. Father wants me to marry that man, see?"

"How about you?"

She lowered her eyes, and said, "Will you be back again next harvest, or will you go to work elsewhere?"

"I live in Gove. I am going to stick around."

It was as much as a declaration of love. She blushed. Her lips trembled. She put her hand to her bosom.

"Be careful, Peter."

"I, too, got a farm, Katusha, and a home, and I want you. I thought of you the whole year since last harvest."

She lowered her eyes. "There is that other man, Peter. Pan Synkewitch. Father wants me to marry him."

"I'll talk to your dad if you want me to—"

She grew alarmed.

"Don't, Peter. For God's sake, don't!"

"Then what do you want me to do?"

"Stick around."

These two words held out a sweet promise. It was getting late. The guests were beginning to leave. More embraces. More kisses. More shouts. The horns of all the cars were tooting. Pan Synkewitch and his old mother, swathed in colorful shawls and headkerchiefs, were the last ones to leave. He lingered on as he held Katusha's hand in his.

When they were all gone, Johann Poniatovsky said to Peter, "I'll pay you off in the morning."

"O. K., boss."

Peter and four Poles slept on cots in a shack back of the barns. The day's work and the dancing had tired them out. Only Peter was awake. His father's farm, upon which he had looked as a burden till then, presented itself in a new light now. The house was run down. He would fix that. The barn roof leaked. He would remedy that too. The fields, too, were run down. He could work them up.

THERE was nothing the matter with that farm. Wheat was too low. Well. But it was wheat, wasn't it? He could be happy raising wheat. It was his farm. Better than tramping around the country. Katusha would bake bread.

They, too, would have harvest festivals. His father and his mother probably knew old Scotch and German songs. He would learn them. They'd teach Katusha those songs and when their children grew up Katusha would teach them the Polish songs too. He was through tramping.

He remembered the look of contempt in Synkewitch's eyes when he had told him that he, too, had a farm, though he worked for strangers and for wages. He'd show him. He sure had a farm. He could grow as much wheat as anyone. He could.

He was first up in the morning and was the first one in the kitchen for his breakfast. Katusha was there. He watched her brown hands holding the handle of the sizzling frying pan. Her face was illuminated by the bright fire from the stove.

"Slept well?"

"Thanks."

"In a hurry to go, Peter?"

"I—no—" he stammered.

They were both a little sad and afraid to be alone.

She withdrew the pan from the open fire hole.

"Would you put the cover back, Peter?" she asked without looking at him.

He was beside her in a moment. Both her hands were occupied. His thirsty lips pressed themselves on the inside of her bare elbow. Heavy footsteps were thumping down the stairs. He brushed his lips in a hurried kiss against hers.

"Peter!" she cried, but her lips responded to the pressure of his lips almost against her will.

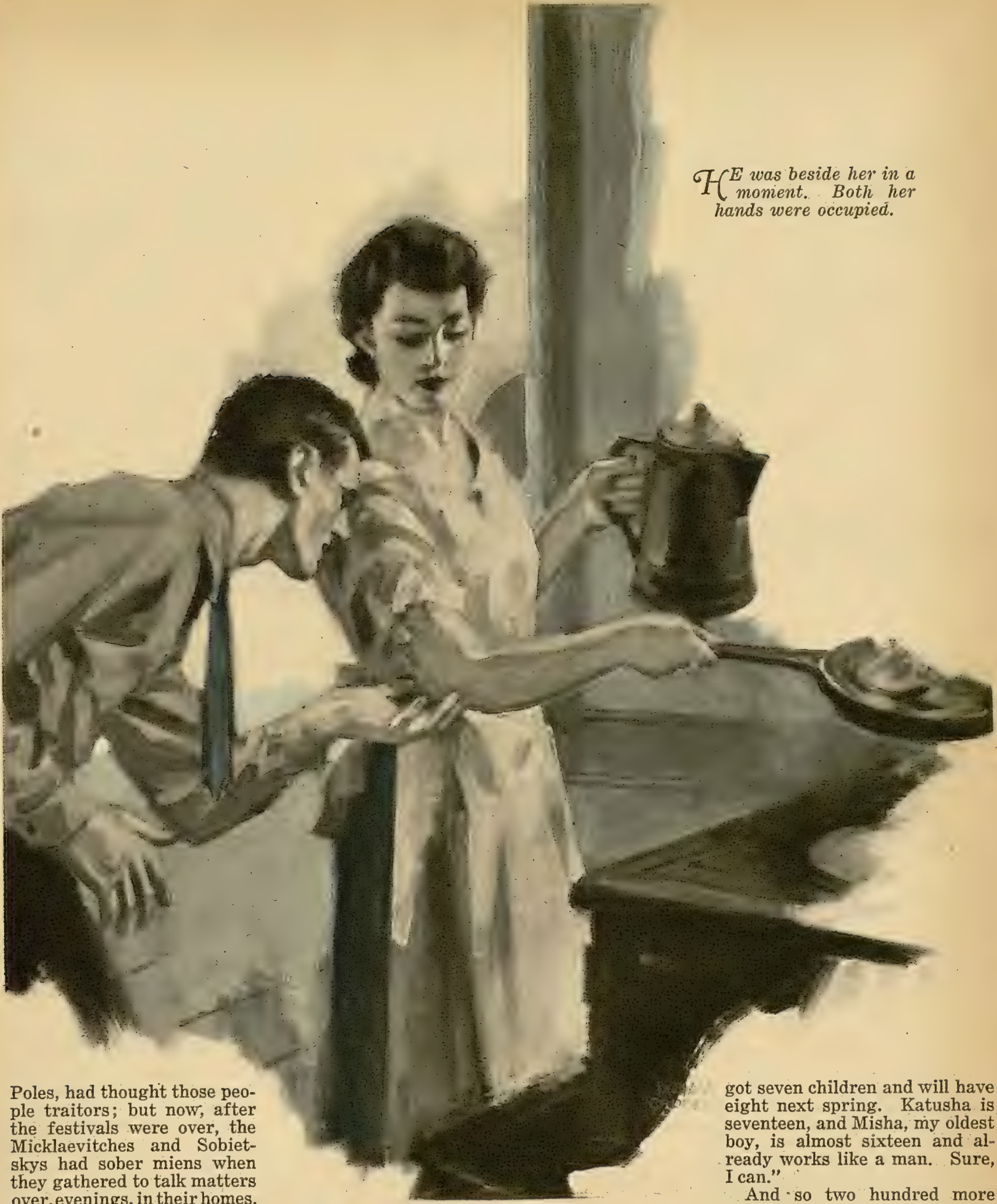
After that he thought that he had linked her to him in an indissoluble chain. The other men came in for their breakfasts. The farmer and his wife appeared in the kitchen. They talked. Money rustled from hand to hand. They paid him off. He stuffed the bills in his trousers pocket. He shook hands with everybody. But he was like one drunk.

"Good-by, all! Good-by!" And he stepped out of the kitchen so jauntily Katusha wondered why he was so happy to go away. He took her heart with him.

. . . . .

It was a bad year for wheat growers that year; a bad year after three years that hadn't been so good. There was too much wheat in the world. The Poles had known bad years at home, but never because the fields had yielded too much. They had suffered hunger only when their harvests had failed, but now many of them saw themselves on the brink of ruin because their harvests had not failed.

The year before and the year before other farmers had sold out their land and gone to the cities, and they, the



HE was beside her in a moment. Both her hands were occupied.

Poles, had thought those people traitors; but now, after the festivals were over, the Micklaevitches and Sobietskys had sober miens when they gathered to talk matters over, evenings, in their homes. Some of them spoke of selling out their farms and going to the city; to work in mines and foundries so as to provide for their families.

Johann Poniatovsky looked at them. It could not be. These were not real farmers. Some grandfather, great-grandfather must have been a fiddler or a soldier or a peddler.

Micklaevitch couldn't pay interest on his mortgages. He had to leave. Katusha's father went to the bank and asked that they finance him so that he could take Micklaevitch's farm over.

"Well," the banker said, "do you think you can handle more land than you already have?"

"Sure," Johann answered, expanding his chest. "I got seven children and will have eight next spring. Katusha is seventeen, and Misha, my oldest boy, is almost sixteen and already works like a man. Sure, I can."

And so two hundred more acres were added to the six hundred the Poniatovskys owned. And when Sobietsky refused to plow his fields that fall, the Poniatovskys added his one hundred acres also to theirs. It was back-breaking work. When Misha, the oldest boy, fell off the tractor because he was so tired, Katusha took his place on the iron horse. They worked day and night until the last of the seed was underground.

Nine hundred acres . . . a kingdom. Poniatovsky's bones ached. His wife was tired out and wan. Katusha's eyes had lost a little of their luster, and Misha looked pale and exhausted, but they had plowed and seeded nine hundred acres. They had no money. But money was only

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHEAT
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what you got for wheat; wheat, brown, hard, sweet-smelling kernels that you watched grow out of the green blades and burst into spiked spears of gold.

If the harvests be good the following year Johann would harvest almost twice as much as he had produced last summer. He was rich. He owned land. Good, fat, buttery earth that smelled like milk and yeast and crumbled like dough dried in the sun. What more could a man want? Fools! Traitors, the men who abandoned the soil because of what people in the cities were doing to the price of wheat!

"Sing, Katusha."

One evening, when they had just sat down to eat, Pan Synkewitch drove up in his car to see them.

"Hello. Will you join us at table?" Johann asked, offering his chair.

"If you like," he answered, sitting down near Katusha.

"Are you through sowing?" Johann asked as a matter of form.

"Through long ago," Pan Synkewitch answered. "And you?"

"We, too, are through—nine hundred acres."

"Yes, you bought out Micklaevitch's and Sobietsky's."

"Yes—good land."

"Levinsky and Sumarsky haven't plowed at all," Synkewitch informed.

"Fools! Traitors! Soldiers! Fiddlers! Peddlers!" Poniatovsky sneered. "Never talk to me about them."

After dinner Synkewitch lingered on.

"I saw that man, Peter, yesterday at Russell Springs, buying a team of horses from Parkovsky. Does he ever come around here?" And Synkewitch looked at Katusha. Johann Poniatovsky looked at his daughter. What did that man mean?

"What has he to do here?" he asked, though his heart pounded.

"Oh, I thought since you have enlarged your place—" Synkewitch answered, looking quizzically at Katusha.

Katusha's face darkened. Her eyes flashed fire. No man, stranger or father, had a right to look at her that way. She had seen Peter just once, hidden in a clump of low trees at the end of Micklaevitch's former field. She had jumped down from the seat of the tractor and they had added a few more strands to the chain between them. She knew all about the team of horses he had bought. He had obtained them for half their value. He had bought them with the money her father had paid him. He was working on a new roof. He had taken his father's farm in hand.

HER father and Peter were the only people who spoke of land passionately. She loved her father for that, and loved Peter also for having that passion which she shared. Yet she knew her father well enough to know that he would kill her sooner than see her married to his former farm hand. He had become a proud landlord, Johann Poniatovsky, with all the Polish prejudices of the noble landlords at home. He had picked a husband for her and he would brook no interference. Yet—she would never marry that man.

She turned on Pan Synkewitch.

"You should have asked me that, and not him!"

"Well, I thought if he came around, your father too would see him," Synkewitch added smirkingly.

"Have you or have you not seen that man?" Katusha's father thundered as he rose to his feet.

"That I will answer to you only," Katusha answered, rising to walk out of the room, "if I answer it at all."

But her father was at the door before her. He was a Pole. No woman could talk to him in that manner, not even Katusha. He towered over her. His eyes bulged from their sockets. His mouth twitched. His enormous arms swung themselves above his head like merciless flails about to thresh wheat out of the straw.

Katusha looked at him and trembled for Peter. Her father would kill him if she obeyed her pride instead of her love for the man. She turned about so as to look at Pan Synkewitch and said, "I have not seen him."

Johann Poniatovsky lowered his arms and sat down at the table as if nothing had happened.

"So, Levinsky and Sumarsky haven't plowed their fields! What can one expect of sons of soldiers and fiddlers?"

An hour later, when the visitor was gone, Katusha's father announced to his family, "Katusha will marry Pan Synkewitch after the next harvest," and strode out of the room.

. . . . .

It was a hard and long winter. The blanket of snow kept moist the seed sowed in the fall and helped the grain germinate and take root in the soil. They had reason to expect a good harvest. Yet the farmers weren't happy. The price of wheat in the markets of Chicago and Kansas went down steadily to lower and lower levels.

At every fall of the price more Poles came to Poniatovsky to offer him their farms. They were willing to sell for anything he would offer. But he couldn't buy more land than he already owned. Misha, his oldest son, was only sixteen. Pascal was only fourteen. And Katusha was to be married. No. He couldn't buy more land, but why should they sell out? He told them to hold on to their land and not to part with it. Wheat was low? Well, it would go up again. Let them work harder. Let them take the children out of the schools and work them for all they were worth. They had land. Good, fat land. God would find a way out when men couldn't.

His words kindled the age-old land passion of peasants. Poniatovsky was right. However, there were many whose old passion had turned to ashes beyond rekindling. They gathered their belongings and whatever they could save from the wreck and went to live in the near-by cities. But for those people the Pole had the greatest contempt; he even refused to speak or think of them, and refused to answer their greetings when he met them at Sunday services in the little wooden church of Russell. They were traitors. Fools.

That spring when the patches of green under the disappearing snow spread out larger and larger, merging with one another on the soil, even as clouds merge in the skies, Katusha's heart danced for joy. She hadn't seen Peter the whole winter. She had made no attempt to see him.

Her father hadn't mentioned once the incident with Synkewitch, but she knew that he was watching her. She also knew that he knew she had lied when she had denied having seen Peter. He was satisfied with her acceptance of his supreme authority in the house; indeed, more satisfied that he had made her lie to him than he would have been if she had convinced him that she had told him the truth.

Next to land, his authority, undisputed, and undiscussed in the house, was Poniatovsky's absorbing passion. And Katusha loved her father, loved him for the very passion that now stood in the way of her happiness. She was Pole throughout. She hoped Peter was like her father. That he, too, would be the master of the house. That his own daughter would also lie to him rather than incur his wrath.

And she loved Peter. She thought of him all her waking hours during the winter and had dreamed of him at night. She wondered whether he had finished fixing that roof before the first snowstorm. If he hadn't finished before the snowstorm he had worked while the storm was blowing. She was sure of that. His roof. Her roof. And that team of horses he had bought! How had they turned out? He must have worked hard the whole winter to put in condition the rusted and neglected machinery on the farm. How much land had he plowed?

Was he thinking of her as he worked and tinkered with machinery in the daytime and bedded the horses at night? She had thought of him in the stable, talking to the horses and breathing in the sweetish odor of dry hay and moistened bran.

He appeared one morning from under the same clump of low trees where she had last seen him and asked breath-

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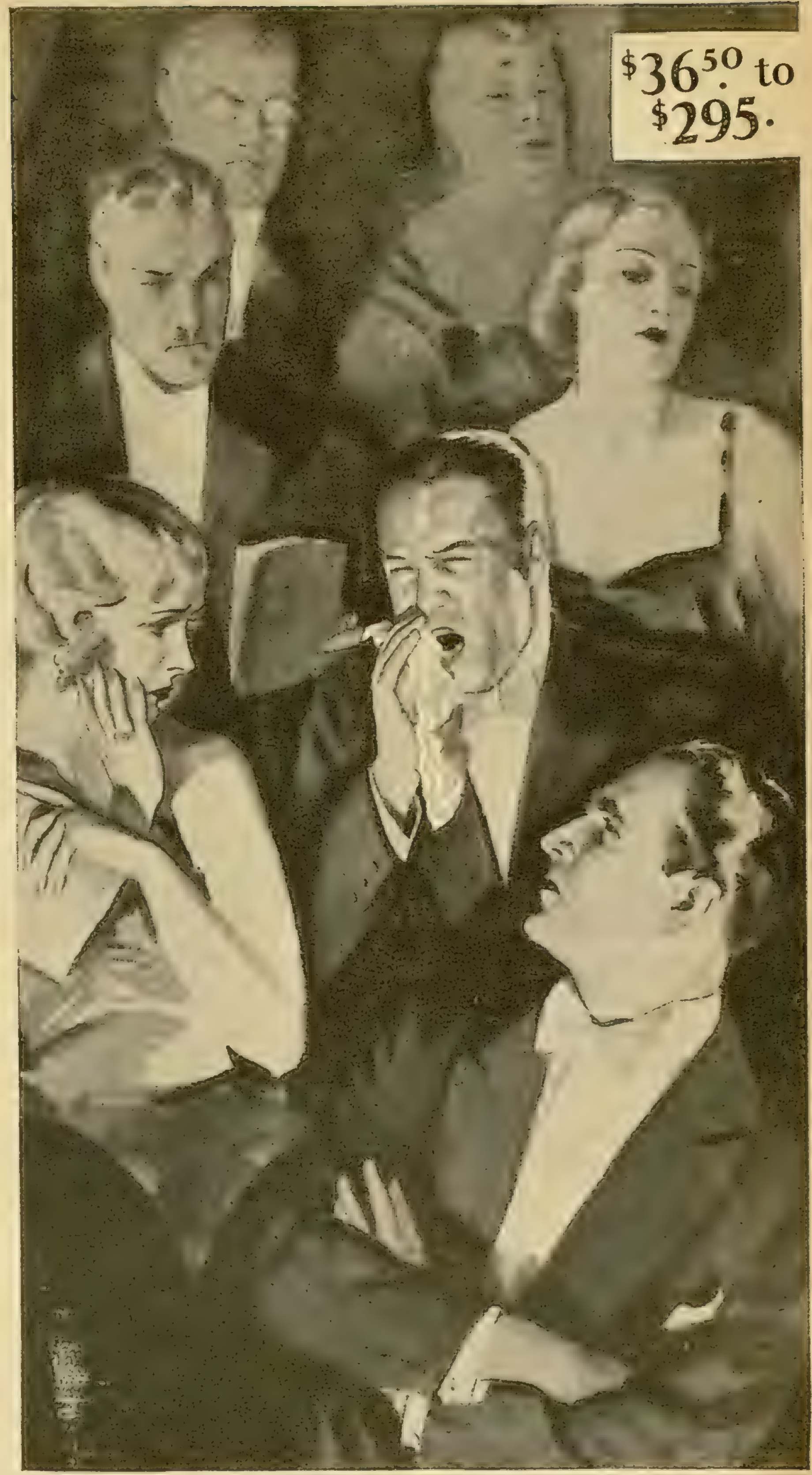

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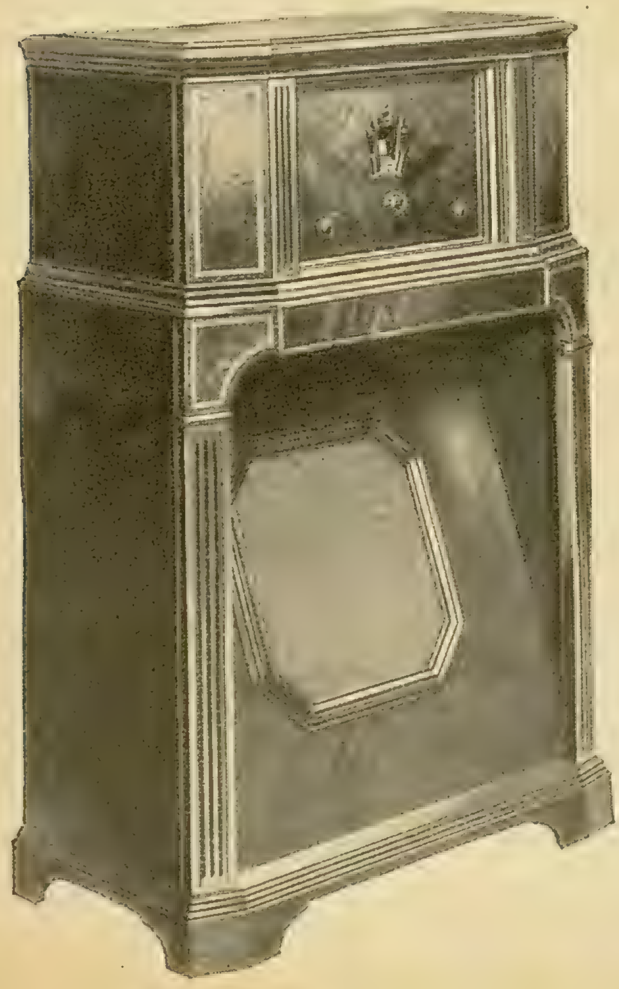

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

lessly, “Kath, are you going to marry that big stiff what's his name? He said you would!”

“I will not,” Katusha answered.

He didn't wait for more assurance than that. He came out boldly in the open as if the whole affair had been settled there and then.

“Peter,” Katusha cried, “go back! Hide! We mustn't be seen. You mustn't be seen here. My father is about the place.”

“Well, what of it?” he answered defiantly. “I am going to marry you—today if you want me.”

“Peter,” she pleaded. “For God's sake, hide!”

Peter's face darkened.

“I'll hide from no man,” he answered. “That's the last time you see me here. If you want to see me you know where to find me—in Gove.”

Katusha stood there, looking at the disappearing form. . . .

Harvest time. Katusha wished Peter was again on the threshing machine as the year before, yet she was glad he wasn't there. She was now the acknowledged fiancée of Pan Synkewitch.

Johann Poniatovsky's joy was great. Nine hundred acres of wheat he had harvested.

Wagon after wagon loaded with bags of his grain groaned away on the road. All this was his. The wheat from his fields would feed thousands of people. Bread. Bread. He was giving bread to the world.

“Katusha, Misha, Pascal, fill the bags. Misha, you up there on the thresher, watch out. Raise the sheaves a little higher on your fork. So. Good. Raise the fork a little higher, Misha. Here, I'll show you.”

He jumped up on the machine. “Dig the fork deep in the center. Raise and pitch over your head. So. In one movement.”

The whistle blew. Lunch. The clattering wheels stopped. The father of the Polish boy who worked for him came up to see them. Johann Poniatovsky, who was eating with his family the lunch spread on a white tablecloth on the ground, turned his face halfway toward the Pole and said:

“You should be threshing now.”

“I haven't even plowed,” the man answered sneeringly. “Why waste work as Pan Synkewitch has done!”

“What do you mean by that?” Katusha's father bellowed, rising to his feet and wiping his mouth with his sleeve.

“I mean what I said. Synkewitch won't even cut his wheat; let alone thresh it. Had he listened to me he, too, wouldn't have plowed. The price of wheat is so low it won't even pay for the labor of cutting it.”

“You are a liar!” Johann Poniatovsky cried. “Synkewitch is threshing this year.” And turning to Katusha he said, “Get the car out. And you come with me—and,” turning to the man, “if you have lied to me—”

Katusha had never driven so fast over the bumpy road.

The Pole had told the truth. Synkewitch hadn't begun to thresh. The slender stalks were bending under the weight of the heavy kernels.

He came out on the porch and bade them come in.

“When will you begin threshing?” Poniatovsky yelled.

Pan Synkewitch smiled a wry smile.

“Not this year.”

Katusha stepped on the gas. The car lurched and sped forward in rolls and rolls of clouds of dust. They passed the Poniatovsky farm.

“Where are you going? Stop!” Johann told Katusha.

She did not answer. She drove on.

They were in Gove County. Katusha had heard others describe where Peter's father's farm was situated. She drove over the roads as if she had known them for years. She drove on for hours.

Only ten miles more. Then Peter's father's farm and fields were beyond that curve, slanting downhill, of the road.

THERE were two large fields, one on each side of the road. One field was uncultivated. The other one had been harvested. The sheaves stood up, five in a heap, in long and equally spaced rows. Katusha's blood leaped with joy, as if those sheaves already belonged to her. He had done that for her—for her alone.

The air vibrated with the roar of the engines and snatches of voices of men. She brought the car to a stop an inch from the thresher. Peter was busy forking the sheaves into the maw. A thick stream of wheat was pouring out at the other end of the machine.

The bags were handled by Peter's younger brother and his old father. Johann Poniatovsky jumped out of the car and buried his two open hands in the grain. He looked at Peter, who had climbed down and was standing, fork in one hand and the other one about his daughter's waist, and beaming at him.

And then he began talking Polish to Peter while shaking hands with Peter's father and hugging him to his chest. Polish fashion. He and Peter belonged to one race—people of the soil. People who fed bread to the world.

“But what is your father saying?” Peter questioned Katusha, hugging her closely to him.

“He says that we shall get married as soon as you are through threshing wheat,” Katusha answered.

A moment later Johann Poniatovsky was on top of the machine, showing Peter's younger brother how to handle the pitchfork. “So, deep in, below the middle of the bundle, push, pitch, and raise above your head.”

No, there won't ever be too much wheat in the world. Children need bread.

Between kisses Katusha asked Peter:

“Did you get the roof done before the storm?”

“I did.”

“How did the team turn out?”

“Fine.”

“Come, Peter. Let's give them a hand.”

And they worked till late in the night. Katusha singing all the time with her hands plunged to her elbows in the running wheat.

THE END

In Next Week's Liberty—

The Great God
GABLE

An intimate picture of the movie actor whom women have made a star of stars

By
Adela Rogers St. Johns

Also stories and articles by
Elliott White Springs—Jane Addams—Allan Swinton—Franklin D. Roosevelt—George Sylvester Viereck—Robert Benchley

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1—What is the capital of Kansas?
2—What is the birth stone for March?
3—What is the source of “For the apparel oft proclaims the man”?
4—Who was United States Ambassador to Great Britain during the World War?
5—What is a cant hook?
6—How many states comprise the New England group?
7—Where is the University of Southern California?
8—Who was Xenophon?
9—Which is the brightest star in the heavens?
10—Who was the king of France in 1793?
11—What is a *raconteur?*
12—Where is the Gobi Desert?
13—What is alopecia?
14—What is the third Sunday before Lent called?
15—What is spindrift?
16—What is a muezzin?
17—In what century did Catherine the Great live?
18—What is hippology?
19—What is nephritis?
20—To what order of mammals does man belong?

(Answers will be found on page 33)

19 *Joyce Compton*

20 *Jean Harlow*

21 *Frances Dade*

22 *Noel Francis*

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26 *Laura LaPlante*

27 *Barbara Bedford*

28 *Lois Wilson*

29 *Anita Stewart*

Edward G. Robinson and (would you believe it?) Loretta Young in The Hatchet Man.

Sidney Fox and Bela Lugosi in The Murders of the Rue Morgue.

Syntheti

Robinson in an Oriental
a Panama Honkatonk, a

By FREDERI

(Reading time: 5 minutes 40 seconds.)

RANDOM thoughts after seeing a lot of fair-to-middlin' films:

That James Cagney and Edward Robinson changed the whole type of movie hero when they pushed grapefruit into surprised blondes' faces. Now everyone is doing a Cagney. It is a tough year for the Hollywood heroines, who have to take it and like it. By the way, they tell me that this wave of virility is even menacing the crooners of the radio world.

That no one but an Oriental can play an Oriental with any degree of realism. Edward (Little Cæsar) Robinson, able as he is, is the latest actor to fall down in this sort of rôle. The thing just can't be done. I never have seen a convincing make-believe Oriental—and my gallery of failures runs all the way back to Blanche Bates' Darling of the Gods and Walker Whiteside's sinister Celestials. They are just so much court-plaster to pull and slant the eyes and so much ornate dialogue about honorable ancestors to clutter up the action.

That the present vogue in movie stories runs strongly to the morbidly sensational. The hit of Frankenstein started it. Yet the really distinct current hits in the film houses across America are Emma, Hell Divers, and Mata Hari.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ THE HATCHET MAN

CAST

Wong Low Get	Edward G. Robinson
Toya San	Loretta Young
Nug Hong Fah	Dudley Digges
Harry En Hai	Leslie Fenton
Yu Chang	Edmund Breese
Long Sen Yat	Tully Marshall
Charles Kee	Noel Madison
Madame Si-Si	Blanche Frederici
Sun Yat Sen	J. Carroll Naish

Directed by William A. Wellman.
Produced by Warner–First National.

Edward Robinson wants to get away from racketeers, and this is the answer. He plays a hatchet man, the honorable executioner — a position handed down from father to son—of a Chinese tong.

The producers have gone to great pains in presenting the outbreak of a tong war in the old Frisco Chinatown. They have gone to great details of make-up. But the result is just the same: a lot of palpable Occidentals attempting to portray inscrutable Orientals. The melodrama is picturesque if slow moving, full of flowery dialogue unrelieved by humor, and completely unreal.

Mr. Robinson himself (wisely, perhaps) has attempted no disguise of feature or voice. The make-up man has performed a neat trick with Loretta Young's pretty face.

★ ★ THE MURDERS OF THE RUE MORGUE

CAST

Dr. Mirakle	Bela Lugosi
Camille L'Espanaye	Sidney Fox
Pierre Dupin	Leon Ames
Paul	Bert Roach
Prefect of Police	Brandon Hurst
Janos, the Black One	Noble Johnson
The Morgue Keeper	D'Arcy Corrigan
The Mother	Betty Ross Clark

Directed by Robert Florey.
Produced by Universal.

Doubtless you remember this morbid Edgar Allan Poe tale of a murderous ape and the worries he caused the Paris police department. The movie men have expanded it into a fantastic (and far from believable) yarn of a crazy old charlatan who owns a giant ape and who wants to inoculate a young woman with the blood of the simian for some reason not clear to me. With the aid of the ape, he steals pretty victims and kills them.

The climax comes when the monkey gets out of hand, steals the pretty heroine, and runs away over housetops with the unconscious victim.

I am afraid that an audience watch-

Charles Bickford and Helen Twelvetrees in Panama Flo.

James Cagney and Loretta Young in Taxi.

Billie Dove and Chester Morris in Cock of the Air.

Shudders

ollywood Dresses Up a Poe Tale; acket, and Other Current Films

AMES SMITH

ing this combination of Ingagi and Safety Last is likely to reach for a laugh instead of a thrill. The line between horror and hilarity is narrow and, for all the elaborate Dr. Caligari atmosphere of this pseudo-shocker, the results may not be just what the producers anticipated. Of course I may be wrong, for horror inducers are supposed to be just what audiences want right now.

★ ★ PANAMA FLO

CAST

Flo	Helen Twelvetrees
Babe	Robert Armstrong
McTeague	Charles Bickford
Pearl	Marjorie Peterson
Sadie	Maude Eburne
Al	Paul Hurst

Directed by Ralph Murphy.
Produced by Radio–Pathé.

This is the latest hard-boiled effort to win the genteel film trade.

Helen Twelvetrees, the sad-eyed siren from Brooklyn, plays a dancing girl in a Panama honkatonk. Sadie, the proprietor, forces Flo to steal the roll of a tough wildcat oil prospector. The customer discovers the trick, gets mad, and offers Flo the alternative of jail or becoming his mistress in the jungle. Once away from civilization, however, the tough lad softens before the innocent eyes of Flo.

Improbable is certainly one of the adjectives to apply to this adventure into phony realism. Still, Miss Twelvetrees has appeal, Charles Bickford is a hero in the harsh 1932 mold, and things do happen all the time.

Also—

★ ★ TAXI (Warners).—The redoubtable James Cagney again in a new racket. A feud between rival taxicab companies furnishes the action. Mr. Cagney is fairly interesting as a belligerent taxi driver. I am afraid, however, that he is growing less virile, since he only slaps the heroine's face in this melodrama.

★ COCK OF THE AIR (United Artists).—This has a boudoir background, for it presents the amorous fencing of an American aviator (Chester Morris) and a seductive French actress (Billie Dove) with seven reels of frustrated advances. The Hays office is reported to have cut 800 feet from this picture. Maybe that accounts for the expensive production being so dull. In keeping with the new style in heroes, Mr. Morris squirts seltzer at the lovely Miss Dove.

Do you know that—

Mary Pickford is going to do at least one more motion picture, an original by Frances Marion?

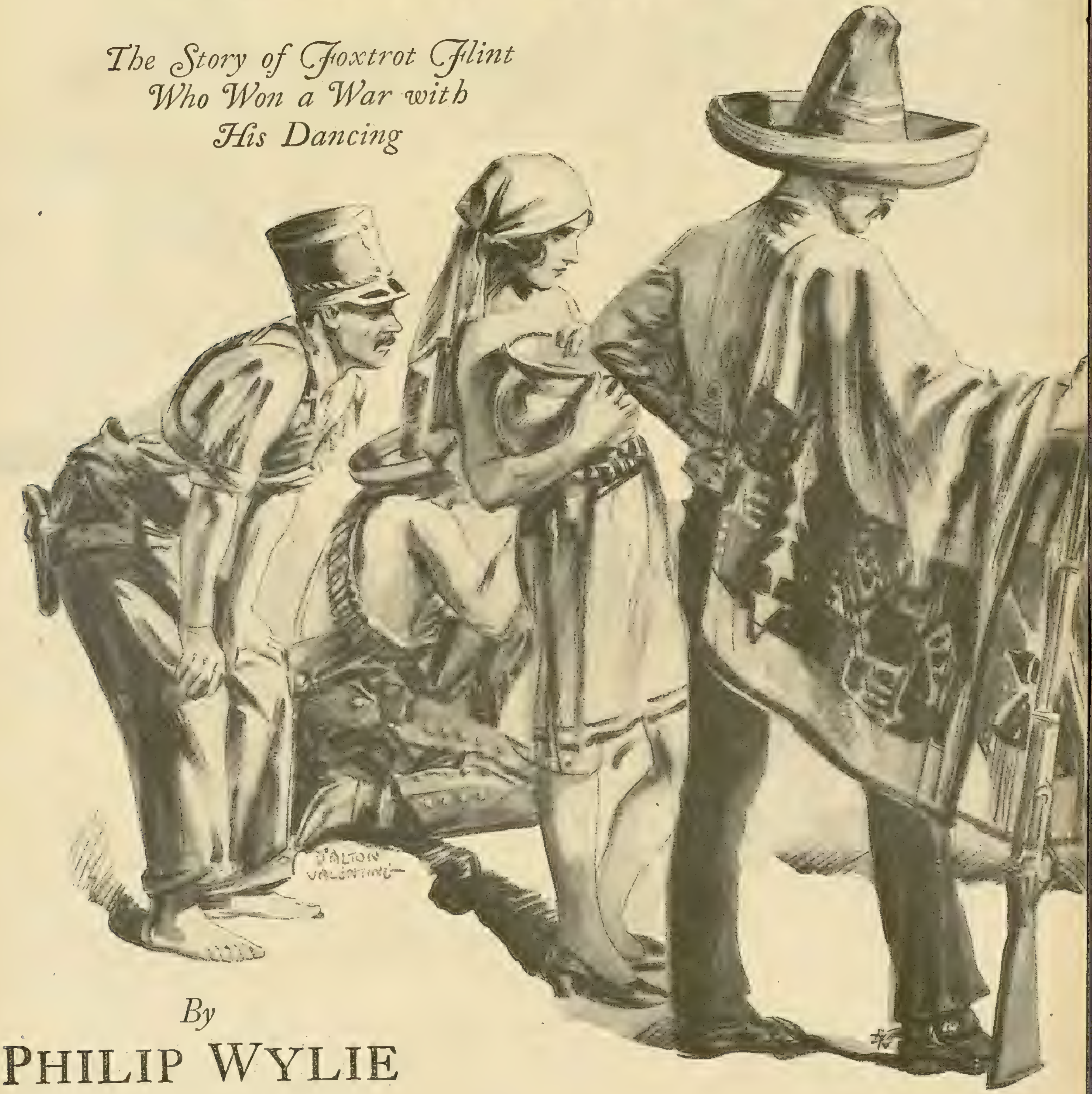
Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—The Man I Killed, Dance Team, Emma, The Champ, Street Scene, Bad Girl.

★★★—The Greeks Had a Word for Them, Lovers Courageous, High Pressure, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Mata Hari, Tonight or Never, Hell Divers, Private Lives, Sooky, Stung, Ether Talks, Double Decoy, Arrowsmith, Frankenstein, Strictly Dishonorable, Blonde Crazy, Way Back Home, The Yellow Ticket, The Sin of Madelon Claudet, Susan Lenox, Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford, The Spirit of Notre Dame, Palmy Days, The Unholy Garden, Five Star Final, The Guardsman, Personal Maid, The Spider, Waterloo Bridge, The Last Flight, Alexander Hamilton, An American Tragedy, Young as You Feel.

An Internationa

The Story of Foxtrot Flint Who Won a War with His Dancing



By

PHILIP WYLIE

(Reading time: 24 minutes 59 seconds.)

IT was a grand fight, although I saw only the last moment of it as I ran through the night.

I had been walking to my office to do a little extra work. The street was filled with moviegoers. The store fronts were all lighted, although their doors were locked. Neon had come to Williamsport.

First, in that medley of radiance, I saw Aileen Landon standing on the running board of a "For Hire" car, screaming. Then I saw a knot of men—a dozen town rowdies and a man in a tuxedo and two sailors.

They were fighting furiously.

Somebody was lying on the pavement and somebody else was sitting dazedly on the curb. Even as I looked, a third rowdy tipped over backward and sat down hard and for good.

The gobs and the "townies" often fight in ports like ours—but always, as now, when the sailors are outnumbered. It would have been a bad fight for them, except for the man in the tuxedo. He was not a big man, but rather an individual of the size referred to as average. He had a deeply tanned face and brown eyes that flashed when they appeared briefly through an opening. His hat was gone. His jaw was set. His chin and cheeks were cut. One of his eyes had been blacked.

As he fought, roars of ferocity burst from him.

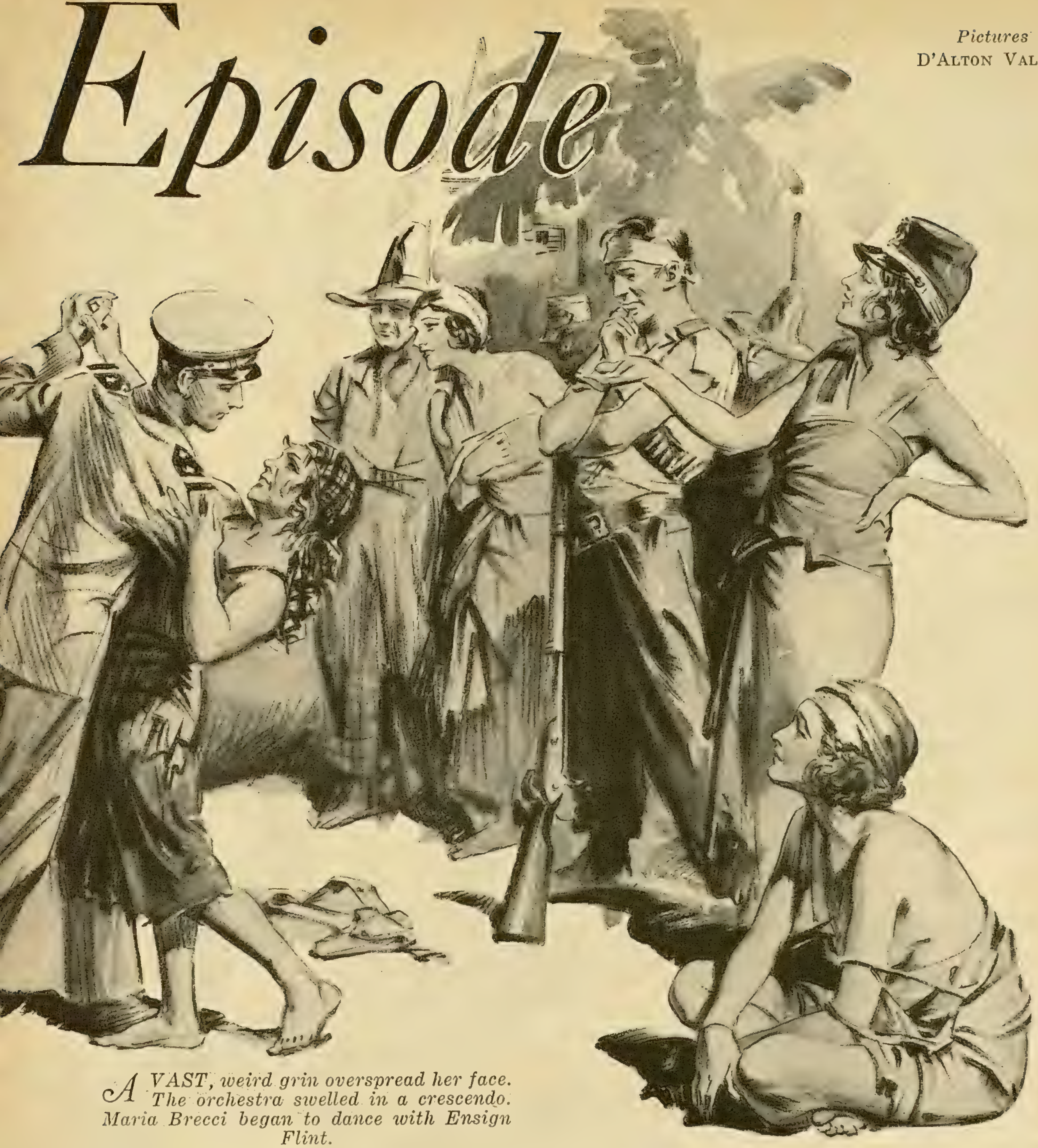
I never saw anything like it.

Before the police arrived he and the two gobs had cleaned the street—and the police came.

Rafferty, from the downtown station, collared the man. "What's the big idea?" he said.

Episode

Pictures by
D'ALTON VALENTINE



A VAST, weird grin overspread her face. The orchestra swelled in a crescendo. Maria Brecci began to dance with Ensign Flint.

Aileen Landon jumped from the taxi. "Please let him go, Mr. Rafferty," she said. "Those—those rowdies insulted me. Mr. Flint had to fight them."

The man in the tuxedo looked at her dully. His chest was bouncing. "You said something about having me ask them to dance, Aileen?"

She threw her arms around him. "Oh! Please! You must forgive me." She was pretty hysterical. "You must, Jack."

I GATHERED, in the growing confusion of the crowd, that the name of the man in the tuxedo was Jack Flint. I gathered also that Aileen was fond of him. She was kissing him vehemently, and crying. Aileen was the belle of Williamsport. I wondered who the man was. And while I was wondering he slid from her arms and fainted on the sidewalk.

An ambulance came. The two sailors had eased away. Aileen knelt beside the Pyrrhic victor and began to babble: "Oh, Jack! Jack!"

Then she kissed him; and as the stretcher was lifted into the ambulance he opened his available eye and winked at everyone in general.

Excitement hung around the locus of the fight like smoke after shell fire. I saw several people I knew, and presently I ran into General Dawson. He is a retired brigadier of the Marine Corps. He was sitting on a fire plug, grinning from ear to ear. He slapped me on the back and said, "That settles it!"

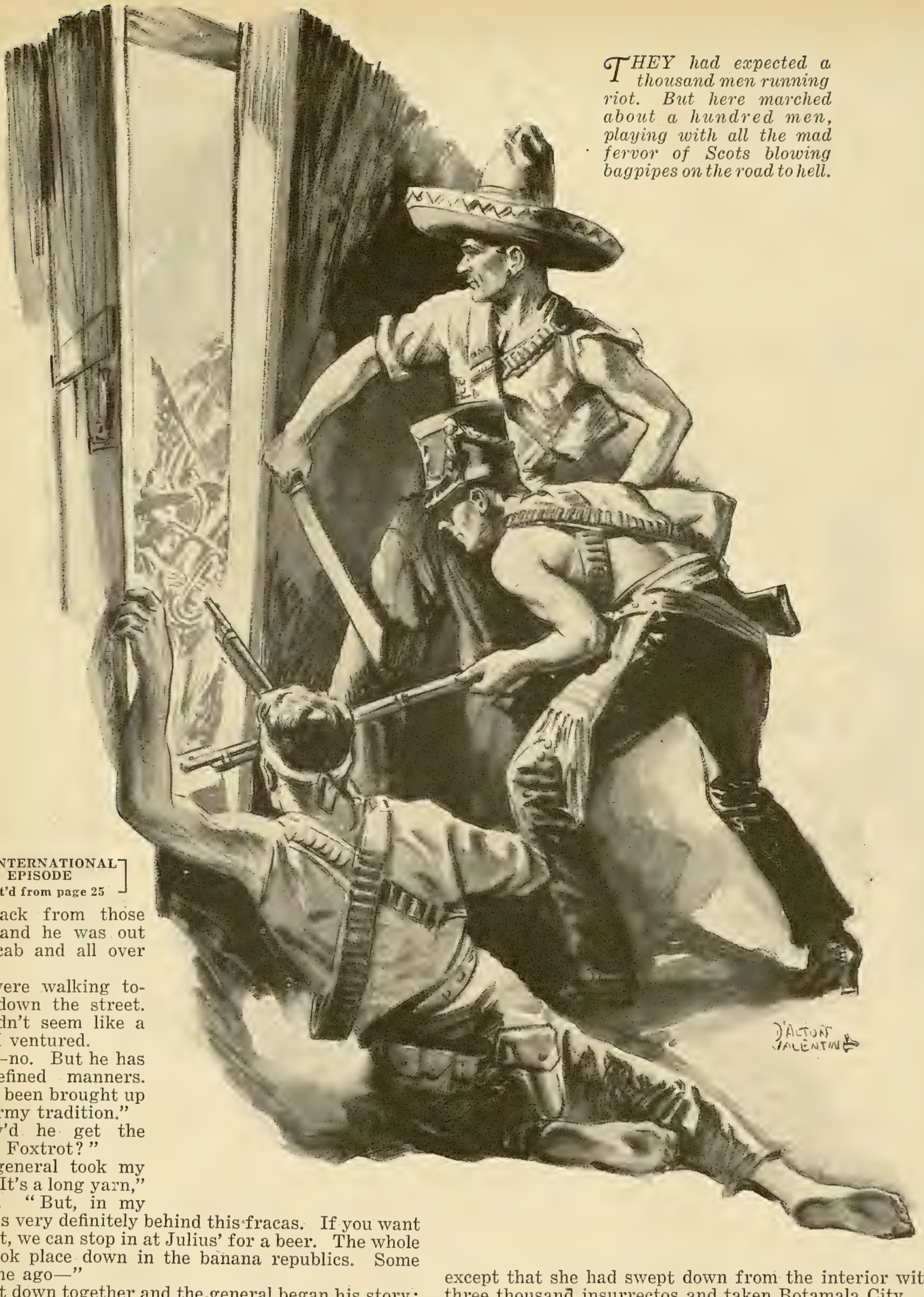
"Settles what?"

"The man in the tuxedo was Ensign Foxtrot Flint. The man with Aileen. He and a bird named Struthers have been courting Aileen for two months. Struthers put the bee on Foxtrot."

"Put the bee on him?"

The general rose from his metal seat and nodded. "Yeah. Her dad told me. Struthers convinced Aileen that Flint's nickname of Foxtrot had been given to him for being a sissy. So Flint picked this fight to show her he was not. I guess it showed her. I guess she wanted to witness something like that. I saw the fight start. One

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



THEY had expected a thousand men running riot. But here marched about a hundred men, playing with all the mad fervor of Scots blowing bagpipes on the road to hell.

AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE
Cont'd from page 25

wise crack from those toughs and he was out of the cab and all over them."

We were walking together down the street. "He didn't seem like a sissy," I ventured.

"No—no. But he has very refined manners. Aileen's been brought up in the army tradition."

"How'd he get the name of Foxtrot?"

The general took my arm. "It's a long yarn," he said. "But, in my mind, it's very definitely behind this fracas. If you want to hear it, we can stop in at Julius' for a beer. The whole thing took place down in the banana republics. Some little time ago—"

We sat down together and the general began his story:

Word of revolution in Botamala flashed under the sea on six cables. It went to England and France and Germany and Italy. It was relayed to Washington. It was radioed from ship to ship. New York commuters and people on trains running from Evanston to Chicago learned about it and perused editorials citing passages of the Monroe Doctrine.

A woman was at the head of the rebels—a woman named Maria Brecci. Not much was known about her except that she had swept down from the interior with three thousand insurrectos and taken Botamala City.

The State Department at Washington fumed and fretted. There was an American oil company in Botamala City, and a Dutch company, British sugar interests, a French railroad organization, a German coffee and banana syndicate, and a group of Italians who operated a tin mine. Altogether, a foreign colony of some three thousand souls, including the women and children. Maria Brecci had sworn to eradicate them.

Maria Brecci and her comrades had sacked an interior city in ninety minutes, and those Botamalan soldiers who did not at once affiliate themselves with her had lost all chance for affiliation with anyone. American newspapers said that twelve natives had been killed in one battle. The authors of that communiqué would have been shocked at their conservatism if they could have seen the town after Maria departed. And not all the faces in the dust were brown.

The State Department probably knew the truth. The tone of the cables which anxious embassies forwarded to the department was impolite and urgent.

It was, obviously, a situation for the marines. But it would have taken days to get marines from the nearest station through the jungle to Botamala City.

The State Department cast its eyes on pin-stuck maps. It found a pin in the Gulf of Mexico. It was a green pin. A green pin meant a destroyer.

The 444 was a destroyer, small, slim, swift, with a crew of ninety-two men. She was carrying thirty-odd marines from New Orleans to Colón. The marines constituted a band—a fine band—which was destined to play at the anniversary of the opening of the Panama Canal.

The 444 was commanded by Lieutenant Commander Wainright, and his second was Ensign Flint. Flint had remained in the navy as a last resort after a desperate search for honorable employment. He was a gentleman. He had gone to Annapolis.

THE wireless antennæ swung against a sapphire sky. The gray bow of the destroyer lifted and dropped on indigo swells. The marines were at ease under the stern awning. Gobs painted on deck. Lieutenant Commander Wainright was reading a book.

The sailors resented the presence of the marines and their instruments. They booed the daily rehearsals—in private, of course. And the sailors also resented Flint. As an officer he had not been very successful. He was both mild and jumpy. But his crowning fault had been revealed when he appeared one afternoon with a saxophone and began good-humoredly to practice with the detested marine band. That finished him. A navy man playing on a sax with the marines! It was unbelievable.

Thus the 444 moved toward Colón.

In the middle of the afternoon the ship's wireless began to stutter. The operator recognized his call and answered sharply. When he began to copy, excitement replaced his routine boredom. The message was no special request for a number to be practiced by Lieutenant Flint's men. It was an order. A terse order. A startling order. Uprising in Botamala. Destroyer 444 to proceed at once to Botamala City, land eighty-five men, occupy the city, and await further orders.

Black smoke jumped from the 444's funnels. Her bow curved toward starboard.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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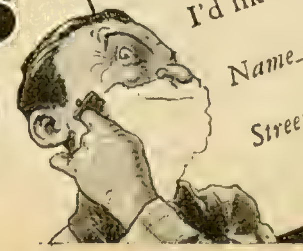

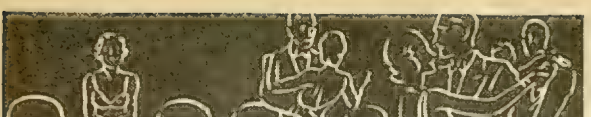

That *unpopular* Williams girl

surrounded by stags

It was too bad really, but who wanted to dance with a girl who never said anything. And looked so heavy-eyed and dull. Bad complexion, too. And then she found a way to end her indigestion.

Sometimes the difference is slight between radiant good health and annoying digestive troubles that spoil your good times. Many people have found that Beeman's is a great help in aiding digestion. Dr. Beeman was a real benefactor to make a delicious gum that would provide so much happiness. Chew Beeman's every day.

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GOOD FOR DIGESTION

ESPECIALLY
MADE TO AID
DIGESTION

AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE
Continued from page twenty-seven

Every man on board stiffened.

The beat of the screw increased.

Flint put down a musical score uneasily and went on deck. He fell into immediate conversation with the commanding officer.

His part, for a while, was listening.

"But—" he said at last.

"But, Ensign Flint?"

"I will be *in charge?*"

"In charge."

"Is there any mention of the—nature of hostilities?"

Lieutenant Commander Wainright looked firmly at the bandmaster. "None. I stay with the ship. You are next in command. I'd give my pension to go with you. It'll be nasty."

"Nasty, sir?"

"I've heard of Maria Brecci. Everyone who has been in the service around here as long as I has heard something." He glared at a scrawled report of the ship's position and speed and handed it back to the man who had brought it. "A she-devil. Been starting trouble for years. Now—she has it going. These Latins have to be on the winning side. They'll change from one thing to another in six seconds—if they think it will bring them out on top. Maria Brecci's winning—now. You—you"—he paused—"you and the men who come in after you will have to end that."

"The men who come in after me?"

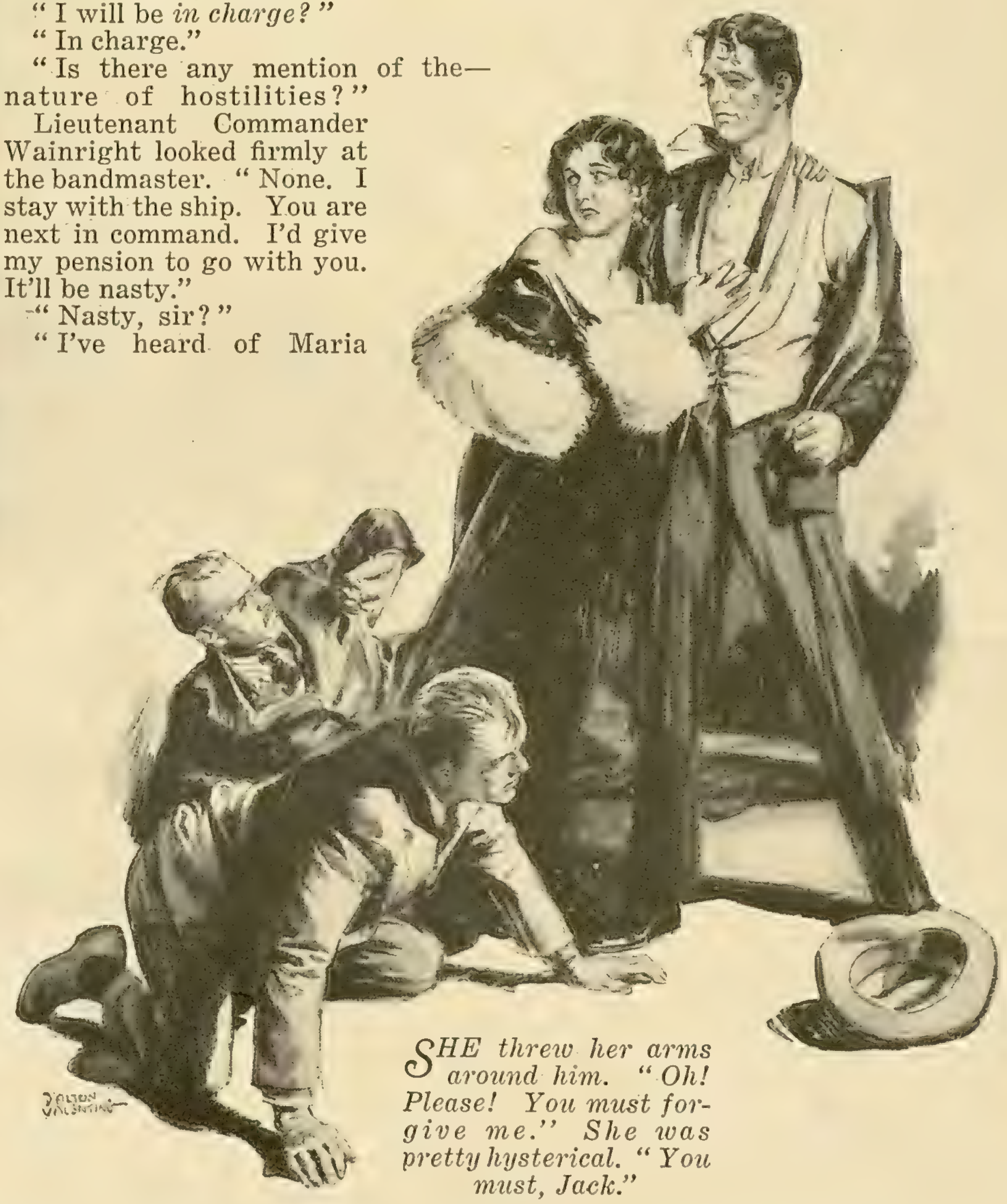
The lieutenant commander pursed his lips. "It's a policy. Send too few men—and when they're gone send enough."

"Gone?" Flint repeated.

"You'll be marching eighty-five men into a private hell."

The ensign assembled his men on the stern deck. It was vibrating now, and wallowing in the swells. A long white wake pursued the 444. He talked to the men. It was not a very confident talk—especially when he gave orders for the equipment to be taken ashore.

It was all right in the manual of arms. But when he spoke it his head felt light and his stomach weak.



She threw her arms around him. "Oh! Please! You must forgive me." She was pretty hysterical. "You must, Jack."

The afternoon wore away. The decks over the engine room were burning hot.

Night came.

Boatswain Flaugherty lay in his hammock and drawled to one Pedro Scazzi, "You'll be frying in hell tomorrow."

Scazzi spat.

"And the ensign will be in the pan with me."

"Yeah?"

"I'm going to see to that."

"Nuts."

There was a pounding silence. The 444 threw phosphorescence and flying fish into the air.

"I was in Botamala City nine years ago. When the gobs was something besides a ferryboat crew for marines."

"Was you ever anything else?" Scazzi asked. "I'm surprised to hear it."

"Eight of us," came imperturbably from the hammock, "got out. Eight from forty."

"What did you do? Hide?"

"Yeah. In the middle of the main drag. With spigs potting us from every window. We hid, all right. We hid bullets in our bellies."

"Eat 'em?" the corporal asked innocently.

"Yeah. For breakfast. We swallowed swords, too."

Another voice punctuated the conversation: "Shut up, will you!"

The boatswain laughed.

Somebody else laughed. It was a mature, hard laugh. One of the men got sick.

"It's the speed," the boatswain said, bouncing from his hammock. "You'll be O. K. in the morning."

The sick man grinned. "I'm O. K. now."

"Sure. You're O. K., buddy."

Some of the men fell asleep in the dim room. Their hammocks swung. The sick man's wave of nausea passed.

IN his confined quarters Ensign Flint lay on a bunk and sweat. He was sure he was going to die. He could hear death buzzing in the air—as it buzzed when you stood in the pits behind practice targets. A wretched noise that passed too quickly for dodging.

He ran through his knowledge of tactics and maneuvers. You could not tie up at a pier and march ashore—strategically. You could not occupy a town by trickery. You had to go in—columns of four, guns aslant—and be shot at. Of course, when the shooting began, you could disperse—whoever was left could disperse.

He twisted in his sheets and thought and feared.

It was after two when he went to the quarters of Lieutenant Commander Wainright. He was angry to see that the ship's master had been sleeping soundly. He entered, accepted the harsh rebuff, and talked:

"We'll walk—march, I mean—up the street to the plaza?"

"That's what I advise you to attempt to do. You won't get there."

"Yes, sir. That's what I thought. But I was wondering—" He outlined a plan.

The lieutenant commander pulled at his pyjama coat and scowled.

"It might hold them."

"It's about our only chance."

"But if it doesn't—it'll take time to unlimber—"

"Not much."

"Much? You won't have any. I've seen it, lieutenant. It will be as still as the Garden of Eden before God put animals in it, and then, suddenly—"

"I know. Well?"

"I'll think it over."

"Thank you, sir."

"Right."

Dawn came. Flint watched its arrival from the starboard rail. The sea was empty. The sky was turquoise. The swells had subsided.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

MOTHER—*your child is too precious to experiment with*

VICKS VAPORUB *is the* PROVED *way to treat* COLDS

[NOW IN WHITE *stainless* FORM, IF YOU PREFER]

Family colds worry every mother. Colds cost money. Colds may lead to more serious illness.

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Put Vicks Drops beside Vicks VapoRub in your medicine cabinet and try the Vicks Plan, as directed. If results don't satisfy you, your druggist will refund your money.

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The New Long-Playing Phonograph Record

[AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE
Continued from page twenty-nine]

Long wisps of smoke fled from the 444's funnels and her cutwater hissed, marbleizing the sea with foam.

The men had breakfast. They were very silent. Flaugherty grinned at the youngster who had been sick. The lieutenant commander picked the sailors who were to join the shore party.

After breakfast there was an eternity and then lunch. After lunch the purple coast of Botamala showed on the western horizon.

Toward it the 444 rushed relentlessly.

Members of the landing party waited amidships, their equipment ready and their faces variously wrought into expressions of anticipation and fear. From the bridge Botamala City was visible.

It was white in the sun—white and silent. Stiff church steeples pointed at vultures that hung in the hot air. As the 444 shot into the harbor and lost speed, the watchers began to feel the threat in the empty streets. An incubus hung over Botamala City—a man with a scythe was waiting there for all the unwary.

The destroyer edged gradually toward a barren concrete pier. Boxes and bales had been removed from it—as if it were stripped for action. It looked treacherous; but it offered a chance for a landing.

Men appeared on the deck of the ship. They lowered a whaleboat, holding their heads down instinctively and taking advantage of all possible cover.

A man in the bows gripped the handles of a machine gun. They rowed toward the pier with a hawser. Another boat followed.

No one breathed.

THE 444 touched land. The lieutenant commander's voice rang sharply from the bridge. He issued orders with an inflection which was recognized only by veterans of battles and other landings.

Flint was amidships when the gangplank was let down. He rocked to and fro on his heels without knowing that he was making any motion. His eyes were bleak and despairing. They stuck on the streets, which were white no longer, but dirty gray, ominous, peopled only by vultures.

In all the houses the shutters had been drawn and the darkened windows made leering faces of the hostile exteriors.

Behind Flint was the marine band—a band carrying in its hands the instruments of music and strapped on its backs the implements of war.

Someone slapped a mosquito, and the sound could be heard.

A cloud of flies rose on the barren pier, and their buzzing could also be detected by the straining ears.

Flint turned to his men. He gave commands in a low voice. Lieutenant Commander Wainright—the man who had wanted to go—shook Flint's hand and said:

" Good luck! "

Flint hitched the belt from which his automatic dangled. He nodded toward the bandmaster. The men held their instruments in readiness. His arms fell.

The strains of Anchors Aweigh blared across the soundless city, and the men began to march down the gangplank, marines first, sailors next, guns aslant and bayonets glittering in the sun.

THEY crossed the empty pier. The men on the 444 watched them go with fingers that squeezed the rail and palms that sweat.

The little column reached the foot of the street that led to the plaza. Simultaneously they came to the chorus of the song, and the music lifted.

There was a rifle crack. Flaugherty heard it and ducked his head through his gun strap. No one else noticed except Flint, who stopped for a fraction of a second and then marched on. The men knew their repertoire. Flaugherty slung his gun over his shoulder again and fell in step.

They went into the street.

On every side was deadly silence and the band music rang against locked and bolted shutters. Not a human being could be seen.

It was hot. The birds left the street ahead of them.

Behind the doors and close to the slats of the shutters were men. Hundreds of men. Maria Brecci's men. They had rifles that peeped from interstices and their fingers held triggers. The first shot had not brought on the deluge—Flint's music had been too loud and too self-assured. Flint's plan to bring the band had succeeded—so far.

They passed one cross street. Two. Three.

They played. Thirty-two marines with their hearts in their mouths and their fingers on the keys of death. The pianissimos of the instruments of the least brave became rhythmic crescendos. With every step they gained courage—not confidence, but the nerve to meet the crisis when it burst upon them and threw them kicking and screaming on the cobblestones.

The swarthy insurrectos held their fire for the time being. This was not what they had expected. They had anticipated rifle butts against locked doors, stuttering machine guns and shells from the ship's cannon. They had held themselves also ready to die—although they had, individually, trusted to cover and ambuscade for security.

They had expected a bigger ship—

a battleship—and a thousand men running riot through their captive city.

But here marched about a hundred men, playing with all the mad fervor of Scots blowing bagpipes on the road to hell; pitiful men whose rifles were on their shoulders, and who made a parade, not a battle.

Flint's face was flour-white and glass-hard. Flaugherty, whose darting eyes were everywhere, noticed his commander with a feeling of deep pride. He was game—and his scheme was working.

Past the third cross street they went on the tight rope of their music. As they moved along the front of a deserted cantina they played Columbia the Gem of the Ocean, and the dancing girls inside tapped time with their feet and the men inside looked at them with blank faces and fingered their unwilling guns.

With every block gained, a feeling of glory grew in the marines who played and the seamen who marched behind. Unconsciously the plaza became their goal. If they could reach the big square in the center of the city, they would ask no more. Then they would be ready to rip and raid and sell themselves in the devil's auction.

IN the middle of the fifth block someone quickly opened and shut a window.

They had a glimpse of a haughty face, red cheeks, black eyes—and a rose fell to the pavement. The bandmaster picked it up and put it in his tunic. Applause was reflected in the music. They played Anchors Aweigh again. The legs swung in unison.

The men's eyes were bright and hard, and no one missed a note, no one hesitated. They had never played better.

Far ahead, now, they could see where the square opened out. The buildings around them became taller and more pretentious. Many of them were stone.

They passed a grocery store which was covered with a steel screen, and a bank, and they went under the sign of a shoemaker.

They played Men of Harlech:

Be they hinds or knights or yeomen—
Death is glory now!

The feet clicked. The tension had long since passed endurability and to tolerate it now was superhuman, ecstatic, an act that belonged to the capabilities of geniuses and madmen.

The square was one block away. They could see a barricade on the opposite side. They could see, on the nearer side, machine-gun muzzles which commenced to follow them like the fingers of condemnation.

They walked past the very muzzles. Into the demoniac accusation they blew their music and beneath it they pounded their drums, so that on the ship far away men heard and shuddered, and in the houses on the plaza

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

YOU MUST HAVE A CAST-IRON STOMACH, BILL
"OH — TUMS FOR THE TUMMY". IS MY SECRET OF EATING JUST WHAT I LIKE!

"You, too, Can Eat What You Like *without Acid Indigestion*"

Here's How! Funny how everybody thinks I have a cast-iron stomach because nothing I eat disagrees with me. And yet it wasn't so long ago that indigestion used to ruin meals for me. It seemed that I had to avoid particularly the very foods I liked best because they always brought on a burning sourness and a nauseating gassy fullness. But, happily for me, I discovered TUMS. Today I simply munch three or four of these candy-like antacid mints after meals and nothing disagrees with me any more. And I enjoy smoking more, too, without fear of discomforting after-effects.

Almost everyone (about 7 out of 10 Americans) at times suffers from indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, acidity and gas due to hasty meals, wrong food combinations, nervous strain, etc. For quick, pleasant relief, simply eat three or four TUMS — often one is enough. You'll like TUMS — they're so agreeable, safe and handy to carry in pocket or purse. Get a roll today at any drugstore—only 10c.

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AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE
Continued from page thirty-one

men heard and were strangely discomfited.

They were in the square.

The flame-transpiring nostrils of death were everywhere. One breath from them would reduce the company to ashes.

The armament was sufficient for the annihilation of ten times their number—for here the rebels had planned to make their major defense.

Flint lined his men to face the cathedral.

Flint was no being, now. No man. He was a small god, a stern god. His resources were at an end. He was prepared to meet this firing squad. His inhuman concert had served its purpose.

Into the paralyzed recesses of his mind there flashed a single thought. There was a song called Don't Leave Me. Not a great song. By the precepts and judgments of music, not even a good song. But its melody was contagious. It had fire and restraint. It was like love forbidden or love destined to be brief.

It was a song for dancing and a song for sitting out from dancing with love, love—love he would not know when these red nostrils overcame their first discretion.

It was as good a song as any to die by.

He turned his back on the bristling cathedral. He addressed the bandmaster: " Have you a jazz orchestra? "

The man nodded. " Yes, sir! "

" Can they play Don't Leave Me? "

" Wesson," the musician said. " Smith. Williams." He named the members of his jazz orchestra. " One pace forward. Form here. Don't Leave Me. Ready? "

The guns were almost talking when they began.

It was not much of a song.

It rolled across the white-hot, pitiless plaza. It entered the stone walls. It entered the hearts of the men waiting there. Don't Leave Me. When it stopped, new music took its place. Flint had spoken again.

A DOOR opened. Into the square a figure strutted—the figure of a woman.

No one, looking at her, would have called her a good woman. Her hair was down. Her eyes were wild. The clothes she wore were scanty. She moved toward the orchestra, her fingers trailing in the air, her hips undulating.

Moanin' low—my sweet man,
I love him so—

Another girl came.

Inside a stone building a man with a brown face and awful eyes began to laugh. He threw down his rifle and spoke in Spanish to the men with him.

They also laughed.

And now there was something irresistible in the music. The Pied Piper was playing. Orpheus was there. All the enchanted musicians of time were in that jazz band, playing to make life a little longer for a few sailors and marines who were not afraid to die but who did not want to die.

Those who were not playing stood stiffly at attention, holding toward the enemy defiant chests and unshakable heads.

A steel shutter went up and from their fateful siesta a whole cantinaful of townspeople rushed into the square.

A man at their head seized one of the dancing girls.

An old hag went round and round with a young man who had a sword at his side.

Who—stole my heart away?
Who—makes me dream all day?

The music and the rhythm, the defiance and the courage, souls run into gold, and life in one of its excruciating, ecstatic, inhuman, and magnificently human moments, rolled up to the cross on top of the cathedral, and into cellars where the besotted lay in the dark, and through steel partitions behind which the ferocious and the malevolent crouched in dismay.

Doors opened. Shutters went up.

People called to each other.

The man with the scythe listened jealously to the music and quailed.

THERE were thirty people in the plaza. Fifty. A hundred. Two. Five. Eight. A thousand.

Those who could not dance stood by the players and listened. Other instruments joined to lend volume, so that the song would permeate and dominate the increasing uproar.

Flint's arms unconsciously supplemented the bandmaster's. There was incredulity on his face and determination in his gestures.

The bank opened.

Then, last, the cathedral.

Someone rolled an enormous barrel of wine into the square and stove it open. The face of a white man, pinched and unbelieving, appeared briefly at a window.

There were two thousand people then—and three. The plaza was packed. Everyone danced. The wine splashed into the street and ran where blood had been expected.

People began to sing. A man with a cape brought a guitar and accompanied the orchestra.

Flint launched anew into that melancholy, terrible, stark, and splendid song which has been given to the ages with the name of St. Louis upon it. Suddenly a segment of the hysterical gayety withered; silence rolled up to the orchestra.

A woman came with it. A dreadful woman—fat, with enormous hips and a face like a man, with fallen gray hair and a red scar for a mouth, with ragged garments and bare feet, with a hatchet in her hand and maniacal eyes.

Maria Brecci.

Flint knew it was she. He knew that the crisis was here.

She raised her voice. Flint signaled to the music to stop. She harangued the multitude in angry Spanish. The ensign signaled for song again. Many people recommenced to dance. Many did not.

Maria Brecci flashed her hatchet in front of the ensign's face.

She roared at the multitude.

Her voice ran through and above the music.

And suddenly, with Gargantuan, ironic laughter, she wheeled upon the lieutenant and spoke in English:

"Dancing—you make! Good! Then—dance with me—little man!"

She shook the hatchet.

"Dance with me and my little kiss!" Flint did not falter.

He unbuckled his belt. His automatic fell to the cobblestones. He bowed. His face was like milk. He held out his arms, touched her dirty rags.

Maria Brecci's jaw sagged. The hatchet rang on the stone beside the automatic. A vast, weird grin overspread her face. Suddenly she grappled with him. The orchestra swelled in a furious crescendo. Maria Brecci began to dance with Ensign Flint.

Girls threw their arms around the necks of the marines and sailors. Cantinas opened. The orchestra played.

Late that afternoon three warships arrived—but there was nothing to do. They stayed until after a new election—the government became stable following it.

They decorated Flint—heavily—when they found that he had taken a bullet in the thigh with the first shot at the pier, and marched to the plaza wounded, and danced wounded with Maria Brecci. They gave him, too, the honorable nickname of Foxtrot.

An international episode was at an end.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 20

1—Topeka.
2—Bloodstone.
3—Hamlet, Act 1, Scene 3.
4—Walter Hines Page.
5—A hook for turning over logs.
6—Six.
7—Los Angeles, California.
8—An Athenian poet and general of the fourth and fifth centuries, B. C.
9—Sirius.
10—Louis XVI.
11—A story-teller.
12—In central Asia, mostly in Mongolia.
13—Baldness.
14—Septuagesima Sunday.
15—Spray blown from waves during a gale.
16—A Mohammedan crier of the hour of prayer.
17—Eighteenth.
18—The study of the horse.
19—Bright's disease.
20—Primates.

IT'S NO USE!
I WON'T
SEE HIM

Date broken because of bad skin! Photo specially posed by Miss Alice Way

So ashamed of her Poor Complexion

she locked herself in her room!

A few weeks later she had a lovely skin—a better figure!

NO USE! She'd powdered and powdered but *still* those hateful blemishes showed—marred her charm. She *couldn't* keep that date. Couldn't, *couldn't*—no matter how much Mother scolded!

Broken-hearted over her complexion. Hiding away in her room—ashamed, *afraid* to face people. That's Virginia when her story starts — but she's a "changed creature" when it ends!

She confesses...

"My complexion has always been dull and muddy and sometimes it broke out. Recently I have been in a badly rundown state, thin, stomach often upset and feeling low generally. My skin got worse than ever. I was so ashamed of it that one night when I had a date I actually locked myself in my room.

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In Ironized Yeast you get rich, specially cultured, specially imported "*beer yeast*"—concentrated seven times! Thus seven pounds of "beer yeast" are used to make one pound of the yeast concentrate used in Ironized Yeast. The Biological Commission of the League of Nations regards this concentration process as so vitally important that—at an official session in Geneva, Switzerland—it recommended its adoption as a world-wide standard.

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IRONIZED YEAST

New Concentrated Health Builder
In Pleasant Tablet Form

Drink and th

By JA

(Reading time: 11 minutes 15 seconds.)

INASMUCH as horrified indignation at the sinfulness of someone else has always characterized the American people, those who hope to turn the election of 1932 into a free fight about the liquor question, with the drys wailing about the evils of alcohol and the wets deploring the rise of the beer barons and the racketeers, have much in their favor. It would be quite typical of the utter abandon of American politics if an election which will affect our entire future mode of existence, and which will lead to a new conception of the government's rôle in business, should be fought on the issue of the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Hence, whatever the object of the battle for control at Washington, the battle cry is likely to be intensely alcoholic.

Prohibition has about as much chance of being repealed as a result of this Presidential election as the average American has of becoming President. As one of the Wickersham Commission was heard to remark: " The damn' thing is in the Constitution! " A new President can't repeal it, Congress can't repeal it, a majority of the people can't repeal it. Thirteen states in the sheep-tick and boll-weevil regions, with a population equal to a single eastern state, have the constitutional power to prevent repeal. The drys worked for twenty years to put it over, and they were helped by a World War; the wets will have to work hard and long to pull the Methodist Amendment out of the Constitution. Hence prohibition as a practical political issue is utterly irrelevant to the decision of who will be who at Washington.

As a battle cry, however, the subject is hard to beat. Everybody feels strongly about it; everybody that wants to drink has a little trouble in buying or brewing it; the damn' law has never worked and obviously never will; the whole idea of controlling the commercialized traffic in alcoholic beverages has been lost in the shuffling of religious and sectional manias. The subject has all the makings of a first-class controversy, and in 1932 it affords politicians excellent excuse for side-stepping the real question of the day—hunger rather than thirst.

The case for prohibition is very simple. Alcohol is a dangerous and habit-forming drug. So long as the brewers and distillers had a selfish interest in expanding their sales, all attempts to control the retail traffic of the saloon—by taxes, by licenses, by local option, and by special legislation—broke down. Poverty, disease, prostitution, and unrest were by-products of the legalization of alcoholism. To attempt to destroy the profit element in the liquor traffic by outlawing the traffic itself was " a great social and economic experiment, noble in motive." The mass of the people are better off without it; prohibition has given us prosperity; labor saves its wages (when it gets any) to buy food and furniture, radios and automobiles; wives and children get clothed and fed more regularly if men can't blow their week's wages at the corner saloon; real-estate values rise; and a dangerous focus where ignorant men can exchange their immature political ideas and thus combine against their employers and against " the decent element " has been done away with.

The case against prohibition is just as simple. The mass of our people did not and do not drink to excess, and to forbid them to drink in moderation is an act of tyranny. Our race has been drinking alcohol since the dawn of history; no teetotal civilization has ever amounted to anything; we don't know what dangerous forces we may release when we cease exposing human tissues to the toughening and selective action of a racial poison. If we wished to strike at the commercialized traffic in alcohol, to destroy the sales urge to make drunkards of us all, there are other and better ways of doing it. We cannot regulate or control a traffic which has no legal existence. Usually men are not poor because they drink; more often they drink because they are poor and because drink is the poor man's short cut to happiness.

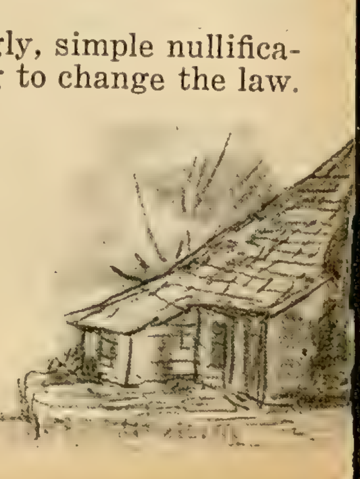
The relationship between alcohol and disease is not proven, especially since the world's most vital and tenacious races are without exception alcoholic. Prostitution is the by-product of the money basis of society rather than of the saloon. Quite as many girls take the easiest way in the back seats of parked automobiles as ever went the way of all flesh in the back rooms of corner saloons. To attempt to proscribe human appetite is a stupid trifling with human nature which positively challenges people to violate the law.

To attempt to induce prosperity by outlawing drink is to adopt a childish view of economics, to regard money rather than goods as the basis of wealth; and hence is an absurdity, as though we could add to our wealth by refusing to permit the production of wealth, *i.e.,* of goods for which there is a demand. On the same argument, we would be tremendously enriched if we outlawed the automobile—with its annual casualties, its waste of our natural resources, and its disrupting influence upon home life and church attendance.

FEAR of the saloon is simple fear of democracy; distrust of drink is simply distrust of the average American citizen. We are not children who must be forbidden to put certain liquids into our mouths or certain ideas into our heads. Self-government has broken down when the political organization of our country is such that a small minority can forbid the majority of our citizens to meet, drink, and talk under the stimulus of a convenient drug which overcomes shyness and promotes expansive and generous ideas. For our political health and our individual self-respect we must get rid of the prohibitory system which has fostered hypocrisy, crime, and disrespect for law, and which has financed the criminal classes by diverting to them the profits of a traffic which is rooted in human nature and racial habit.

In theory, the two viewpoints on prohibition are fairly balanced; in practice, after twelve years of Mr. Capone and the lawless thugs and grafters of the prohibition unit, the case against prohibition is pretty well proved. The law does not work in America and it's time to change it. The politicians, however, do not dare do anything real about it. The issue is too good a boob-tickler to be thrown away. Also the forces of the drys and wets, if openly opposed, would punish any politician who met the issue honestly. A comparative handful of votes may hold the balance between victory and defeat in any Congressional district and a Congressman's first duty is to get himself elected.

The practical solution is, accordingly, simple nullification. Don't offend the drys by trying to change the law. Don't offend the wets by trying to enforce it. The bootleggers have arrived and have the situation well in hand. No man with the price need go thirsty long in this moral country. It is easy to brew beer in your own home. There is a flourishing and rather legal business in selling innocent grape juice which, when properly " serviced," becomes



Devil

A Warning to Optimists, Wet or Dry, Who Expect a Referendum on Prohibition

ANKLIN

high-test wine. All the shouting for 2.75 or 4 per cent beer is the bunk. Who would drink such hogwash, anyhow? Beer should contain at least 8 per cent, and wine 12 per cent, of alcohol. The really popular quick drinks, cocktails and highballs, are based on gin, rum, or whisky, each of at least 40 per cent alcoholic content. Congress could not modify the Volstead Act so as to permit a really intoxicating beverage without running into the Supreme Court and having the new law declared unconstitutional. If the President refuses to enforce the law he renders himself liable to impeachment.

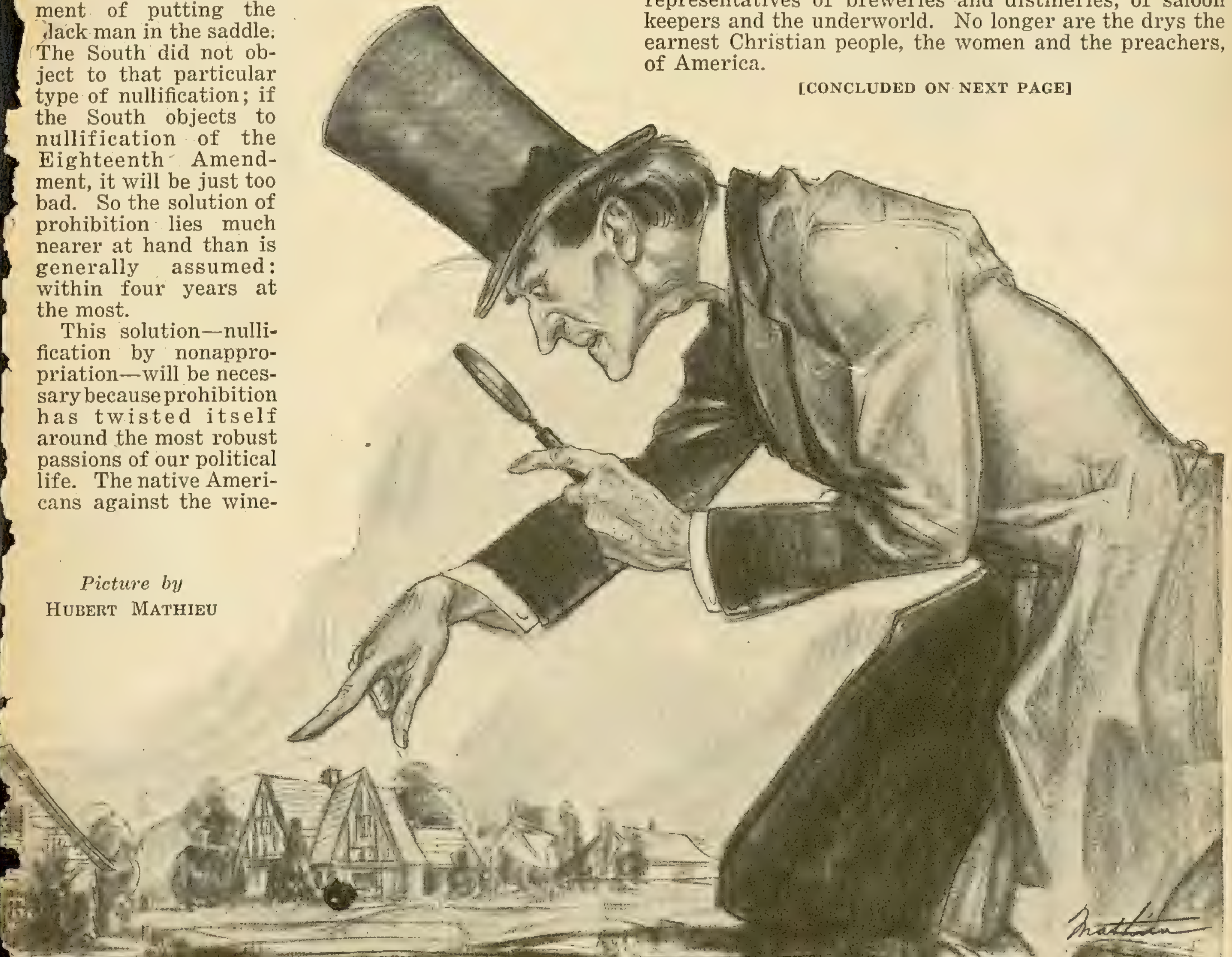
Under such circumstances, don't expect heroic behavior from Congressmen. If left to themselves, all they need do about the law is to refuse, in the name of economy, to appropriate money specially for its enforcement, just as Congress once refused to appropriate money for the enforcement of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth amendments—which attempted to free and enfranchise the Southern Negroes—after a prolonged and loudly moral attempt to work out the noble experiment of putting the black man in the saddle. The South did not object to that particular type of nullification; if the South objects to nullification of the Eighteenth Amendment, it will be just too bad. So the solution of prohibition lies much nearer at hand than is generally assumed: within four years at the most.

This solution—nullification by nonappropriation—will be necessary because prohibition has twisted itself around the most robust passions of our political life. The native Americans against the winebibbing aliens; the pure country against the sodden city; the manly West against the effeminate East; the pious South against the godless North; the wise employers against the improvident workers; autocracy against democracy; the rich against the poor; the women against the men: these are the passions which you touch when you touch the liquor question. It is dynamite for a politician to touch one of these; to touch them all at once is like a Chinese New Year's celebration. In local elections the subject may be safe; in national elections it is taboo. Hence the recent enthusiasm for a referendum on the subject. That would change nothing, would simply reveal how people felt without endangering a single candidate for public office.

After the votes were counted you would find the politicians discovering their own convictions.

IF such a referendum had been held ten years ago, the country would have voted dry. Today the chances are that the country would show itself overwhelmingly wet, and for that reason the drys have no enthusiasm for such a cheap way of informing a Congressman that it is safe to knife the Volstead Act. The straws which show the public feeling have all been wet. No longer are the wets the representatives of breweries and distilleries, of saloon keepers and the underworld. No longer are the drys the earnest Christian people, the women and the preachers, of America.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



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DRINK AND THE DEVIL
Continued from page thirty-five

The wets of 1932 include the Federation of Labor, the Bar Association, the Medical Association, the American Legion, the Junior League, the Social Register, many of the clergy, the gentlewomen of America organized by Mrs. Sabin into the repealist groups with nearly 500,000 members, the young gentlemen of America grouped in the Crusaders, and just about nine-tenths of all the young men and women who have come of age since the war.

THE great support of prohibition and some of the dry money undoubtedly come from the bootleggers who are the beneficiaries of the present arrangement. The industrialists who believed that prohibition was the Secret of Our Prosperity are now in the "Oh, yeah?" class; only Henry Ford holds firm in his original belief. Old men who got their ideas thirty, forty, and fifty years ago, old women whose beauty is of the same vintage, political parsons like Bishop Cannon, Southerners who want to keep the Negroes from buying gin, superefficiency employers who believe that if they hire a man's working hours they have bought his whole life, and the dwindling mass of self-righteous boobs who are too stubborn to admit that America could possibly make a major political blunder, are still on the side of the amendment.

Most of our complacency has been shaken by the collapse of the prosperity which prohibition was supposed to have created, and by the explosion of scandals in practically every major city, by the baby-killing in New York, by Chicago, by the discovery that the principal effect of prohibition has been to endow organized crime with the revenues of a government to enable criminals to maintain private armies to collect taxes from frightened shopkeepers, to convict and punish their enemies, and to negotiate political and business agreements throughout the country. The effrontery of Al Capone, who proposed a reasonable treaty with the Washington government by which he should pay the Treasury for the national beer concession, coupled with the shabby subterfuge of prosecuting him for tax evasion, has shaken public confidence in the idea that nothing is too big for America to handle. Chicago has been hastily deodorized, and New York's crime has been advertised by Mr. Seabury for the benefit of the Republican Party. But the bootleggers' trucks thunder over our highways, the rum fleets lie off our coasts, the smoke of ten thousand stills reeks to the sky, bathtub gin flows freely, Maryland farms yield forty gallons to the acre, our cities are pock-marked with speakeasies, and policemen get rich very quickly on very small salaries.

PROHIBITION has lost us our control of the liquor traffic and now we are paying the price.

The election of 1932 won't settle the liquor problem and won't pour oil on the crime wave. The basis of crime is property, and the basis of liquor is thirst, and prohibition combines the worst features of both.

However, no matter how we vote, Congress is not going to outlaw property or abolish thirst. The utmost that the politicians can do is to keep us interested in the subject of unsanctified thirst so that we won't have the time or the desire to monkey with sanctified property rights.

They will let us talk about prohibition, play with it, wallow in it; but they won't let us settle it—not this year.

THE END

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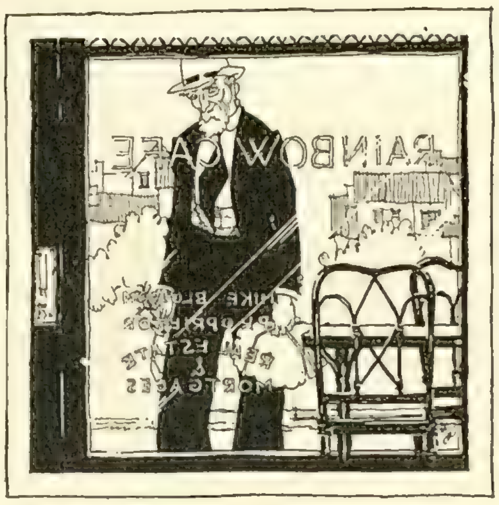
Business Is Business

A Short Short Story

(*Reading time:*
5 minutes 31 seconds.)

By BARNEY BLAKE

OLD Harry Olson stopped in front of the Rainbow Café, the only restaurant in Bowersville. He smiled for an instant at the information elaborately painted on the lower right-hand corner of the window—Mike Blossom, Proprietor. Real Estate & Mortgages—then carefully shifted the parcel he was carrying and opened the door. Mike was behind the long pine counter, scraping grease stains from the wood. He looked up sourly.



"*Now* what?"

Harry deposited his bundle on the counter.

"Got a few eggs," he said timidly, "and a couple chickens."

"Don't want 'em. Got some eggs shipped in last week."

"But these are *fresh*, Mike."

"What of it? An egg is an egg, ain't it? And I told you before I don't want *any* of your eggs."

"I know. But can't you take 'em just this once? The grocer is stocked up."

"Well, I'll take 'em this time. Ten cents a dozen."

"And you pay twenty cents for storage eggs! Well—take 'em. Will you take the hens too?"

"Are they cleaned?"

"No—it's all I can do to kill 'em. You see, I get kind of friendly with my hens. You can have 'em cheap—half a dollar each."

"Nothing doing. If I have to clean 'em it's twenty-five cents or nothing."

Harry sighed sadly and gave a hopeless little shrug.

"All right—you can take 'em. But how do you expect I could make a living if everybody treated me that way? Here you sell me desert land for truck gardening—"

"Why shouldn't I sell you the land? Not my fault you didn't know any better."

"Land with a nice crick in it—"

"Well, there *is* a crick there, isn't there?"

"Why didn't you tell me it was dry most of the time?"

"Business is business!"

"And then, when I can't grow anything and start raising chickens, you won't pay half what they're worth."

"That's business, too. You're too soft. You ought to go back where you come from."

"I would if you'd buy the land back."

"Me buy that back? Heh-heh! Say, old man, I'm not a fool. I'm a business man."

Harry pocketed the money from the sale and left without further words. Once outside, he smiled softly to himself.

That evening Harry was interrupted at supper by the screech of brakes in his yard. He opened the door to find Mike Blossom emerging from his roadster.

"Need some more hens," Mike explained blandly. "Three or four for the Elks lunch tomorrow. Need these special. Give you half a dollar."

"Well, now, I *might* let you have a few. But the price is one dollar. Chickens is up."

"That's a holdup! I could get 'em in Denver for less than that. If I wasn't in such a hurry—"

"Business is business!"

Mike scowled and chewed the end of his cigar viciously.

"All right—get 'em!"

Harry Olson took a lantern from a nail by the door, lit it, and led the way through the falling dusk to the chicken shack fifty yards back of the house.

Harry grabbed three of the fattest-looking hens.

"Get me that rooster too, Olson." Mike pointed to a large red bird perched a little apart.

"That's the only one I got, and he's pure bred. Worth four dollars."

"What? I could get a dozen like him for that!"

"Do it, then."

Mike hesitated a moment, then grumbled, "Nothing but a holdup! But I'll take him."

Five minutes later Mike Blossom was on his way back to Bowersville. For a long time Harry sat on the steps. A contented grin relaxed the graying lines of his face.

On the following day at noon Mike again appeared at Olson's place—this time with two companions.

"Got a business deal for you"—Mike came straight to the point. "I want to buy this place for a client of mine. Brought the witnesses so we won't waste any time."

Harry recognized the banker and the justice of the peace for Bowersville.

"Well, now, Mike," he said slowly, "I wasn't figuring on selling."

"Don't be foolish, Olson. You know you've never made any money on this place. I'll give you a good price."

"If it's no good to me, why do you want it?"

"That's my business. I'm an agent, ain't I? I'll sell it again to a client of mine. Give you twenty-five an acre."

"But I paid you fifty—without the improvements."

"Improvements!" Mike glanced at the flimsy buildings in scorn. "Land has gone down since then."

"Not this land. In fact, it's one hundred an acre—if you want to buy it. And that's not including the house and crick bed." With a wave of his hand Harry traced the course of the now dry creek from its vague outlet in a swampy waste to its source—a small spring at the foot of a hill. "You see, I'd figure on staying here myself and let the chickens run along the crick."

"TALK sense, Olson! Tell you what"—Mike expanded in sudden generosity—"I'll make it fifty dollars an acre for the whole layout. How's that?"

"Nope." Harry held firm. "If you want this ranch it'll cost you what I said. And for the crick bed, house, and chickens a thousand dollars more. That'll make an even fifteen hundred for the five acres."

In vain did Mike argue, threaten, storm. Harry would not budge from his price. After a half hour of useless wrangling, Mike finally acceded to the terms.

Harry led the others into the house. The transfer was made out and a check for the full sum handed over.

"Guess I'll go back East now," Harry announced as he folded the check and put it in an inner pocket.

"Just where you belong!" Mike rose from the rickety chair and laughed derisively. "You poor sucker! *That crick's a gold mine!* I found a nugget in the gizzards of every one of them hens you sold me, and in the rooster—"

"You found two!" Harry gazed serenely at Mike with just the ghost of a smile playing about his eyes.

"Huh! How—how did *you* know?" Mike's face flushed with a suspicion that all was not as it should be.

"Mike, it's like this," Harry explained. "When I saw I couldn't make things go, I decided to try *planting gold.*" Harry pulled out his watch. A solitary gold bead dangled from the end of a cord fob. "There used to be *eight* of these, Mike. I planted seven. *Business is business!*"

THE END

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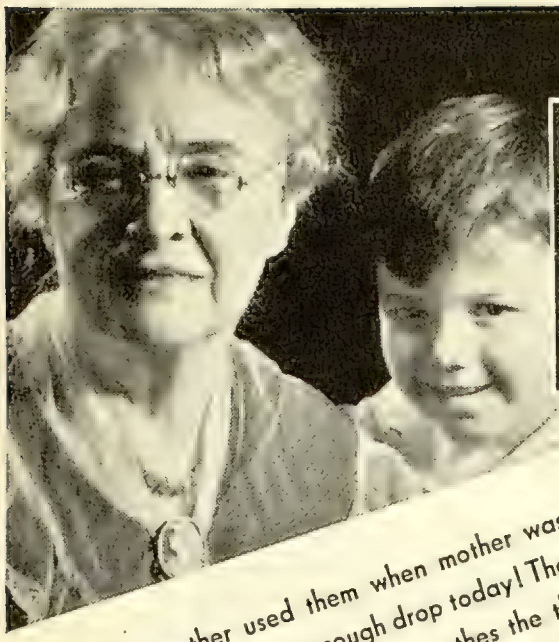

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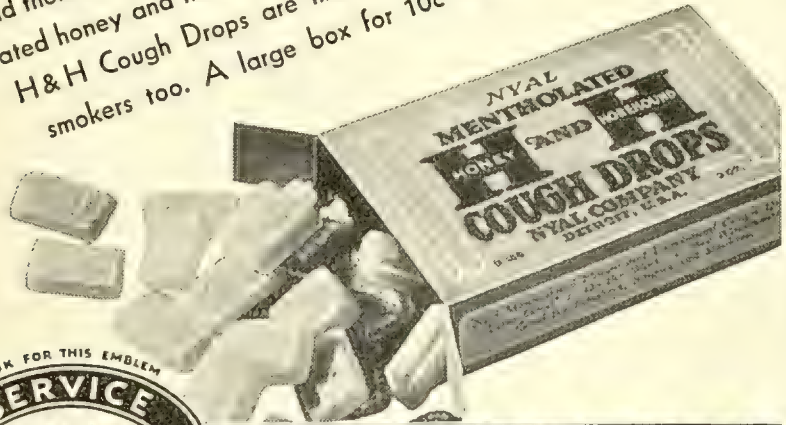

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The Girl Next Door

A New For the Love o' Lil

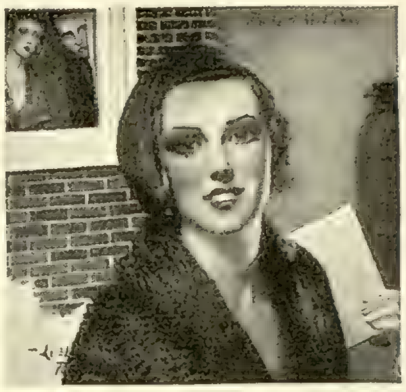
A NEW family has moved next door to Sandy and Lil! There is the widower, Mr. Jones—James Hartley Jones—who, so it appears, was once a well known violinist and who is now a member of that large group that demands such heavy dues, The Association of the Unemployed.

Sandy and Lil heard the story of their coming in high amusement.

The Bonds were moving, and Mr. Bond was turning house and furniture over to James Hartley Jones as payment of a racing debt!

"A racing debt!" gasped Lil. "How do you mean?"

"Well," Mr. Bond said with a slow smile, "once I borrowed money from old man Jones to bet on a horse that won. I owe him that money in all fairness, as a gentleman's debt. My lease runs here for the next four months, and I am paying that and turning the house over to Mr. Jones, who finds himself in some difficulty at the present time."



This week's cover picture.

"That's certainly a splendid gesture," agreed Sandy approvingly.

"The Jones family are grand people," Mr. Bond told them. "You will find them wonderful neighbors, I am sure, though maybe a little noisy. The oldest daughter, Molly, is engaged to be married; and Sally, the second one, is the prettiest girl—outside of my daughter and you, Mrs. Jenkins—that I have seen in a long and full lifetime. Then there is a brother, Bob, about seventeen, in his last year at high school."

So the Jenkinses, after duly seeing the Bonds off, were excited and curious when the moving van backed up to the house next door and an old-fashioned automobile brought the Jones family to their new home.

It was hard to get a good look at them, but they counted five: Mr. Jones, who was obviously cheery and good-natured; a very elderly white-haired lady, who must be the grandma of the family; a rather plump girl in her early twenties, who probably was Molly; then Sally, about eighteen; and a boy a year or two younger, who was evidently glorying in his first pair of long trousers.

They couldn't get a very good glimpse of either of the two girls, much to their disappointment, though even at that distance it was obvious that Sally, the younger, was smart and dark and full of vitality.

But the next look was one that caused both Sandy and Lil to gasp; for out of the moving van, carefully and rather sharply guided by grandma, came bird cage after bird cage.

"Eight!" gasped Lil.

"Twelve," insisted Sandy. "I counted twelve. Gosh, Lil, look at the *cats!*"

And, as they watched, grandma tenderly unloaded and opened wicker baskets, one after another, of pussy-cats—brown and black and gray and white.

"Good heavens!" moaned Lil. "Somebody will certainly have to train Ulysses and Gwen to leave them alone."

"Look," whispered Sandy.

And there, racing down to the corner, was Sally Jones, the new neighbor, the girl next door, to post a letter, unaware that she was being watched, young and fresh, smilingly eager and alive.

It is a good thing that Sandy and Lil at the window were too interested in Sally to think of the expressions on their own faces!

(Next week's cover adventure: Easy Money!)

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Never before was there such a demand for good fiction, never did writing offer such recompense as in late years. Never were so many people making an excellent living from writing—many of them becoming wealthy—as right now.

It is hard to make a beginning, hard to get a foothold—but once a successful beginning has been made, once a story or two has been accepted by a national periodical of high standing, so that your name is known, the worst is over and the way is clear for you to go ahead as far and as fast as your talent and your capacity will permit.

This is the opportunity that Liberty is offering to you. But please bear this in mind. Liberty will not pay one cent for a story that does not in every way come up to the high standard it sets for every word that appears between its covers. To do otherwise would be unfair to its tremendous public following. Liberty is not bidding for mediocre stories. What it is doing is letting down the bars of prejudice against unknown writers.

Instead of penalizing you because you are unknown, Liberty is putting a premium upon the fact that you are unknown.

The fact that you may have sold stories to your high-school or college magazine or to a local newspaper that does not syndicate its material does not bar you from this big "First Story" offer. You are disqualified only if you have sold one or more stories to a nationally circulated periodical of any kind.

If, then, you have manuscripts on hand that you honestly feel are worthy of appearing in Liberty, send them in as directed in the instructions on this page and they will receive immediate and special consideration by our reading staff. If you have the plot of a story in mind that you believe is up to the Liberty standard, write it and send it in before this offer expires and it may perhaps prove your starting point to fame and fortune.

Let us reiterate, however, that to be purchased under this offer your story must be of sufficient excellence to warrant its being published in Liberty. But send us in the right kind of story and it will be received with open arms, it will be bought at a price in proportion to its value to us, over two million people will read it, and the gateway to success will swing open before your eyes!

Under this offer the editors of Liberty will read stories for literary quality, power to hold reader interest, and availability for publication in Liberty, and upon this basis will decide whether or not to purchase stories submitted.

Liberty takes pleasure in making available this unprecedented offer to unknown writers. By all means take advantage of it. Send in your finished manuscripts at once and get busy on any others you may wish to submit. There is no limit to the number you can offer.

INSTRUCTIONS

You may submit as many manuscripts as you wish.

Clearly typed manuscripts, double spaced, are preferred, but manuscripts in pen and ink will be considered. Do not use thin tissue or onionskin paper. Printed material, poetry, penciled manuscripts, stories of less than 2,500 words, stories in a foreign language or submitted in parts will be rejected upon receipt.

At the top of first page record the total number of words in your story. Number each page.

Print your name and address on the upper right-hand corner of first page and upon the envelope. Sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at the foot of the last page of your manuscript.

Address all manuscripts to LIBERTY "FIRST STORY" EDITOR, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Send by first-class mail, flat. Do not roll.

No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted. Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts as soon as rejected if accompanied by proper postage when submitted, but Liberty does not hold itself responsible for such returns. Keep a copy of your manuscript.

This offer expires at the close of business Thursday, May 12, 1932.

HERE IS YOUR CHANCE TO SELL YOUR FIRST STORY AND WIN EDITORIAL RECOGNITION!

Let GEORGE

Why You Can't Believe Everything You Read in the Newspapers

By WILLIAM A. UCKER

Pictures by D'ALTON VALENTINE

(Reading time: 37 minutes 15 seconds.)

AS soon as I started out on this assignment with George I knew there was going to be trouble. There always is with George.

Not that he isn't a good reporter, because he is. That's his trouble—he's too good. He's always reporting things that never happened, like blondes speeding away from the scene of the crime in a high-powered car. Anything from a furniture van to a wheelbarrow is a high-speed car to George when he's writing a story.

"We gotta build it up," he'd say to me when I'd protest that the police hadn't said anything about looking for a blonde. "And it won't hurt them to look for a blonde," he'd say. "Maybe she's got a friend, and then you'd get a break."

I hate to say it, but I might as well tell the truth from the start and explain that George didn't build up stories because he liked to work. George liked to work less than any man I ever knew, and the only time he needled a story so that it jumped right out of the front page and smacked you in the eye was when he was out of town and had an expense account. What George could do to an expense account was a caution! It was when he was making out one that he did his best writing.

The way things are run on the Star—that's the paper George and I work for—a reporter like George never goes out of town on a story without taking a photographer along. That's what I am, a photographer. And what I've put up with because of reporters like George, it's a wonder I haven't gone nuts.

Things would be all right if the reporter would go his way and let me go mine. But that isn't the way they work it. The reporter is in charge of the story and he's supposed to tell the photographer what pictures to take. If the photographer does what the reporter tells him the pictures are punk, and the office calls up and raises hell and wants to know why they didn't get pictures of the pretty girl who heard screams in the night—when the chances are it was just a hoot owl letting off steam. Then the reporter tells the city editor that the photographer is a dumb cluck and for Pete's sake to send him a guy with a little pep. A photographer has a pretty tough time, I tell you.

But to get back to this assignment we went on. It wasn't a murder story such as is George's specialty, and which he could write without leaving the office if they'd just give him the names. This was a political story and it was good until Election Day, which was nearly two weeks off, and George expected to make plenty out of it. He'd even been asking about the price of a nifty roadster before we left town.

When Al Klein, who is the boss of the art department, told me that I was to go out of town with George on a story, I tried to argue with him, but it didn't do any good.

"Somebody's got to go with him," said Al. "He's not a bad egg if you work with him in the right way. But you'd better operate on separate expense accounts, because if you don't George will have you charged up for a new suit of clothes when he hands in the swindle sheet."

I didn't need any advice about that, so I got my box and a couple of packages of plates and went out to find George drawing an advance at the cashier's office.

"Two hundred smackers," said George when he saw me. "That ought to last us a couple of days, maybe. Come on. Let's get going. We can make the two-o'clock train."

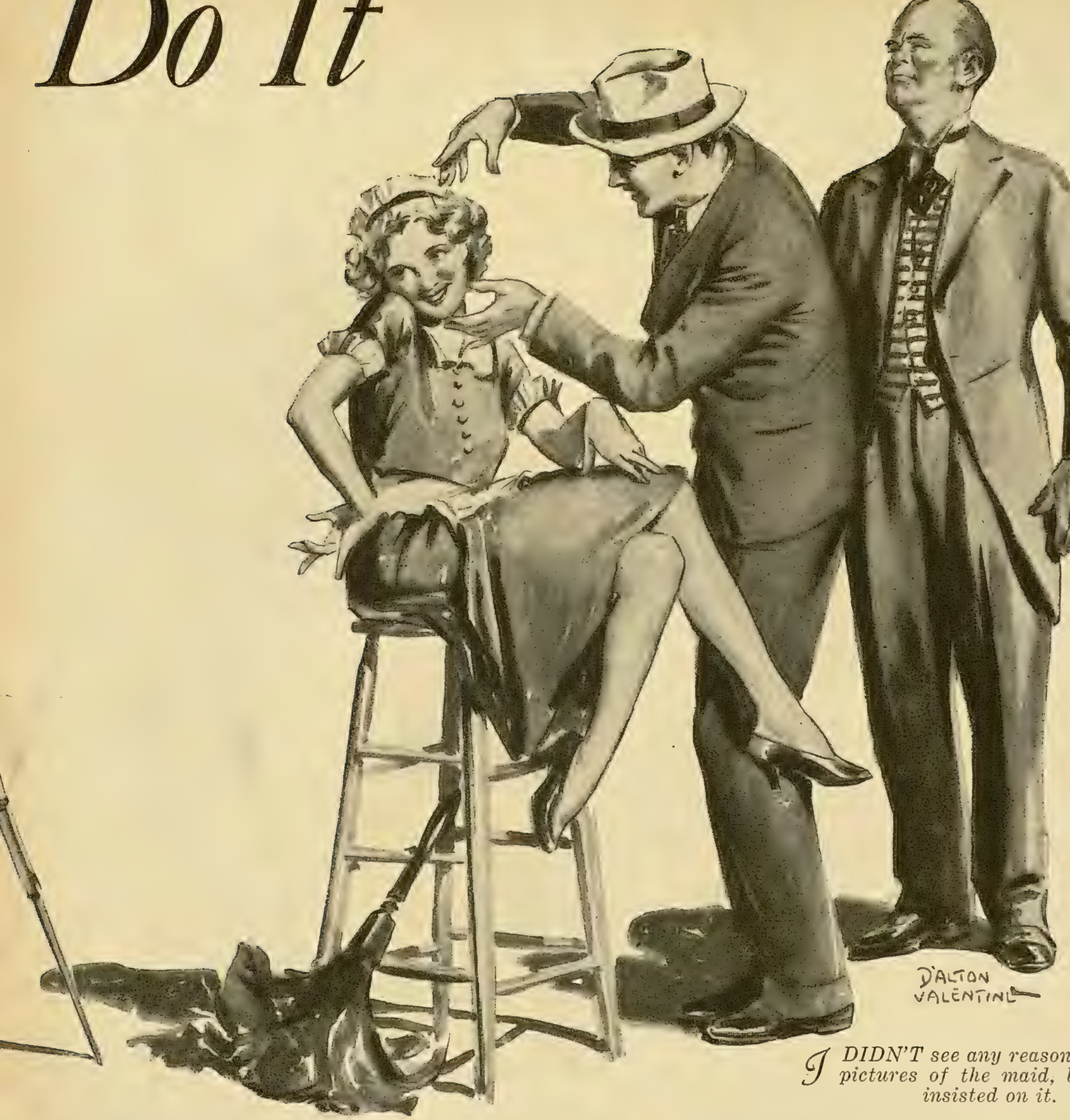
While we were going uptown in a taxi—George always rides in taxis when he's spending the Star's money—I asked him about the assignment.

He said, "Kid, this is a lulu. We'll bust that town wide open before we're through."

I asked him to please talk sense and tell me where we were going and what we were going to do when we got there, if anything. But first he had to stop the cab while he ran into Joe's and got a quick one and then came back with a couple of bottles. As for me, I don't drink, and it would be better for the Star if George didn't, either. The paper would save money, anyway, because George wasn't paying for that liquor. Not with an expense account.

George put the bottles away and told the taxi driver to step on it. Then he leaned back and said, "Yes, sir;

Do It



I DIDN'T see any reason for taking pictures of the maid, but George insisted on it.

this story is right up my alley, and if we don't run it ragged I'm a copy reader."

"Never mind that 'we' stuff," I told him. "First tell me what it's all about."

SO George told me about it. He said that we were going to a place called Hanly-on-the-Hudson to jazz up the municipal election and put a little sex appeal in it. From what George said, it seems like Hanly-on-the-Hudson was one of those incorporated townships where a lot of rich guys have their summer homes, and they elect a mayor and town council just like they were the real thing. Of course, they always elect one of the big palookas as mayor, and then the town council passes a few ordinances to allow golf on Sunday and keep out the common people, which George calls John R. Public.

"Until now they've had it all their own way because there aren't any Johns in this town," says George. "It's too rich for their blood. And they've got a lot of restrictions that a man can't build a house in Hanly unless it costs a million bucks and has lace curtains in all the windows. One company owns all the land, and those babies have had it pretty soft. They usually make some old dodo mayor, and if you or me tried to build a shack there he'd sick the dog on us."

Whenever George begins to explain a thing it's usually worse than before he started, so I asked him please to pull himself together and tell me why we were going to Hanly-on-the-Hudson if the election was in the bag.

"But it isn't in the bag—that's just what I'm telling you," said George. "It would have been in the bag if it hadn't been for this young fellow Garnett."

There isn't much sense in my telling how hard it was for me to pry loose any information from George, but I finally got it.

Garnett was Philip Garnett, who used to be known as the Animal-Cracker Baby. When he was a baby his father died and left him pretty near ten million dollars that he had made out of the baking business. So the papers called him the Animal-Cracker Baby. I'll bet somebody like George thought up that name. Anyway, Garnett was a grown man now, and he had gotten sore at the rest of the people in Hanly. To hear George tell it, a delegation had called on him and told him they would be just as well pleased if he didn't bring out any more chorus girls to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

LET GEORGE DO IT
Continued from page forty-three

parties on his estate and to stop raising hell generally.

Anyway, Garnett got sore, and now, just to make more trouble, he was running his butler for mayor.

I forgot to explain about the butler. The servants in the houses in Hanly could vote in the township elections as well as the owners, because the servants lived there, too. And the servants outnumbered the owners something frightful. That is, if you looked at the proportion as an owner.

"This butler's name is Squiggs," said George. "Now I ask you," he went on, "isn't that a hell of a name for a butler to have, much less a mayor? Sounds to me like his shoes would squeak. Imagine waking up with a terrific hangover and having a butler's shoes squeaking through the house. It would give a man the willies."

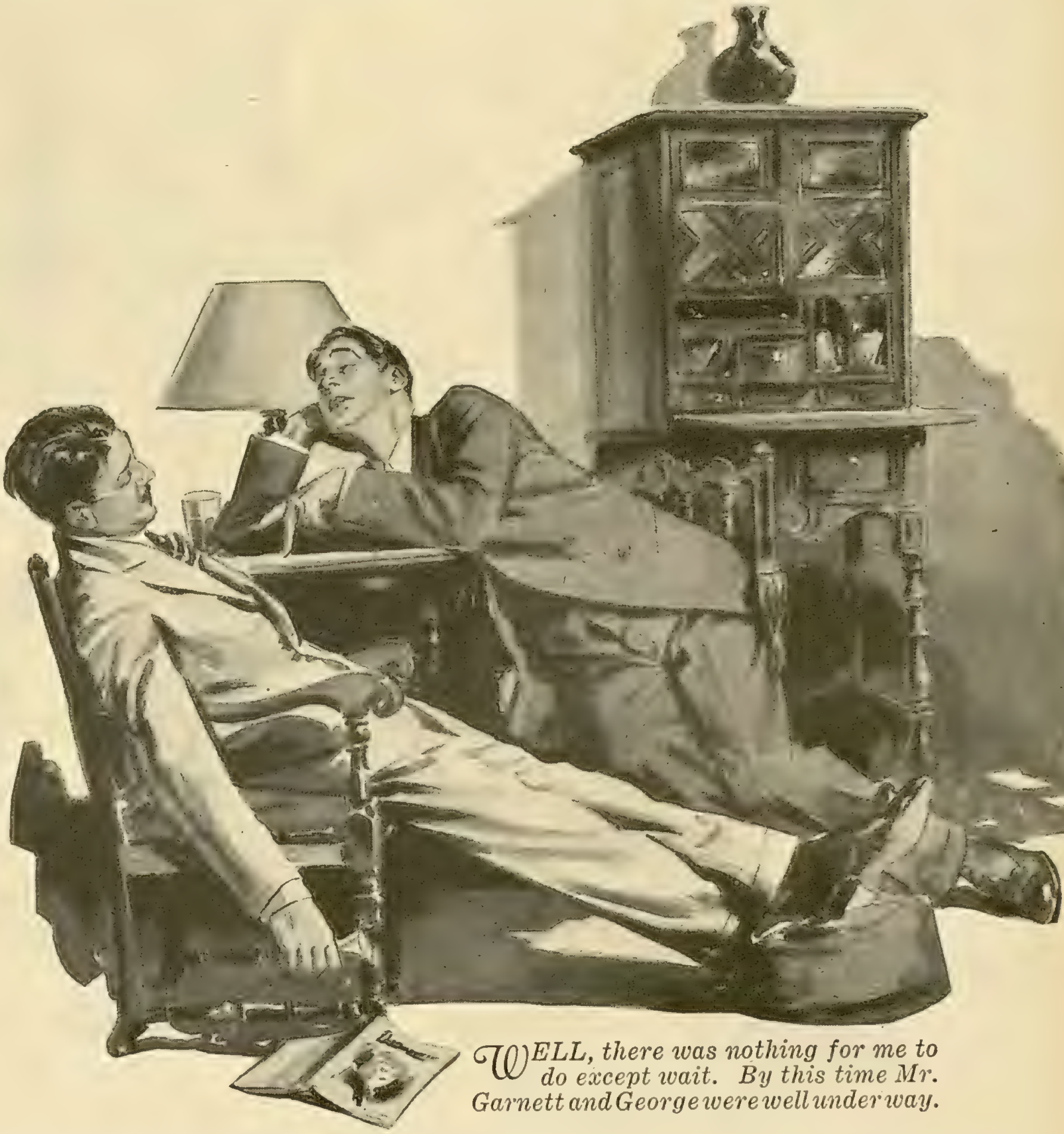
"Has he got any chance of being elected?" I asked.

"Who?" said George.

"Squiggs the butler. Has he any chance of being elected? Seems to me the other servants would be afraid to vote for him."

"THAT'S just where you're wrong," said George. "This fellow Garnett is a bright lad and he has thought of that. We got a tip on the story from some upstate correspondent. Garnett is putting up plenty of dough for the campaign, and he's telling the servants that if they get fired for voting for Squiggs he'll get them other jobs. All the boys and girls that Garnett is gunning for are trying to keep it quiet. Won't they be surprised when we get there and go into action? Didn't I tell you this story was a lulu? Hell, it's a honey. It ought to be good for three hundred bucks if it's good for a dime."

Well, we got to the station and got on the train all right, which was something. Because you never can be sure about anything with George. As soon as we were aboard he pulled out that package and said he was going into the smoking room for a couple of quick ones.



WELL, *there was nothing for me to do except wait. By this time Mr. Garnett and George were well under way.*

They were good ones, but they weren't very quick, because it was an hour later when George came back to our seats. When he returned he had another man with him, and he introduced this man to me as his very good friend Sam Callan.

Anyone could see that Mr. Callan wasn't any very good friend of George's. He wasn't even a friend. In fact, it soon came out that George had just met Mr. Callan and had invited him to have what George calls a snort. But to listen to them you would have thought that they were blood brothers who hadn't seen each other for years.

I didn't pay much attention to what they were saying, because George seldom says anything worth listening to and this fellow Callan had a horrible habit of talking out of the corner of his mouth.

Pretty soon George began to imitate him, and then it was worse.

"Your friend doesn't seem to be very sociable," Callan finally said, looking at me.

I didn't say anything, but just looked out the window and wished there were some way in which I could gently hint to the city editor that the people George associated with when he went out of town weren't always what could be called wholesome. I mean that they weren't good, substantial people.

"Oh, he's all right," said George. "Let's go back and kill that second bottle."

They both got up and left, and I didn't see them again until the train reached Hanly-on-the-Hudson. Then I had to take care of both my bags and my camera and George's briefcase. George never carries more than a briefcase, and that's usually filled with expense vouchers which he mails into the office every night with such items as "Laundry: $2.50."

George and Callan were standing on the platform, and from what I could hear they were arranging to get together the next time Callan came to New York.

Then the train began to move, and Callan jumped back on the step and said to George, "I hope you're able to sell your house."

"WHAT house is he talking about?" I asked George as I gently but firmly made him carry his own briefcase.

"Oh," said George, "we got to talking, and he was sticking his neck out about the fine place he has up near Westport. So I had to put on a few airs too, and I told him I was bringing you up here to take a few pictures of my house in Hanly, so that I could have them to show to people who might want to buy it."

"You told him I was just taking pictures of houses so that people could sell them?" I asked George. And I let him see very plainly that I was put out about it.

"Well, what are you beefing for?" answered George. "You do take pictures of houses, don't you? Only last week you took a picture of that house where they found the bones in the cellar and thought there had been a murder and learned that some kids had put them there and they were nothing but cow bones."

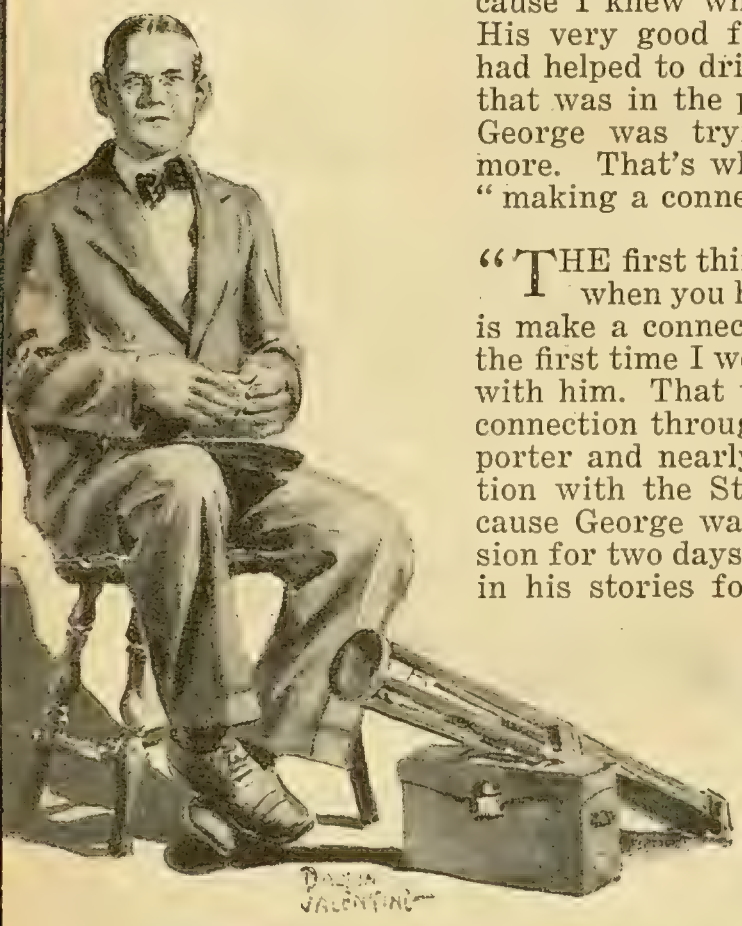
There wasn't any sense in arguing with George about a thing like that, so when a man who was wearing a peaked cap like a taxi driver came over and asked us if we were going anywhere, I asked him which was the best hotel in town.

"'Tain't but one," he said. "And that isn't really in town, 'cause there isn't any town. Just these big estates, and they don't allow any stores. The town's about two miles down the road, and the Hanly House puts out right good food. Or so they tell me."

We got into his car and started off, and pretty soon George began to go to sleep. I shook him and woke him up, and he began to look around like he didn't know where he was. Then he leaned over and began to whisper to the driver.

There wasn't any reason for George whispering, because I knew what he was up to. His very good friend Mr. Callan had helped to drink up everything that was in the package, and now George was trying to get some more. That's what George called "making a connection."

"THE first thing you want to do when you hit a strange town is make a connection," he told me the first time I went out on a story with him. That time he made his connection through a colored hotel porter and nearly lost his connection with the Star pay roll. Because George was out of commission for two days and I had to send in his stories for him as well as take the pictures. And I admit that I'm not very good at reporting. But I'm getting better all the time. A man learns things traveling with George.



George must have made his connection, because a few minutes later he leaned back and sighed and said, "This isn't such a bad dump."

I didn't say anything, but just looked at him to let him know he wasn't fooling me any. It doesn't pay to let George get the upper hand.

The Hanly House proved to be real nice, and George and I got two rooms with a bath between, and then went into the dining room and had dinner. Then I said to George, "Don't you think we'd better get to work on this story? You ought to be filing an overnight pretty soon."

The Star is an afternoon paper, but the first edition comes out around six o'clock in the morning. When reporters are out of town on stories they are supposed to telegraph in an "overnight" story that can be used in the first edition and is thrown out when the real news of the day begins to develop. That is usually telephoned in and a man in the office writes it.

It was on the overnight stories that George used to spread himself. He'd make up something sort of fancy and send it in, and it would appear in the early edition and then nothing more would be heard about it. Which was probably just as well.

I could see that George didn't want to leave the hotel until his connection arrived, but I kept after him, and he finally arranged with the clerk to handle the connection and leave it in his room. I just knew that later on he'd be singing and that we would probably be put out of the hotel, like we were that night up in Burksville when George began throwing firecrackers out his window. Before he threw them he lit them.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Nervous, irritable, worried, sleepless?

What to do for "Bankrupt Nerves"

When Cares and Worries Upset and Hold You Back By Day . . . and Sleep Won't Come at Night, Look for the True Cause

Your Nerves May Be Starving for Want of this One Essential Substance

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Note: *If your nervous trouble is in an advanced stage, see your doctor. He knows the truth of above statements and the benefits of prescribing* YEAST FOAM TABLETS *for the nervous condition described. But in any case, follow his advice.*

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LET GEORGE DO IT
Continued from page forty-five

We found a man with a car who would drive us up to Mr. Garnett's home. When we got there it was too dark to see very much, and I began wondering if Mr. Garnett would be holding another party like the ones that had caused the neighbors to complain and had made him enter his butler as a candidate for mayor to get revenge. It just goes to show that there's no telling where a thing like that will stop. Which is something I'm always trying to impress on George, and I hoped that if Mr. Garnett was having a party George would behave himself and not try to give that imitation of a steam engine coming up a heavy grade. That's George's favorite when he's under the influence, but it isn't my favorite by any means.

We soon learned that Mr. Garnett wasn't holding a party. He wasn't even at home.

A very pretty girl dressed in a maid's uniform opened the door, and George gave her what he considered to be a killing smile and then began straightening his tie. Right away I knew that we were going to spend a lot of time at the Garnett home if George had anything to do about it, because as soon as he sees a pretty girl—and it doesn't make any difference whether she's a princess or a parlor maid —he begins standing around on one foot and making funny noises.

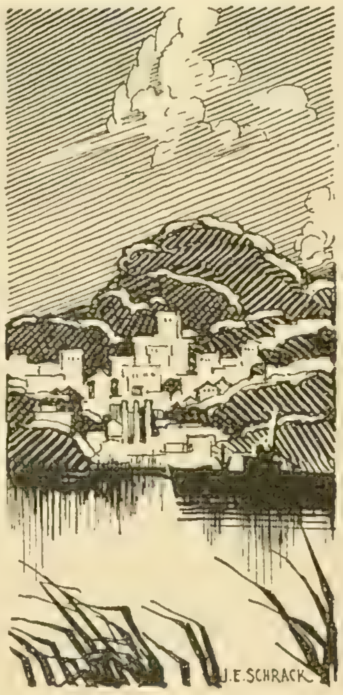
"Is Mr. Garnett home?" George asked.

"No, he isn't," answered the maid.

George edged a little bit closer, because as soon as anybody opens a door George always puts his foot in it so that they can't close it. That's the first thing they teach new reporters on the Star.

"Is—ah—is Mr.—ah—is—" George began.

"We would like to see the butler, then, please," I interrupted. It was very plain that George didn't know whether to ask for Mr. Squiggs or Mr. Butler or just that fellow that wears a funny jacket like they do in the movies.



"Mr. Squiggs?" said the maid.

"Yes," I replied.

Then George butted in again. He butted into the conversation and he butted into the door, so that he was inside before the maid knew it. Of course I followed him, because I couldn't let him down, even though I didn't approve of the way he forced entrance into a strange house.

"We're from the New York Star and we want to talk to the butler about his campaign for mayor," said George. "We're for him and we can do him a lot of good, because the Star has a pretty good circulation up here and when we begin writing about the campaign it will have more."

THE maid asked us to wait a minute and showed us into a reception room, and pretty soon she came back with Squiggs. George was wrong about his shoes squeaking, because they didn't squeak and he wasn't a bad-looking duck. Not exactly good-looking. In fact, he looked a little like George. Sort of tired-like. I remember wondering if George noticed the resemblance too, and meant to ask him about it later. But, with one thing and another, I forgot it.

"Yes, sir?" said Squiggs, looking first at George and then at me.

George did the talking, and explained why we had come and suggested that I take some pictures to get things started.

"I'm sure Mr. Garnett wouldn't want his drawing-room used to take pictures," answered Squiggs after George had explained everything to him.

"It's all right with me," answered George. "You take Sunny Jim here down in the cellar and let him snap you there. I'll stay here and talk to Blondie."

By Sunny Jim George meant me, though my name isn't Jim. By Blondie he meant the maid. Squiggs started to protest, but George gave him what he calls the rush act and pretty soon we were out in the kitchen. I mean Squiggs and myself. We didn't go down in the cellar, but took the pictures in the kitchen; and, if I do say it myself, I made some very nice poses of Squiggs. I told him to look strong and silent, like he was refusing a bribe to sell the town waterworks, and I took profiles and front views and even full-lengths.

While I was mugging him I asked him about the election and whether he thought he had any chance of winning and what he would do if he did become mayor of Hanly-on-the-Hudson. He didn't want to talk about it at first, and I had a suspicion that he was in a hurry to get rid of George and me as if we were a couple of banana peddlers.

Finally he said: "I can't rightly say, sir. You see, Mr. Garnett is handling all that. One day last week he told me that I was a candidate for mayor, and I said, 'Yes, sir. Will that be all, sir?' But he said, 'No, that isn't all. Not by a damsight. Wait till Old Lady Wiggins hears about it. She'll call out the militia.'

"That's just what Mr. Garnett said, sir," explained Squiggs. "I'm giving you his exact words as well as I can remember them. Mrs. Wiggins is the wife of Mr. Sylvester J. Wiggins. Mr. Wiggins is our present mayor and he's my—er—my opponent, if I might be so bold as to say so."

I KEPT on questioning Squiggs, which was rightly George's work, but I knew he'd forget to do it—and I learned that Mrs. Wiggins had been the leader in the delegation that had called on Mr. Garnett to complain about his parties. Though Squiggs didn't say so directly, I also got the idea that Mr. Wiggins wasn't the mayor of his own home. I got what other information I could, including the fact that Squiggs was forty-two years old and unmarried, and then I went back to join George. He didn't seem glad to see me.

"All right," he said, when I had refused to go back to the kitchen and take any more pictures of Squiggs. "Take a few snaps of Blondie here."

I didn't see any reason for taking pictures of the maid, but George insisted on it, and I was taking a snap of her sitting on a kitchen stool with her legs crossed when Mr. Garnett came in. I knew he was Mr. Garnett as soon as I saw him, because he was—well, he was a little like George after George has made a connection, and because he stood in the doorway and said, "What the hell's going on here?"

Squiggs said, "My goodness, I just knew this would happen!" But I went right on taking the picture, because good photographers always think first of the picture, even if the house is falling down about them. Which is more than I can say for some reporters.

George said, "Mr. Garnett?" and Mr. Garnett said, "Who are you and what's the idea of this convention?" Then he turned to Squiggs and said, "Bring me a drink and bear down hard when you pour it."

Squiggs seemed glad to have something to do, and the maid jumped off the stool, and then George began to explain to Mr. Garnett what we were doing there. The way he told it, it sounded sort of feeble-minded to me, and I guess Mr. Garnett must have thought so too, because he began giving George the fish eye, and he didn't stop doing it until Squiggs brought him his drink. Then George began giving Squiggs the fish eye. As for me, I just tied up my camera and was ready to go.

But George went on talking about how we were in Hanly to help Mr. Garnett elect his candidate for mayor, and how we would swing the influence of the Star behind him, and pretty soon Mr. Garnett said, "That's fine. Will you have a drink?" George said he didn't mind taking a short one, but I declined and reminded George that we had better be getting back to the hotel so that he could send in his overnight story.

"That's what I'm up against all the time when I'm out on a story with this bird," George said to Mr. Garnett.

"What's the matter with him?" asked Mr. Garnett. At the same time he motioned to Squiggs to bring himself and George a drink.

"Oh," said George, "he thinks he's a Boy Scout and he's always working off his good deeds on me. One of these days I'm going to hang a fast one on his kisser."

Now, I think the Boy Scout organization is indeed an estimable one and it undoubtedly accomplishes a lot of good by inducing boys to throw rocks in the woods where they will hit each other instead of innocent bystanders and window panes and such. But I am not a member of it, nor have I ever been. So when George told Mr. Garnett I was a Boy Scout he was telling an obvious untruth. That's another thing you have to put up with when you're out on a story with George.

But before I could protest Squiggs returned with two tall glasses, and George and Mr. Garnett drained them at what seemed to me to be single gulps, and George smacked his lips in a very unmannerly style, and said, "Oh, boy!" Then Mr. Garnett said, "Come on, let's go in where we can sit down and talk this over," and he motioned to Squiggs to get some more drinks, and I just resigned myself to the inevitable. But I made a mental note to talk to the city editor when we got back to the office and ask him to make George sign the pledge before I went out on another story with him.

"You can go back to the hotel if you want to, fish face," George said to me as we went into a very luxurious living room where, I don't doubt, Mr. Garnett held most of his parties.

BUT I was resolved to see the matter through, because I didn't trust George. And, to tell the truth, I didn't trust Mr. Garnett overmuch. He didn't look like a very responsible person to me and he wasn't a bit older than I was. I tried to remind George of the connection that was waiting for him back at the hotel, in the hope that I could induce him to leave. But he said, "What? That rat poison, when I can polish off the real thing and have a mayor to serve me? Be yourself!" I pointed out that Squiggs wasn't yet mayor, and Mr. Garnett overheard me and said, "Maybe he isn't, but he'll damn' well soon be mayor. I'll show Old Lady Wiggins and her fat-headed husband who's running this damn' town."

"That's the way to talk," said George. "Suppose we drink a small one to Mayor Squiggs."

"Not too small," said Mr. Garnett.

Well, there was nothing else for me to do except sit down and wait. The maid had disappeared, which was a good thing, because if she had been there I just know that George would have wanted to drink to her, too. By this time Mr. Garnett and George were well under way. Mr. Garnett had had a running start on George before he came home, but George wasn't exactly starting from scratch, because he and that fellow Callan he had met on the train had polished off what George had brought with him.

They drank to Squiggs as mayor, and then George said, "I tell you what we ought to do. After we elect Squiggs mayor we ought to put him up for governor. Yes, sir. Governor Squiggs! That would show them not to interfere with a man when he's entertaining friends."

So they drank to Governor Squiggs, and then they just drank to nothing in particular. Then George said, "Hell, what's a governor? There are forty or fifty governors in this country. A man can't turn around without knocking down one of them, and most of them don't know what state they're governor of. What we ought to do is run Squiggs for President. He'd know how to handle all those formal dinners at the White House, and if anybody hogged the wrong place he could put on his butlering uniform and tell them just where they headed in. We've had all sorts of presidents in this country, but we've never had a butler for President. That ought to knock their eyes out!"

"That's a damn' good idea," said Mr. Garnett. "We'll drink to President Squiggs." So they drank to President Squiggs, and then they got to deciding who would be in his cabinet. "Anybody but that bird Wiggins," said Mr. Garnett. "If he got in the cabinet his wife would have this country by the short hair and life wouldn't be worth living."

"All right," said George. "We'll

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!
Pays $5 for perfume
Spends nothing on her gums
and she has . . .

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"pink tooth brush"!

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Don't forget that to be alluring, a smile must reveal brilliant, white teeth! And white teeth depend on firm gums!

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Remember: A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is *never* a luxury!

Write Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. AB-321, 73 West St., New York City, for a trial tube of Ipana. Enclose a two-cent stamp.

IPANA
IPANA TOOTH PASTE

LET GEORGE DO IT
Continued from page forty-seven

leave him out. And we'll make Sunny Jim here ambassador to Mexico, so that he can get knocked off in the next revolution."

"Let's drink to Mexico," said Mr. Garnett, who didn't appear to have heard everything that George said.

I now thought it was time for me to interrupt, and I said very firmly, "George, it's getting close to midnight. Don't you think you'd better send in that overnight story?"

"Sure," said George, instead of arguing with me as he usually does. "Can I use your phone?" he asked Mr. Garnett. But Mr. Garnett seemed to have fallen asleep. There was a phone on a table near by, and George picked it up and, after a little trouble, he got the Star office.

"Haven't had a drop. Bad cold, that's all," he said a few minutes later, and I knew he was speaking to the night editor who has charge of getting out the early editions. Then he winked at me and waited until he was connected with a rewrite man. When he got the rewrite man, George told him that Mr. Garnett was going to run Squiggs for President and to let the story rip for all it was worth. "We're sending in some pictures," he said, "and you can quote this bird Garnett for anything you want to. Play it up big and say that Mr. Garnett says that anybody who doesn't vote for Squiggs is a stinker."

George listened for a few minutes and then he said, "Sure, he's going to be elected mayor. That's just the first step. Hell, man, what's a mayor? After he's mayor Mr. Garnett is going to make him governor and then President. And tell them to wire me a hundred bucks the first thing in the morning."

THEN George hung up and I said, "George, you shouldn't have done that."

"Shouldn't have done what?" said George.

"You shouldn't have sent in that story about Squiggs running for President. Mr. Garnett didn't mean it. And he didn't say it, anyway. You said it."

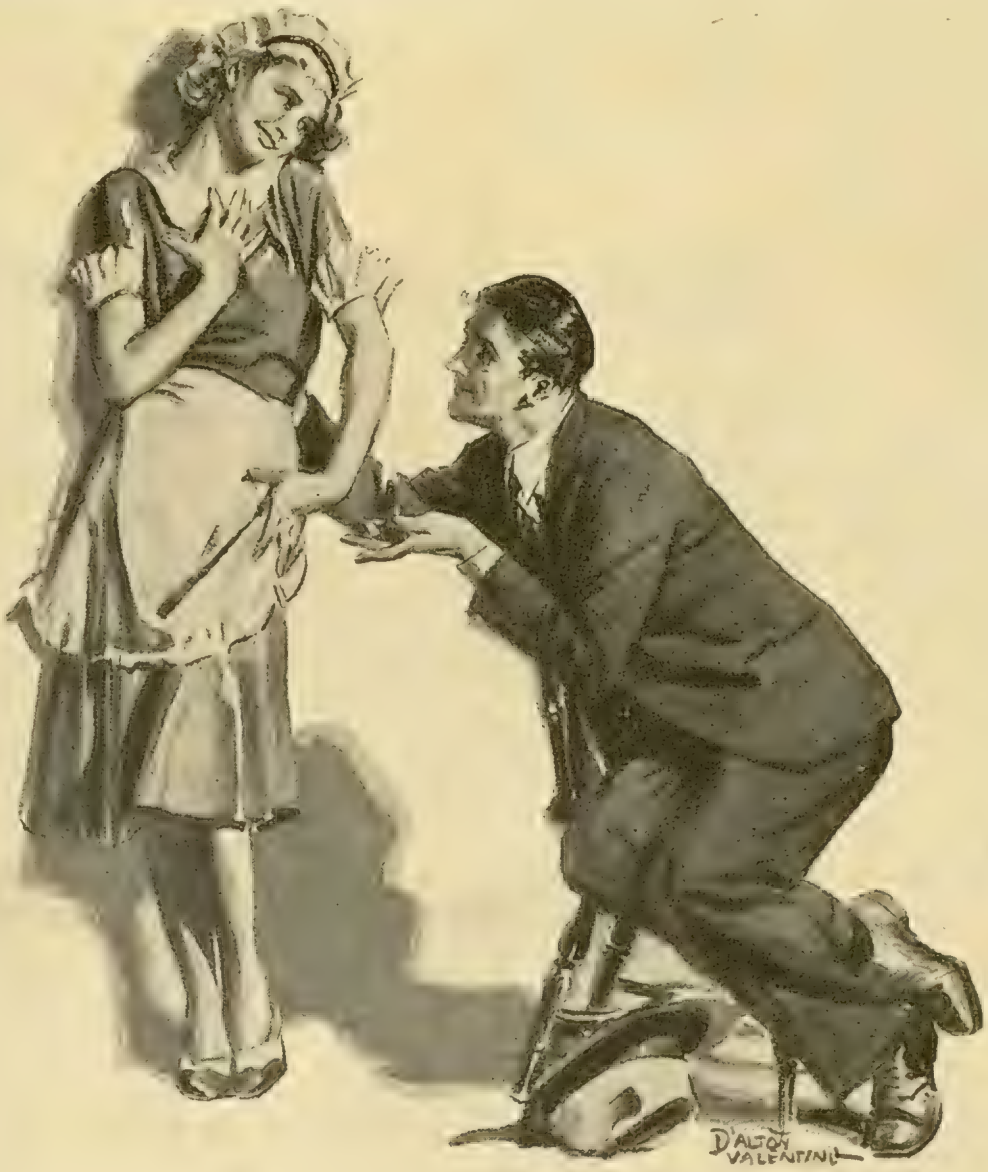
"What the hell's the difference?" said George. "It's a good story, anyway. This bird Garnett is important people, and when he makes a crack like that it's news. I hope they get that stuff about him being the Animal-Cracker Baby in the lead. I should have reminded them of it."

George took another drink, and then we shook Mr. Garnett until he woke up and we told him we had to go back to the hotel.

"Hotel nothing," he said. "Stay here for the night."

I protested, but it didn't do any good because George was all for it, and I went to sleep in a guest room wearing a pair of Mr. Garnett's pyjamas. I don't know when George went to sleep, because I left him and Mr. Garnett downstairs talking about fighting Mexico and Canada and making Squiggs emperor of North America.

The last thing I heard was Mr. Garnett saying, "And then we'll send Wiggins to South America and make him stay there."



George went downstairs, and when I followed him I found him talking to the maid Blondie.

The next morning George didn't show up until after eleven o'clock. The chauffeur or somebody had gone into town to get the papers, including the early edition of the Star, and George's story was on the front page. The rewrite man hadn't taken it seriously and he had made a funny story out of it, and I just knew that the people of Hanly-on-the-Hudson were going to be mighty mad about it.

When George came downstairs and saw the paper he said, "Who in hell sent this stuff into the office?" When I told him he had, he said he didn't remember it, and then he said, "Oh, well. What's the difference?" And he began to pour himself a drink.

Mr. Garnett didn't show up until later, and when he did he poured himself a drink, too. George showed him the story in the paper, and at first he was a little sore; but George told him that it would be corrected in later editions, and after he had had a few drinks he told George not to mind about correcting it. Then he and George went off to play golf. As far as I could see, George intended to stay with Mr. Garnett until he was thrown out, and I really believe he had forgotten what we came to Hanly for.

GEORGE and Mr. Garnett came back late that evening, and from what they said to each other I gathered that they had met Mr. Wiggins while they were at the golf club, and that they had bet him some money on the outcome of the election. At least, Mr. Garnett had.

"There's soft pickings here for a bright lad," George said to me, when we were alone in our room. "All the servants in the town are going to vote for Squiggs and they'll elect him, sure. Most of them hate Mrs. Wiggins because she made the town council pass a law that only householders could use the big swimming pool down near the river front. When we met Wiggins at the golf club he tried to give Garnett the cold shoulder, but Garnett told him he had three thousand against one thousand that Squiggs would be the next mayor. And Wiggins took him up. There's plenty of money being bet."

I told George not to bother about the money that was being bet but to send another story in to the office.

"I sent one in," he said. "I telephoned it in from the clubhouse. It made the late editions. An interview with Wiggins."

"Did you interview him?" I asked.

"Well, not exactly," said George. "But I was there when Garnett was talking to him. And you know how it is—a word here and a word there. Any good newspaper man can write an interview, if a guy doesn't do anything but sneeze." Then George went downstairs, and when I followed him I found him talking to the maid Blondie. If I had known what he was up to—but I didn't then. All I knew was what I had known from the start: that whenever George went out of town on a story there was sure to be trouble.

As far as I could see, there was nothing more for me to do except rest and enjoy myself in Mr. Garnett's home. He didn't seem to know I was there half the time, and whenever he spoke to me he just said, "Hey, you."

The next day the trouble began.

It was after lunch, and George and Mr. Garnett had disappeared, when Squiggs came into the library where I was reading a very interesting book, and told me that Mr. and Mrs. Wiggins were calling and wanted to see me.

" They really want to see Mr. Olcott, but I told them he wasn't at home, and then they said they would see you, when I told them you were with him." Perhaps I haven't mentioned that George's last name is Olcott.

" Show them in, Squiggs," I said. Not as though I were the master of the house, of course, but with somewhat of an air, if I do say it myself.

Squiggs returned with a long thin man and a woman who had what can only be described as a very determined face. I didn't pay particular attention to Mr. Wiggins' face, either then or later, because his wife did most of the talking. But he must have had one.

I got up and was making my best bow when Mrs. Wiggins thrust a paper at me and said, " Young man, are you responsible for this outrage?" I didn't know what she was talking about, but as soon as she said " outrage " I thought of George. I took the paper and looked at it, and my worst fears were confirmed.

There was a picture of Mr. Wiggins, and over it a caption which read: " Blue-Blood Vows to Bust Butler on Beak."

Under the picture was a story which began: " Sylvester J. Wiggins, blue-blood candidate to succeed himself as mayor of Hanly-on-the-Hudson, threatened today to clip his butler opponent, Horace Squiggs. ' He ought to be punched in the nose,' said Mr. Wiggins, when interviewed by a Star reporter at the exclusive Hanly-on-the-Hudson golf club."

I DIDN'T have time to read the rest of it just then, because Mrs. Wiggins snatched the paper out of my hand and said, " Well, young man? "

"But I didn't do it," I protested. " If anybody did it, George did it. Didn't Mr. Wiggins say that Squiggs should be—er—"

" He said no such thing! " interrupted Mrs. Wiggins. " He was at the club when that Garnett man who is responsible for all the trouble came up to him and said that his butler had threatened to strike my husband. Isn't that the way it happened? " she added, turning toward Mr. Wiggins.

" Well, not exactly, dear," answered her husband. " There was another man with Mr. Garnett, and he is the one who first said that Squiggs was—er—going to—bust me on my kisser, is the way I think he phrased it. My only reply was to state that in such an eventuality I would know what to do."

" It amounts to the same thing," said Mrs. Wiggins. Then she turned to me.

" Young man," she said, " I am going to write a note to your editor and demand that you be discharged, together with this other reporter who is up here with you. Come, Sylvester."

And with her husband she left the house, and I could have sworn she slammed the door behind her.

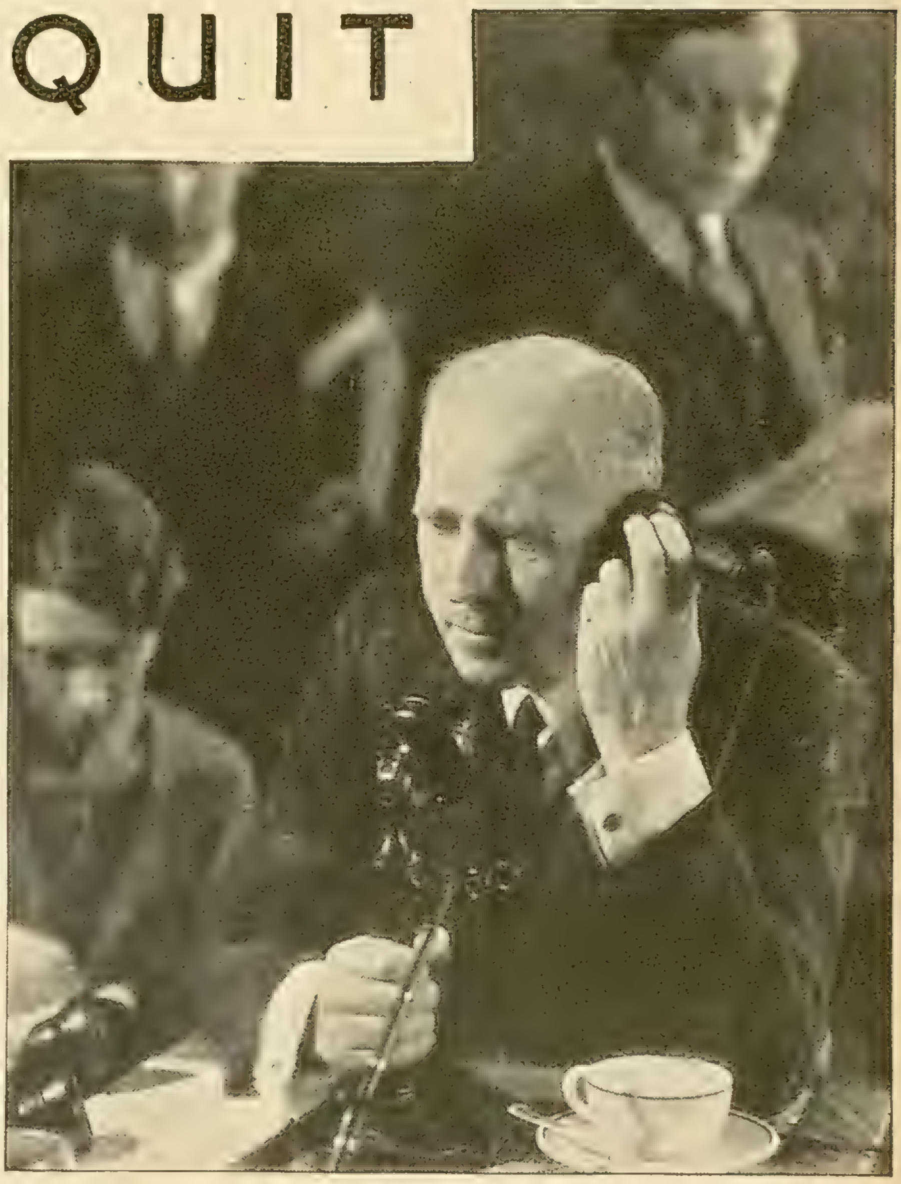
That was entirely too much. I had a good mind to telephone to the office and tell the city editor I was entirely innocent of the affair, because I could sympathize with Mr. Wiggins. He was a man of some business and social standing, and there was every reason why he should resent being quoted as saying that he was going to bust a butler in the beak. Or in the kisser, for that matter. But after thinking it over I decided to wait until George returned and then have it out with him.

But George didn't return for three days, and when he did come back he and Mr. Garnett had three other men with them and two of the men had brought their wives. I hardly had a minute to speak to George alone. When I asked him where he and Mr. Garnett had been he said they had been visiting, and now it was their turn to have company and for Pete's sake to stop crabbing all the time. Finally I got him in a corner and told him about what Mrs. Wiggins had said.

" Rats! " said George. " What if I did stretch it a little? Mr. Garnett will back me up. And that's the stuff

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

When ——
YOU CAN'T
QUIT



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Get the genuine tablets, stamped with the Bayer cross. They are of perfect purity, absolute uniformity, and have the same action every time. It does not pay to experiment with the imitations that cost a few cents less. The saving is too little. There is too much at stake.

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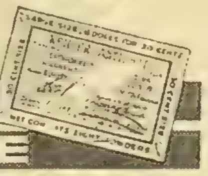

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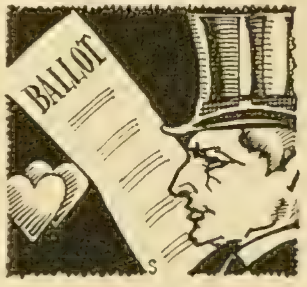
LET GEORGE DO IT
Continued from page forty-nine

the Star wants—good, live stories. I'll bet they have a symposium on it." Symposiums are interviews in which a lot of people are asked the same question: "Do you think girls should neck?"—or, in this case, "Do you think butlers should be biffed in the beak?"

The next three or four days were just about the same. George and Mr. Garnett would disappear for long periods, and new guests wandered in and out. Nobody paid much attention to me, not even George. I was getting the paper every day, and George must have been telephoning in some stuff, because they had stories with such heads as "Garnett Says Squiggs Will Squeeze Through" and "Butler Candidate Serves Dinner for Sixty." Anybody could tell that George had made them up.



As far as I could see, Squiggs wasn't doing any campaigning, and when I asked him about it he said, "You'll have to see Mr. Garnett about that, sir. It's entirely in his hands."

When Election Day was only three days off, George and Mr. Garnett seemed to come down to earth. I found them in the library going over some lists of voters and checking up. "There's nothing to it," Mr. Garnett was saying. "Any way you look at it, there are eight hundred and sixty-seven servants and only one hundred and thirty-two of Wiggins' gang. There may be a few backsliders, but most of our crowd will come through. Nobody can tell how each one of them voted, anyhow, and they can lie about it if they have to."

GEORGE was tapping his teeth with a pencil, and I could see that he was thinking hard, because whenever George thinks it is very apparent to anyone who cares to take the trouble to notice the same.

"Yeah, it looks that way," George finally said. "If the butlers and cooks and maids and gardeners stick together Squiggs is sure to be elected."

"And Wiggins knows it," said Mr. Garnett. "I told him I was willing to double that bet, but he wasn't taking any. Even his wife is scared. I heard she boosted the cook's wages the other day, and told her that some way might be found to let the servants use the swimming pool if her fathead of a husband was reëlected."

George didn't say anything for a while, and then he said, "You know, the only trouble with this story is that it hasn't had any sex appeal in it. You can't use the same old thing day after day. You've got to have something new, just like you've got to have new murders if you want to sell papers."

"That's right," said Mr. Garnett. "What were you thinking of doing?"

"I don't know," said George, "but I'll think of something."

The next morning, with Election Day only two days off, a couple of men from the Courier and the Mail showed up, because the Hanly election had become spot news and their readers were beginning to buy the Star. Even people who had never before heard of Hanly and never expected to go there were working themselves into a lather on the question of whether a butler had a chance of being elected mayor of a rich man's town.

George knew the other reporters and gave them what news he had, because George always shares his news so that he'll get some from the other reporters in turn. Usually George gets the best of the bargain.

Interest in the election grew to such an extent that it was decided to close the polls at five o'clock sharp. The votes could be counted in an hour or so, and then at dinner that night the servants could put their thumbs in the soup by way of celebration. Because everyone knew that Squiggs was going to win.

BUT on the day before election Wiggins sprang a surprise. Another butler announced that he was a candidate for mayor, too, and that he didn't see why Squiggs should hog all the limelight. It was easy enough to see that Wiggins had put him up to it with the hope that he would split the servant vote and let Wiggins squeeze through. George immediately wrote a campaign speech for Squiggs, denouncing the other butler, whose name was Ardmore, and all the papers ran it in full.

"That's a gem, all right," said George when he read it in the Star. "I think I ought to go in for politics in a big way."

On the day before election all the papers ran statements from the three candidates. Wiggins didn't really make any, because he wouldn't see the reporters.

So George made one for him and gave it to the other newspaper men. In it Wiggins denounced Squiggs as a Red and hinted that his hip pocket was filled with Moscow gold. Squiggs, whose statement George also wrote, denounced both Wiggins and Ardmore, and Squiggs nearly threw a fit when he saw it. Ardmore's statement, which one of the other newspaper men wrote, bore down heavy on Squiggs, Wiggins, and things in general. If I remember rightly, it even mentioned the League of Nations and the full dinner pail.

Then came Election Day, and with it came another surprise.

The early editions of the Star reached Hanly-on-the-Hudson just before the polls opened and every one of them was sold. No wonder. On the front page was an announcement of the engagement of Squiggs and Blondie. It wasn't until then that I learned her name was Helen Weeks.

"I'm sure that Honey Boy will win," she was quoted as saying. That's what she called him—Honey Boy. The Star used the picture of her that I had taken the night George and I arrived in Hanly—the one where she was sitting on the stool with her legs crossed.

Well, I was pretty busy on Election Day taking pictures of the candidates voting and the prominent people standing in line before the election booth with their own servants and I didn't have much chance to talk with George until the polls closed and the votes were being counted.

"Who do you think won?" I asked him.

"Looks like Squiggs ought to get it," he said. "Say, did you see that story about his engagement to Blondie? I cooked that up with her the other day. She said she would stand for it. Won't Squiggs be surprised when he sees it!"

"Do you mean to tell me," I said, "that there isn't any truth in it?"

"Be yourself," said George. "That was just to put a little sex appeal in the election. It was dying on its feet. And to—"

He stopped talking suddenly, and when I asked him what he had intended to say he said he would tell me after the votes had been counted.

Pretty near the whole town was hanging around the election booth by the time the vote tellers were ready to announce the result. They did it by writing the figures on a big blackboard.

Wiggins won. He had more than half the votes. Squiggs got only sixty-seven, if I remember rightly.

George wasn't around, and I supposed he had gone to a telephone to send the result to the Star. I went back to the hotel, because we had moved back there just before Election Day, and found George in his room.

"We've just got time to make the seven ten back to town," he said. "Hurry up and get your stuff packed."

I hardly heard what he was saying because I was too busy looking at what he was doing. He was sitting on his bed counting money, and I had never seen so many bills in my life.

George looked up and gave me that silly grin of his. "Not bad, huh?" he said. "Sixteen hundred bucks. I just collected it."

"From whom?" I asked. For, so far as I knew, nobody ever owed George any money.

"From people who were betting on Squiggs," said George. "I wasn't going to pass up a chance to grab some of this easy dough. It was easy enough to cook Squiggs' chances. I did that when I ran that story about his engagement to Blondie. Do you think any of the other women servants were going to let Blondie get away with being the mayor's wife? No, sir! Every one of them voted for Wiggins to make sure she didn't, just like I figured they would."

There didn't seem to be much I could say after that, particularly as I had bet twenty dollars on Squiggs. I wouldn't be surprised but that George got the twenty.

THE END

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Just Discussing the Matter

Roger came triumphantly back from the chicken coop, holding up an egg.

"Oh, so that's what that hen is cackling about," said mother.

"Well, there are two hens cackling," replied Roger; "but one is only cackling for fun."—Mrs. Jack Buchanan, Lime Springs, Ia.

* * *

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Eleanor, aged nine years, came home from school one day and had her report card with her. Her marks were very displeasing to her father, and he said, "Eleanor, if you ever get a hundred in anything I will give you five dollars."

One day Eleanor was taken sick and had a temperature. Her father came in her room and said, "Eleanor, are you ill?" She said, "Yes, dad, and you said if I ever got a hundred in anything you would give me five dollars, so come across."—Mrs. R. N. LaBar, 440 Madison Ave., Scranton, Pa.

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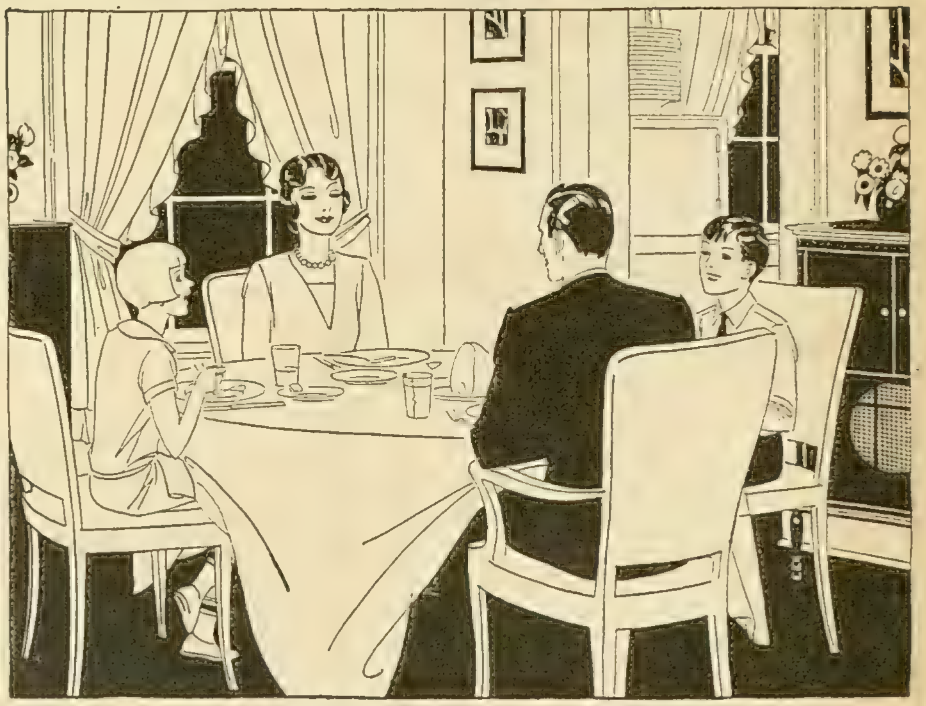

says Mrs. J. - - and her family beams approval.

Father's home from the office. Jimmy and Jane come in from play. Divergent interests fade as the family unites daily around the dinner table. How pleasant when that union means a chorus of praise for mother's cooking!

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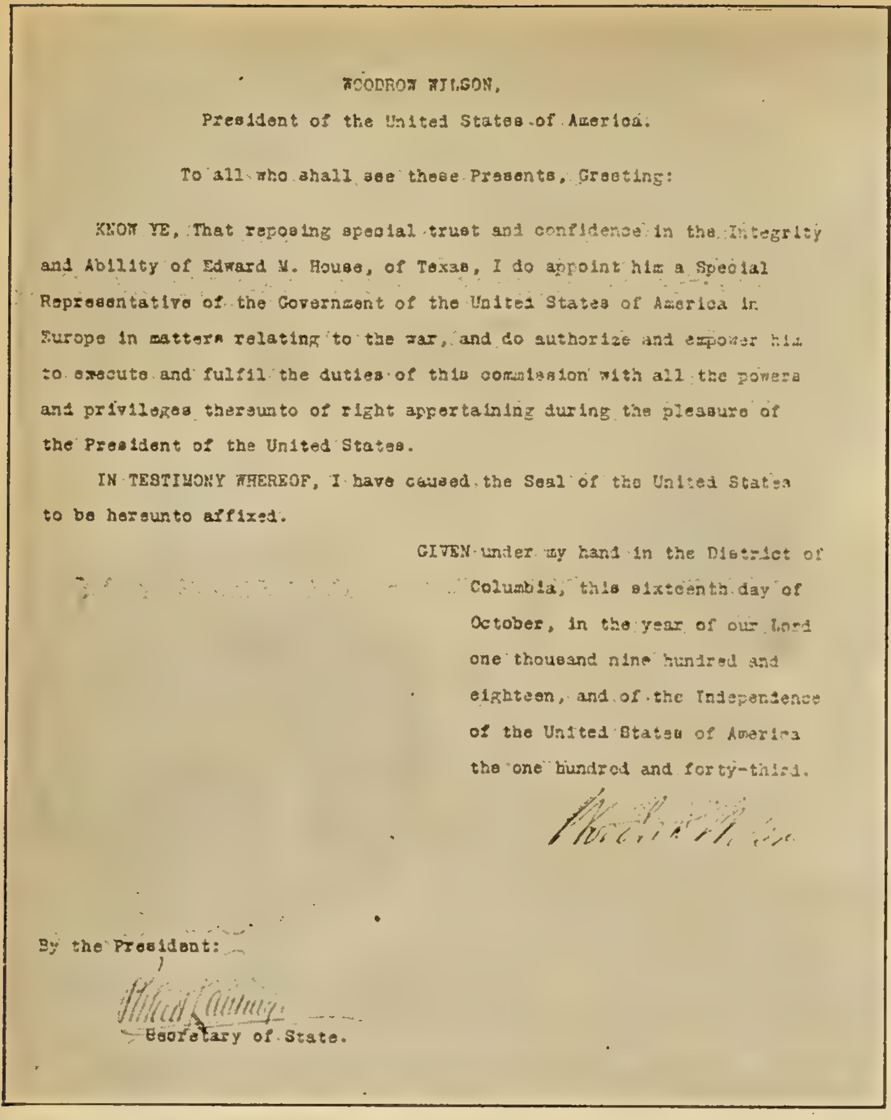


WOODROW WILSON,

President of the United States of America.

To all who shall see these Presents, Greeting:

KNOW YE, That reposing special trust and confidence in the Integrity and Ability of Edward M. House, of Texas, I do appoint him a Special Representative of the Government of the United States of America in Europe in matters relating to the war, and do authorize and empower him to execute and fulfil the duties of this commission with all the powers and privileges thereunto of right appertaining during the pleasure of the President of the United States.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have caused the Seal of the United States to be hereunto affixed.

GIVEN under my hand in the District of
Columbia, this sixteenth day of
October, in the year of our Lord
one thousand nine hundred and
eighteen, and of the Independence
of the United States of America
the one hundred and forty-third.

By the President:

Secretary of State.

Colonel House's commission from President Wilson as his special representative in Europe "in matters relating to the war." Dated twenty-six days before the Armistice, it gives him plenary powers, and is probably unexampled among the credentials of American unofficial negotiators. This is the first published reproduction of it.

(Reading time: 29 minutes 55 seconds.)

"THE true story of the Wilson Administration," said Mr. Viereck, in his introduction to this series of revelations concerning it, is "curiously entwined with the story of the friendship between Woodrow Wilson and Edward Mandell House. . . . Those who follow me will discover that for six and one-half years the United States was governed by a duumvirate—a committee of two. . . . We shall reveal the origin of 'the strangest and most fruitful personal alliance in history' [that between Wilson and House, the "duumvirs" alluded to] and tell, for the first time, the true story of why it was broken."

Mr. Viereck now begins the telling of this story, having devoted the two preceding installments of the series to the period when a woman, the second Mrs. Wilson, "was President" during her husband's incapacitating illness.

PART THREE—WILSON AND HIS "ALTER EGO"

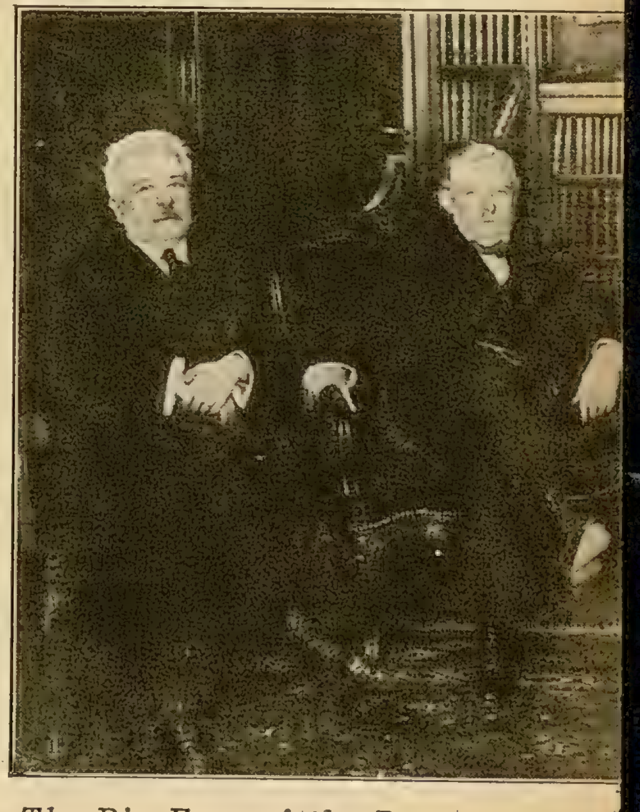
IF Colonel House had been granted the opportunity to talk to Woodrow Wilson for five minutes, he would have saved the Covenant and restored his friendship with Woodrow Wilson, America today would be a member of the League of Nations, and the economic structure of the world would not now be shattered. I propose to lift the veil that hides the real causes of the rupture between Woodrow Wilson and Colonel House even from House himself.

Before I attempt to explain the breach between the two friends let us examine their extraordinary relationship.

For six and one-half years the United States was governed by a committee of two, consisting of Thomas Woodrow Wilson and Edward Mandell House. Never was there a relationship so utterly removed from the ordinary experience of mankind as their friendship. Wilson's soul was knit to House's as David's was to Jonathan's. It was not the straw fire of boyish enthusiasm, nor the robust comradeship of two "buddies." It was not the love of an older for a younger man, springing from the same root as the affection between father and son. It was an intellectual infatuation. Wilson was fifty-six, House fifty-four, when they met. Both were happily married. House was a grandfather, Wilson a father. Theirs was a friendship that cannot be expressed in terms of any known relationship.

I shall attempt to trace this intimacy from its mysterious beginning to its equally mysterious end. Colonel House himself never admitted that his friendship with Woodrow Wilson was broken. "There were," he writes on April 20, 1928, to Professor Charles Seymour, the keeper of his archives and the editor of his Intimate Papers, "many doors in the temples that men of old reared to their gods. . . . Behind the innermost door dwelled the mysteries." Colonel House professes to have no key to the innermost door. "My separation from Woodrow Wilson was, and is, to me a tragic mystery, a mystery that now can never be dispelled, for its explanation lies buried with him."

I believe that I have discovered the key to that innermost portal. I found it in long, soul-searching conversations with those who knew the facts, and in the unpublished letters from Woodrow Wilson to his other self. . . .



The Big Four of the Peace Conferen
Lloyd George of Great Britain, and

WILSON'S with *HOUSE*

Strangest Friendship in History,"
ermination, Based on
ith Colonel House

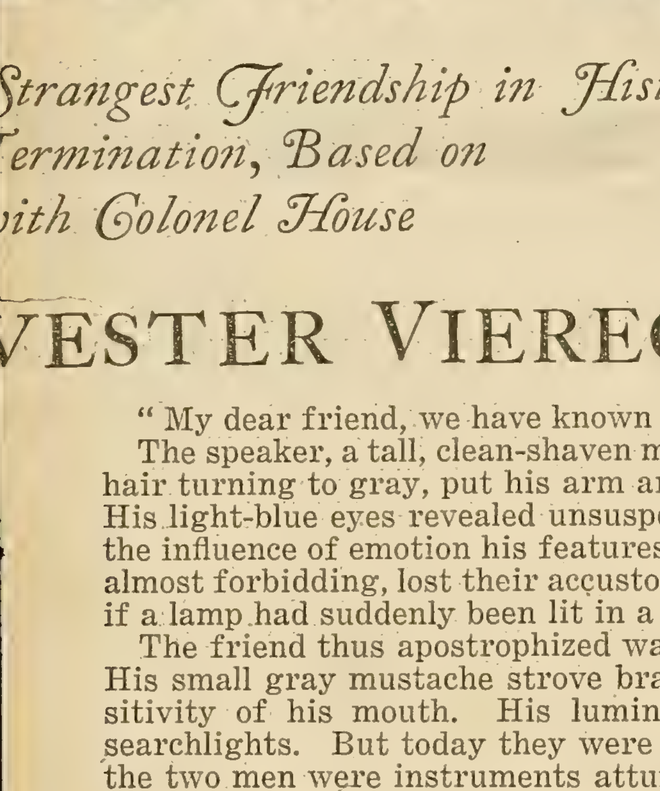
VESTER VIERECK

" My dear friend, we have known one another always."

The speaker, a tall, clean-shaven man with sparse blond hair turning to gray, put his arm around the other man. His light-blue eyes revealed unsuspected depths. Under the influence of emotion his features, sternly intellectual, almost forbidding, lost their accustomed rigor. It was as if a lamp had suddenly been lit in a darkened room.

The friend thus apostrophized was slighter in stature. His small gray mustache strove bravely to hide the sensitivity of his mouth. His luminous hazel eyes were searchlights. But today they were veiled. The souls of the two men were instruments attuned to each other.

It was only three weeks before, on Friday, May 31, 1912, in the same place, the Hotel Gotham, then a rendezvous of the elegant world in New York, that Thomas Woodrow Wilson for the first time met Edward Mandell House. Thus began what Sir Horace Plunkett has called "the strangest and most fruitful personal alliance in human history."


Acme photo
ft to right, Premiers Orlando of Italy,
enceau of France, and President Wilson.

Twelve years later — February 6, 1924. Muffled drums accompanied Woodrow Wilson, the twenty-eighth President of the United States, to his last slumber in the crypt of Washington Cathedral at Mount St. Alban, Washington. Amid sorrowing crowds in Madison Square Garden, New York, stood a gray figure, shivering slightly as the familiar words of the funeral service were broadcast. Few in the teeming throng recognized Edward Mandell House. Though a seat at the ceremony in Washington had been reserved for him, the invitation had mysteriously miscarried, like Joseph Tumulty's. But whereas Wilson's secretary heard his name called out after that of the two doormen from Keith's vaudeville theater, there was no call for Wilson's *alter ego!*

Wide World photo
Col. Edward M. House—Was he Wilson's " Other Self "?

FOR seven long years Colonel House was Woodrow Wilson's other self. For six long years he shared with him all but the title of the Chief Magistracy of the Republic. For six years two rooms were at his disposal in the North Wing of the White House. For six years his apartment in New York City was the second White House. In his summer home at Magnolia, Massachusetts, all wires converged. " All roads," said Lord Northcliffe, " led ultimately to Magnolia." Superambassador, he talked to emperors and kings as an equal. He was the spiritual generalissimo of the administration.

From the friendship between Colonel Edward Mandell House and Woodrow Wilson blossomed the Fourteen Points and the League of Nations. Out of this friendship sprang the Federal Reserve Act and other reforms upon which Wilson's fame as a progressive rests. Under the soft persuasion of Colonel House, Woodrow Wilson reversed himself on the Panama tolls and forced his party to eat its own platform pledges. Under his spell Woodrow Wilson typed with his own hand the text of a gentleman's agreement with Sir Edward Grey which gave the British government a call on American intervention. Edward Mandell House practically averted war between the United States and Great Britain. His hand steered us, for better or for worse, into the war against Germany.

Partisans of Woodrow Wilson are inclined to minimize the intellectual coöperation between Woodrow Wilson and the Texas colonel. However, men of independence are not inclined to join the detractors of House.

" House," said Clemenceau, " was the window through which light came to Wilson." Lord Balfour, in his Retrospect, speaks admiringly of the Colonel's qualities. " His-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

PRESIDENT WILSON'S BREAK WITH COLONEL HOUSE
Continued from page fifty-three

tory," the British statesman insists, " will assign him a unique position. I saw him under the most varying and often the most trying circumstances, and found him always resourceful and always with unruffled temper. Few indeed have been the confidants and constant advisers of rulers who have escaped, as he has deservedly done, any suspicion of self-seeking or desire for personal power in the course of their efforts to further a particular policy."

It may be that Clemenceau and Balfour were blinded by the cordiality of their own relations with House. It may be that David Lawrence and others who have written in a similar vein deliberately misrepresent Woodrow Wilson. It may be that Colonel House, who reports some of these statements in his notes, unconsciously distorts his reminiscences in a manner flattering to himself.

However, Woodrow Wilson's letters to Colonel House in the archives of Yale fail to substantiate such suspicions. They confirm every statement made by Balfour, Clemenceau, Lawrence, and many others. The emotional intensity of Wilson's friendship fluctuates with his moods. But from the first letter to the last there is not one word of serious disagreement or of criticism.

International photo

Colonel House and President Wilson at the height of their friendship, after the death of the first Mrs. Wilson.

The degree of Wilson's devotion is reflected in the salutations and subscriptions of his letters. In the first letter, dated October 18, 1911, Wilson, then Governor of New Jersey, addresses the Texan as " My dear Colonel House," and subscribes himself, " With warmest regards, Sincerely yours." Then the thermometer rises. The address remains " My dear Mr. House " until June 24, 1912. But a warmer tone creeps into the subscription: " Cordially," " Faithfully," " Gratefully," " Cordially and sincerely," " Always affectionately," etc., etc. Wilson assures his political mentor that he will be very careful not to act independently in any matter on which he is not perfectly confident.

On May 29, 1912, Woodrow Wilson telegraphs to House: " No congratulations have gratified me more than yours. I certainly have splendid friends." This was after the historic battle in Baltimore. Though absent from the convention, House had been largely instrumental in laying the wires which insured the nomination of his candidate.

ON July 17, 1912, the temperature climbs once more. Wilson for the first time calls House his " dear friend." He thanks the Colonel for the plan of campaign. He looks forward with eagerness to the time when House can rejoin him " with "—the phrase is Wilson's—" your hand beside ours on the steering gear."

Other letters follow. Wilson acknowledges the Colonel's " mighty good counsel " and hopes his advice will be taken not only in Vermont and Maine but everywhere. " Your advice is as necessary as it is acceptable." After the election the President-elect, attributing to Colonel House " no small part " of the result, once more declares his dependence upon the counsel of the sagacious Texan. Dexterously he impresses upon the Colonel how " full a freight of affectionate regard " his lines carry. The scene next shifts to Bermuda. Wilson acknowledges the Colonel's suggestions for the construction of the Cabinet.

Wilson's last letter from the Governor's Mansion in New Jersey bears the date of February 5. The first letter from the White House is written on April 25, 1913. " The hot weather," Wilson insists, " will be detrimental to the government if it takes you away." In most of these letters there is also some word conveying regards from Ellen Axson Wilson. " We think constantly of our dear and faithful friends," etc., etc.

When he entered the White House, Wilson looked to House for advice on the investment of his little personal fortune, which amounted to $35,000 to $38,000, and divested himself of every security likely to embarrass him in the future. From a letter in the House-Wilson archives at Yale I discovered that Ellen Axson Wilson likewise consulted Colonel House on investments. No personal friend was closer to Wilson than House. When Woodrow Wilson remarried in 1915, James Gerard, our ambassador to Berlin intrusted to House $1,000 to buy a wedding gift. From the interchange of letters between House and Wilson it appears that the former, realizing that a bride prefers to select her own presents, promptly forwarded a check for the amount to the White House. I cite this instance merely as evidence of the complete trust and the intimacy existing between the President and his adviser.

WHENEVER Colonel House embarks upon one of his trips to Europe, Woodrow Wilson writes him with deep affection. Letter follows letter; telegram crowds telegram. After his return he " fairly longs to see him " and is impatient for cool weather chiefly because it will reunite him with House. The Colonel's contemplated trip to Texas makes Wilson's heart " sink." He thanks God every day that he has so generous and disinterested a friend. " You seem tremendously far away. . . . This part of the country seems empty without you."

Now and then the illness of Ellen Axson Wilson darkens his page. On April 2, 1914, Mrs. Wilson's condition prevents the President from joining his friend in New York. In spite of the ailment that grips her, Mrs. Wilson's mind takes an unflagging interest in public affairs.

Events moved fast. Colonel House started upon his " great adventure." That was Wilson's conception of the Colonel's historic trip to prevent the World War. Then a shot, heard in all the chancelleries, blasted Wilson's hopes. An archduke was slain by a Serbian assassin. The dikes that had held back the racial hatreds of Europe broke. A crimson flood inundated the world.

Woodrow Wilson shared the Colonel's deep sorrow for the dreadful conflict. He did not yet realize the full measure of the calamity that threatened civilization itself. His wife's illness preoccupied his mind. He could not find it in his heart to go away for a night, although there were a " thousand very pressing things " which demanded discussion.

On August 6, three days after he wrote these words, Ellen Axson Wilson died.

Her death stirred depths in Colonel House. " Your troubles must ever be my troubles," he wrote; and his letter and Wilson's answer sound like a colloquy between David and Jonathan. Conventions broke down. The friendship reached its highest emotional pitch. " My dear, dear friend," burst from the restrained pen of Woodrow Wilson. In the letters that follow, each throbbed with affection, each gravely discussed affairs of state, each looked to the other for guidance. The praise of House was " very sweet " to the lonely man in the White House.

In the troublous period that followed the sinking of the Arabic, Wilson saluted House as his " Dearest Friend." Occasionally there is a gap in the correspondence, when House was in Europe or when Wilson was overburdened. " I never worry when I do not hear from you," writes House. " No human agency can make me doubt your friendship and affection. I always understand your motives." Wilson is annoyed by the chronically recurring rumors of a disagreement between himself and House. "Your letters," he writes, "come like the visit of a friend." This takes us to July, 1915, several months after the first meeting between Woodrow Wilson and Mrs. Edith Bolling Galt, and several months before his engagement to her.

On December 18, 1915, a new mistress enters the White House. Neither Wilson nor House has a premonition of the change in their relationship which the second marriage portends. For one year House remains in Wilson's thoughts and in his letters "My dearest Friend." But in January, 1917, the cordial salutation is dropped. There is no quarrel, no explanation, no flourish of trumpets. But the thermometer drops. Except for an occasional relapse into the more affectionate form of salutation, the Colonel becomes "My dear House."

The President, basking in the sunshine of his nuptials, no longer needs the comradeship of the man from Texas. His new marriage monopolizes Wilson's emotional life. The tone of the letters is cordial. Wilson seeks the advice of House whenever clouds arise on the horizon. His trust is unshaken.

Perhaps the President was scarcely aware of the precipitate decline in the temperature of his affection.

Under the surface its fire still smoldered. In the stress and storm of the fortnight between October 24 and November 8, 1916, when his fate hung in the balance and it seemed that the nation had decided against him at the polls, the old love reasserted itself. Misfortune once more made House his "Dearest Friend." After that he remained "My dear House." Warmhearted messages still flew between the two men, like carrier pigeons, until after the downfall of Wilson's hopes in Paris.

The few remaining letters, compared with the pulsating warmth that characterized his past correspondence, seem like grave polar birds flapping their wings in the snow.

THE relationship between Wilson and House was not that of host and parasite. It was a psychic messmateship for which a parallel exists among plants and animals. Some plants, living upon others, in turn confer upon their hosts certain benefits. The mistletoe, retaining its green, helps the tree to breathe when its own leaves are dead. The hermit crab forms a close partnership with other sea animals in which each assumes a certain share in sustaining the common household. One supplies the larder, the other maintains the defenses. This relationship, well known to nature students, is called symbiosis. The relationship between Wilson and House transfers symbiosis from a biological to a spiritual plane.

Some men are strongest when they are alone. Some draw unsuspected strength from union with others; their combined strength is greater than the sum of their separate strengths if they had remained disunited. Wilson and House were evenly matched. The relationship between them was based not only upon their strength but also upon their weakness.

House, throughout his maturity, was in delicate health. Until the age of eleven or twelve he was a robust youngster. But one day, while swinging high, a rope broke and he was thrown on his head. A serious illness followed. For a long time the boy hovered between life and death. Upon his recovery malaria fastened upon him. Some years later he suffered from a heat stroke. Again he recovered, but he acquired a new handicap. His sensitivity to heat made him an exile from his own native Texas and from Washington in the summer.

THE Colonel's frail constitution was such that he could not have lived through the tussle of a political campaign. He was the brain of every campaign; but he never, with one unimportant exception, assumed officially the reins of party leadership. Capable of terrific exertion at times, he could not chain his body and mind to the wheel of office routine. His powerful mind, keenly aware of his lack of physical equipment, utilized others. It pleased him to play with human beings, to direct their moves as if they were kings or pawns in a game of chess. A master psychologist, he turned their emotions on and off like faucets. As a little boy he sometimes provoked quarrels among his playmates solely for the pleasure of patching them up!

If life had compelled him to contend with other men for a living he would have overcome the handicap of his health or perished. But his father had left him a sufficiency—not a great fortune, but enough to enable him to indulge in his intellectual pastime, to remain in the background while pulling his wires.

Seymour suggests that his sardonic sense of humor was tickled by the thought that he, unseen and often unsuspected, without great wealth or office, merely through the power of personality and good sense, was actually deflecting the currents of history. House would have rendered himself invisible if he could. To this day he does not like to be photographed or to be painted. "I want to be a myth," he said to me once. There was a smile on his lips. But the confession, like many a jest, affords a glimpse into the mystery of the unconscious. Possibly the Colonel's intellectual conceit hides an inferiority complex springing from the defects of his physical constitution.

Woodrow Wilson represents a parallel case. Some strange feeling of inferiority made it difficult for him to deal with other men as equals. Many considered Wilson good-looking. Wilson did not share this opinion. Though Wilson joked about his appearance, a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Washington Reports Show Public Swings To Pipe Smoking

Return to Normalcy Brings Calmness of Pipe Back to Favor

The years of the Great Boom Market tried men's nerves to the utmost. Just around every corner was to be found the pot at the end of the rainbow. These were days of *excitement, tenseness.*

And then the bubble burst. For two and a half years now we have been dropping back to earth. Gradually men learned that *calm, steady work,* and work alone, brings prosperity. A new generation has entered business—a generation that has no illusions about sudden wealth without work.

One of the interesting side-lights on this new day is revealed in a treasury report from Washington showing a broad, steady increase in the sale of *smoking tobacco* during the past several months. In other words, a *general swing to the calmness, the soothing effects, of a good pipe and good tobacco.* The country's gradual return to normalcy has brought back to favor man's age-old dependable friend—his pipe.

There's something about a pipe that makes men contented, at ease. It seems to check wandering fancy. The pipe is a long and slow and placid smoke. It relaxes and charms. There's a lesson for all smokers in the very genuine affection every pipe smoker feels for his pipe.

If, by chance, you are still not a pipe smoker, you've no doubt often wondered whether you might not be missing something. Try it—but don't risk disappointment with a poor tobacco. Use Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco — that cool, slow-burning, sweet smoke that's blended from fine old burleys and has a natural savor insured by a distinctive and exclusive eleventh process. Edgeworth has been man's priceless friend for more than 30 years.

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And, by the way, you'll enjoy listening to the Dixie Spiritual Singers as they sing in the Edgeworth Factory over the N. B. C. Blue Network every Thursday evening. They sing spirituals in the old southern way. If you like a big chorus of men's voices, tune in.

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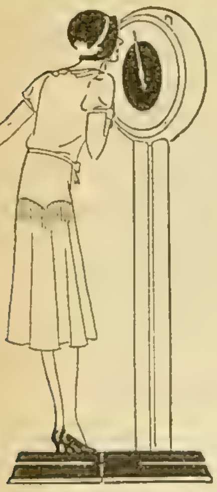

. . . Want to get FAT?

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PRESIDENT WILSON'S BREAK WITH COLONEL HOUSE
Continued from page fifty-five

sense of his homeliness made him exceedingly shy. His humility distinguished itself as haughtiness. Conversation, except under conditions predetermined by him, was an ordeal. In congenial company he could be delightfully genial and human. But these occasions were rare. Ordinarily he carried a psychic chip on his shoulder. He quarreled with a fate that had not made him an Apollo and had not given him a face reflecting the fineness of his mentality. He needed a shield against the world. His academic rank gave him the protection he craved. Later he hid himself behind the Presidency. His temperament compelled him to depend always upon others for certain contacts. Ellen Axson, who understood his psychology, smoothed his path socially. In politics he depended upon House.

Wilson was never an athlete. In his Princeton days he was handicapped by hernia. The strain of overstudy affected his sight. It is not generally known that, like President Roosevelt, he was blind in one eye—the result of a retinal hemorrhage. His digestive system was lamentably impaired. A lifelong sufferer from migraine, he entered the White House armed with a large supply of coal-tar tablets and a stomach pump. Dr. Grayson, his physician, threw the tablets out of the window and forced a regular course of exercises upon his patient. Grayson's régime, coupled with the stimulation of power, improved Wilson's health. Although deriving new strength from the air of the White House, he still suffered from frequent headaches and from a painful neuritis of the left arm and leg.

Limited in physical activities, House turned to politics, Wilson to rhetoric. House was the negotiator, Wilson the prophet. House gathered the ideas, Wilson gave voice to them. House manipulated individuals, Wilson the masses.

To the outside world Wilson was the senior member of the partnership, House the silent partner. But, for all his silence, the initiative for most moves came from House. All this expresses only crudely the intricate interrelations between two complex personalities. Not all ideas originated with House, not all felicitous phrases with Wilson. The "Freedom of the Seas," for instance, was invented by House. "House," Wilson exclaimed, "is my second personality; he is my independent self. His thoughts and mine are one."

This was true. But it was not the whole truth. In Wilson several personalities struggled for mastery. He had more selves than one. House was not his other self. He was only one of his other selves. This Wilson never knew. House only dimly suspected.

II

MESSIAHS should travel alone. Woodrow Wilson set forth to save Europe with Edith Bolling Wilson. Caparisoned from head to foot in purple—a purple dress, a purple hat, and a purple plume—she cast a purple shadow athwart the friendship of the duumvirs.

Long before we entered the World War, House had suggested to Wilson the convocation of a meeting of world powers for the purpose of forming a league to prevent future wars. It seemed to him that no such league could be founded without the propulsion of Wilson's powerful personality. When the time for the Peace Conference came, the seed planted by Colonel House in Wilson's mind began to sprout. But now conditions were different. The Colonel no longer favored the personal participation of Wilson under the changed conditions. But the idea of presiding over the Peace Conference had taken root so firmly that it could not be plucked out, even by Colonel House.

Forgetting his temperamental and physical limitations, Wilson decided to make the peace in person. Whether there was in this decision a touch of megalomania, or whether he suspected, rightly or wrongly, that he could rely on no one save himself, it is difficult to determine. Possibly something of both elements entered into the decision. Other factors exercised a powerful influence. Wilson's second term was drawing near its end. The war had played havoc with the social ambitions of the mistress of the White House. The European trip enabled Edith Bolling Wilson to play First Lady of the World.

The opposition which arose almost at once only strengthened Wilson's determination.

THE Colonel's position was difficult. "It is always dangerous," he explains, "for Mohammed to come to the mountain. While Wilson was in Washington he could control the situation. If we [his representatives] went too far in our concessions, he could disavow them. We could always gain time by asking for instructions from him. At the proper moment he could hurl a thunderbolt from the heights in which he dwelt securely, like Jove. But the moment he came down to earth he lost his divine status. He became a mortal among mortals.

"It was Wilson's original idea that he would be asked to preside over the Peace Conference. I pointed out to him that such a procedure violated tradition. Diplomatic usage reserves that distinction for the head of the state where a conference takes place. By entering the ranks with Lloyd George and Clemenceau he became their equal—to some extent, strategically, their inferior."

The situation at home as well as abroad made Wilson's trip inadvisable. Wilson had told House, before the duumvir sailed abroad, of his contemplated appeal for a Democratic Congress. House made no reply to that suggestion. His silence indicated his disapproval. Wilson's only error was verbal. He should have asked not for a Democratic Congress but for a Congress which, irrespective of party, supported America's war aim. Under the circumstances it was unwise to irritate the opposition. Nevertheless, the Colonel could not strongly urge the President to stay at home. If he had done so his motives would have been maligned.

Indirectly he voiced his dissent. He cabled that Americans in Paris were "practically unanimous" in the belief that it would be "unwise" for Wilson to sit in the Peace Conference Clemenceau, he added, thought that no head of a state should sit there. The same feeling prevailed in England. Cobb, Reading, and Wiseman held similar views. But, recognizing that Mr. Wilson's mind was made up and that Mrs. Wilson was packing her trunks, the Colonel suggested a compromise. Why not limit his participation to the preliminary conference to determine the larger outlines of the settlement?

Wilson's reply, preserved in the archives at Yale, shows that he was annoyed by the cable. It upset every plan "we" had made. "We" presumably refers to himself and Edith Bolling Wilson. The change of program threw him into "complete confusion." He considered the suggestion that he should not participate as a delegate a way of "pocketing" him. He inferred that the French and British leaders desired to exclude him from the conference because they feared he might lead the weaker nations against them.

His isolation from the currents of public opinion in the United States had already begun. For, with complete disregard of all opposition, he insisted that America "universally expects and generally desires" his attendance at the conference. He hoped House would be "very shy of the advice of others" and give him his own independent judgment "after reconsideration."

HIS decision to come to Paris remained adamant, but he did issue a noncommittal statement suggested by House on his status in the Peace Conference.

House suggested the appointment of Taft and Root as peace commissioners. With their support, Wilson would have been invincible both at home and in Paris. But Wilson balked. He even refused to name his own son-in-law, McAdoo. In his new mood, he wanted only tools, men who would do his bidding without question. He selected General Bliss, accustomed to obey orders; Lansing, the shadow Secretary of State; and Henry White, a colorless Republican without party backing. House was the only man on the committee whose opinions received consideration from Wilson. The ties between them, though weakened, were not yet broken.

Wilson sailed forth for Europe with high hopes. Sudden illness prevented House from welcoming the President and Mrs. Wilson at Brest. Wilson had planned to reach Paris on his lucky Friday the 13th. But he did not arrive until the 14th. His arrival was a holiday for Paris. Europe looked upon its savior. The masses everywhere clamored for Wilson.

The first Mrs. Wilson. "She accepted House as the complement of her husband."

HOUSE, the prime mover of Wilson's politics, was unheeded by the people. But he continued to be heard by the Cabinets. When the President arrived in the French capital, House moved over from his headquarters at 78 Rue de l'Université to the Crillon, henceforth the official home of the American Peace Commission. He was reconciled to playing a subordinate part. In his diary he notes: "The President is in European waters now and can be easily reached by wireless. Therefore I shall make no further decisions myself."

Wilson still thought that he could enforce his ideas in Paris. House knew that, with the complete breakdown of Germany, Wilson's power to impose a Peace Treaty on his own terms was gone. He also gauged correctly the influence of the political opposition to Wilson at home. Unfortunately, a severe attack of influenza crippled House in the formative period of the Peace Conference. As soon as he could stand on his feet he reassumed his burdens.

André Tardieu had prepared a tentative Peace Treaty based on the Fourteen Points. But the duumvirs permitted this document to be thrown into the discard. It was not even discussed. Subsequently private conversations between the Big Four—Wilson, Clemenceau, Lloyd George, and Orlando—whittled away the Fourteen Points one by one. No one warned Wilson. No one except House could gain his ear. Even House was not always at his elbow.

When both duumvirs attended a conference, little slips of paper constantly passed from one to the other. But there was one who was more constantly at Wilson's side. That was Edith Bolling Wilson, in her dark purple suit with her purple plume and her purple hat. She rode beside the President on every occasion. House arranged for a private telephone wire,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Electric Vaporizer

PRESIDENT WILSON'S BREAK WITH COLONEL HOUSE
Continued from page fifty-seven

guarded against tapping, between himself and Wilson. They could reach each other without intermediary. But the second Mrs. Wilson was closer still. She instinctively resented Wilson's dependence on House. His visits left Wilson often irritated, in doubt of himself. What wife would not be annoyed by such a friend?

The story of the long struggle in Paris and at home cannot be adequately retold in these pages. On February 15, 1919, Wilson went home, the Covenant in his pocket. No other problem was settled. Everyone in Paris breathed a sigh of relief when the inconvenient idealist departed. House used all his mesmerism to compose ruffled feelings. He organized at this time the Council of the Big Four. A gesture on his part created the new Poland. A word from him changed boundary lines.

He had many friends. But there were also foes. Having emerged from his self-imposed obscurity, he became the target of envy and intrigue. A hostile cabal shaped itself in the immediate environment of the President. Suspicion crowded suspicion. Shadows fell. Clouds gathered. And every cloud had a purple hue.

A Wilson-House Cipher Code

Now preserved in the House archives, this code was used by the President and his confidential adviser before the United States entered the World War. In the left column are real names or titles; in the right, the code word for each.

Allies	Wilmot
Germany	Zadok
England	Zenobia
France	Warren
Russia	Winter
Greece	Wendell
Roumania	Whitney
Italy	West
Austria	Zeus
Bernstorff	Walter
Spring-Rice	Winkle
Jusserand	Young
Russian ambassador	Wizen
Sir Edward Grey	White
Zimmermann	Wolf
Asquith	York
Von Bethmann-Hollweg	Alto
Von Jagow	Othello
Walter H. Page	Yucca
Gerard	Youth
Kaiser	Dante
Sharp	Keen
Thomas Nelson Page	Yew
Penfield	Zebra
Mayre	Zenith
Whitlock	Zenda
Van Dyke	Zion
Willard	Zeal
Hindenburg	Bonder
Crown Prince	Jammer
Stovall	Pelham
E. M. House	Beverly
Dumba	Wisdom
Bulgaria	Conform
Serbia	Recliners

III

WHEN Woodrow Wilson first went to Europe he was a god. When he went the second time he was a politician who had lost his constituency. His loss of prestige at home became more and more apparent. The dreams for which he had fought were carried away by the backwash of national greeds.

France attempted to make the League an anti-German alliance. Clemenceau, unlike Wilson, had his people and his parliament behind him. He wanted a realistic peace, a peace of conquest, and he got what he wanted.

False rumors reached Wilson that House had consented to separate the Treaty from the Covenant and that he was making innumerable concessions obnoxious to Wilson. The star of House begins to pale. The star of Edith Bolling Wilson rises. Innumerable busybodies, basking in the Presidential favor, put not one but a host of fleas into the President's ear. Wilson impatiently brushed their tales away; they left, nevertheless, an indelible trace. He was convinced that his hand alone could pilot the ship of the world into the harbor of permanent peace.

The chance of imposing the Fourteen Points without reservations had passed. The best that could be done was to save the wreckage. House used every ounce of energy in his frail body to rescue the dream which he had dreamed with Wilson. He was powerful, resourceful, indefatigable; but he was not an Atlas who could carry upon his shoulders the weight of the world. Wilson, too, lacked the strength for such a task. Together the duumvirs might have negotiated a different peace. But when they did not work in conjunction their plans went awry.

"Many people," House has remarked, "came to see me. People began to say that I was setting up a little White House."

He interviewed, on the average, forty callers a day. Every great figure in Paris sat opposite him, in a little chair in the Crillon, at one time or another.

The great part which he necessarily played aroused jealousies in the entourage of President Wilson. There is a story that on a day when the President called Clemenceau was announced. The duumvir excused himself for a few minutes to receive the head of the French government. It is said that this angered Wilson.

"This story," Colonel House says, "is not true. I immediately took Clemenceau to see Wilson. While we were still talking Cecil called on a similar mission; but I asked him to wait. Wilson did not resent my intimacy with the Allied statesmen. He himself had authorized these activities to ease his own burdens. But it is quite likely that much was made of the incident by others to bedevil the relations between us."

The trifling occurrence would not have annoyed Wilson if his mind had not been goaded and irritated while his health was shattered. After his first attack of influenza Wilson was never again the same.

"If," Colonel House avers, "Wilson had been well, mischief-makers could not have made trouble between us."

ACCORDING to some reports, not only Clemenceau but Lloyd George and Orlando collided with Wilson on the same day in the Colonel's study. Each time, the story goes, House excused himself and left Wilson to fret alone. The Colonel's diary does not bear out this hypothesis. But there is a grain of truth in the story.

"People," House explains, "got into the habit of looking to me as Wilson's spokesman. I had been his intermediary for many years. Wilson being inaccessible to them, even in Paris, they still came to me."

This fact, distorted by talebearers, may have affected Wilson.

The Allied premiers knew House. They had tested and tried him. Wilson orated or shut down like a clam. He did not speak or understand their language. Wilson resented the reliance of his colleagues upon House. There was, as yet, no evidence of an open break; but the two minds no longer harmonized completely.

Now, according to Lawrence, Stoddard, White, and other correspondents, Edith Bolling Wilson took a hand. A London newspaper had said that Colonel House was the brains of the Peace Commission. Mrs. Wilson showed the clipping to Colonel House. He paid no attention to the matter, which seemed of very minor importance at a time when the fate of the world itself was at stake.

Mrs. Wilson did not forget, and she did not permit the President to forget. Can we blame a wife if she resents statements such as this, printed with malice aforethought?—"What Colonel House thinks today, Wilson says tomorrow." Some smart Aleck called Wilson "the Jack that House built." Surely someone must have brought this epigram to the attention of Wilson's consort. Can it have escaped his ear?

We see the tragic, almost biological, conflict between the friend and the wife. The first Mrs. Wilson, from all the data I have been able to gather, accepted House as the complement of her husband. The second Mrs. Wilson desired to make Wilson independent of others. Jealous of the comradery between Wilson and House, she prejudiced Wilson's mind against the duumvir. She was aided and abetted by the men whom House himself had placed near the throne.

Mr. Viereck's account of President Wilson's break with Colonel House will be continued in next week's Liberty.

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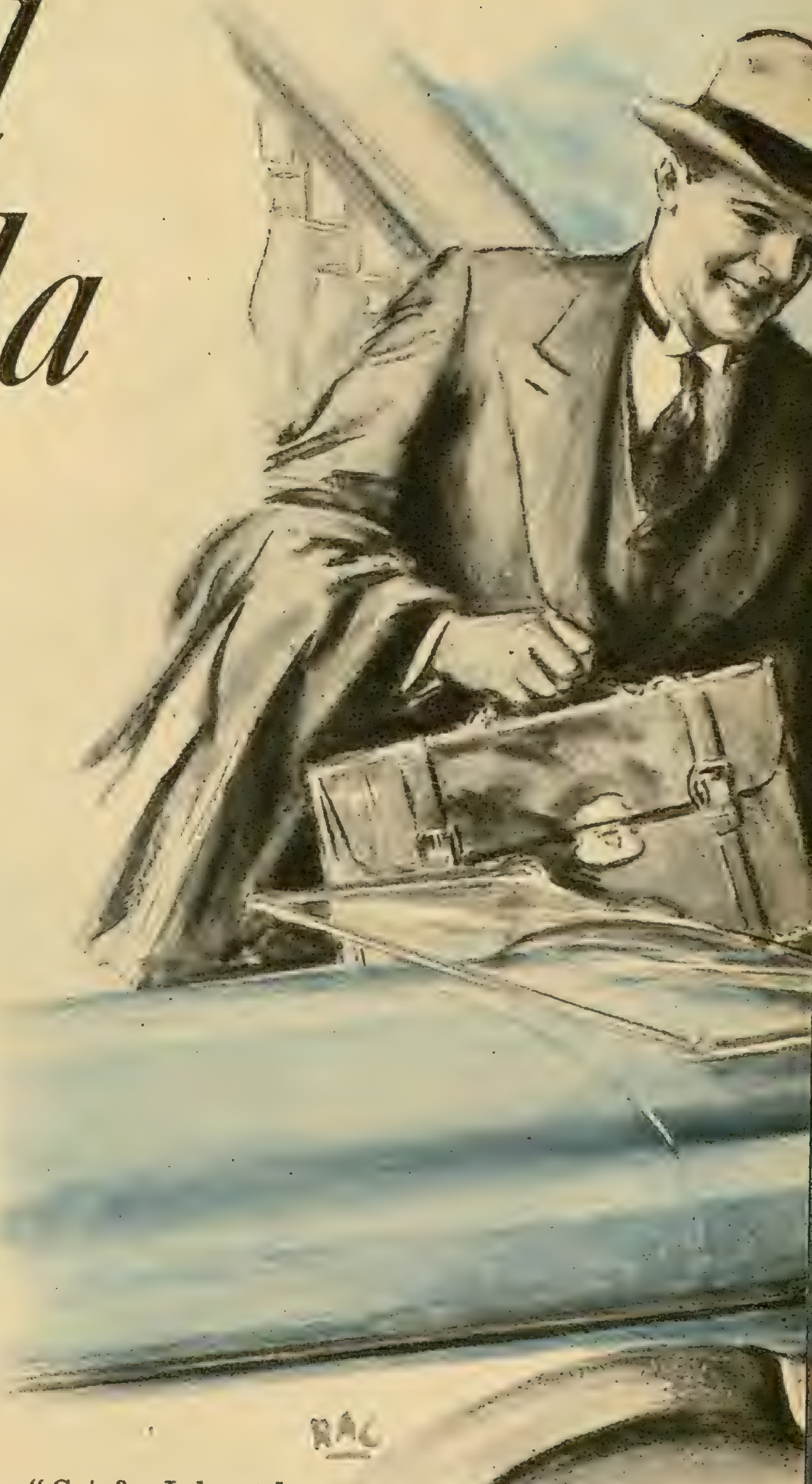
A Warning Against Love—The Tragic Idyl—Indicted for Murder—The Man Who Wouldn't Lie—Clues Go Up in Smoke

By
EDWARD DOHERTY

Pictures by ROBERT A. CAMERON



(Reading time: 28 minutes 15 seconds.)

THIS is the story of Natalie Cahill, accused of murdering her husband. Old Mike Cahill had married Natalie to spite his relations waiting for his fortune, and Natalie, whose child, born out of wedlock, had died, married Mike out of desperation. After the wedding she slept alone, but thought she heard her husband cry out in the night: "My own son!"

When awakened, she saw Mike lying dead near her bed. Bob Shannon, the lawyer who agreed to defend Natalie, was engaged to Winnie Rollins.

PART FOUR—IN SUSPENSE

WINNIE ROLLINS' roadster, the gayest and most colorful car on the avenue, stopped in front of the Shannon residence and blew mellow notes.

There was magic in the call of the horn, for the front door opened and Bob Shannon ran down the steps, a bundle of newspapers under one arm, a black leather briefcase in his hand.

"Morning, counselor," Winnie called. "Can I take you for a ride?"

Shannon paused at the curb, and looked at girl and car.

"The happiest combination in the world," he said. "A lovely blonde witch and a gorgeous new broom."

"Dad gave it to me last night—for our engagement. Like it?"

"It's beautiful."

"Well, don't stand there looking. Do something. Get in, for instance, and give me a great big kiss, and say you still love me."

Bob squeezed in beside her, put the papers and the briefcase beside him, kissed her thoroughly, and brushed her saucy hat over one eye.

"Oaf!" she said, rearranging hat and hair. "I said kiss me, not mess me."

"You have a laugh like wine," he said. "It fits the morning. Will this thing run?"

She lifted her chin at him. "It'll do seventy with just a hint from my little foot. I found that out. So did a motorcycle cop. He was the cutest thing!"

"Cute? I hope he did his duty."

"Has a governor's daughter no rights?" she demanded. The car shot to the other side of the street, narrowly missing a truck, and proceeded on its bright gay way.

"Through the park, witch," Shannon directed, "and don't mind if I read the papers while you pass the red lights. The inquest is on, this afternoon."

He placed the newspapers on his lap and took up the top one.

"Damn!" he said.

"The language of the law is quaint," Winnie remarked.

Bob did not reply. He was reading.

"And they have an interview with him!"

"Who's him?"

The car was in the park. The sun was shining. The grass was green. Here and there were blurs of white and pink and blue and red and green. The tires sang. The wind sang.

"The noble young bank clerk who wouldn't marry her," Bob answered. He crumpled the paper in his hand, made an awkward ball of it, and tossed it over the side.

"Hey, you!" Winnie scolded him. "Quit littering up the park! If a cop saw you do that he wouldn't think you were so nice."

Bob was reading another paper.

"Love me?"

"Ummm-mummm!"

"More than anybody?"

Shannon crumpled up the second paper and threw it away.

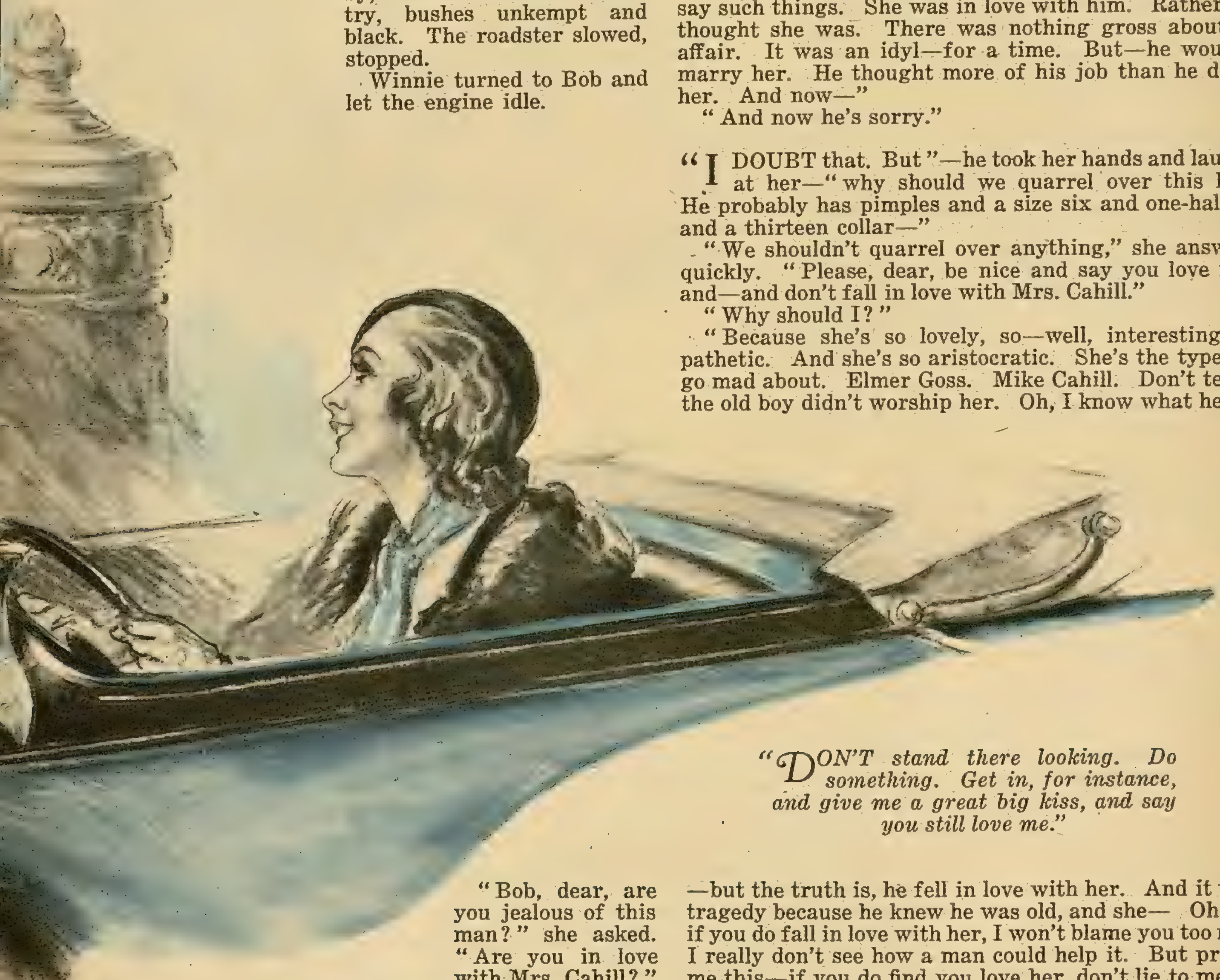
"He's in town, talking his head off."

"Not the noble young bank clerk! Has he come to marry her?"

"He has not! I'll break his head." Bob's tone was savage.

Patches of gray snow went by, trees still bare and wintry, bushes unkempt and black. The roadster slowed, stopped.

Winnie turned to Bob and let the engine idle.



"DON'T stand there looking. Do something. Get in, for instance, and give me a great big kiss, and say you still love me."

"Bob, dear, are you jealous of this man?" she asked. "Are you in love with Mrs. Cahill?"

"I'm in love with you," he answered.

"Please put down the paper, Bob. Let's talk this over now, and never, never talk about it again. Shall we? I don't want there to be any cloud on our happiness."

"There's nothing to talk about."

"There is. There's Elmer Goss."

"You've read the papers too!"

"Of course I have. And I'm sorry for that boy. He may have been a cad. But he's come to marry her, to take his medicine, to do anything he can for her. That's nice of him, isn't it? Many a man has deserted a girl, but how many of them do what Elmer Goss is doing?"

"Bah! She wasn't good enough for him back home. But now that she's the heiress to the largest fortune in the state—"

"Bob! Suppose somebody accused you of wanting to marry me for—only for political preferment because my dad's governor of the state. How would you like that?"

"That's entirely different."

"It's not. Besides, you can use this boy at the trial. There he is, in the courtroom, waiting for the jury to free the girl. And there you are, telling them to let this little girl go out again into the glad world, a better woman for the punishment she has already suffered—'these months in jail, gentlemen. Let her go back to her home, to her fond mother and father whose hearts she broke, and to the boy who waits, and wants her.'"

"Are you mocking me, Winnie?"

Winnie denied the charge with an innocent smile.

"I'm just trying to show you how you could use this boy."

"Thanks! But I don't want any part of him. He's a lout."

"Did he seduce the girl?"

"He did not," Shannon said, anger in his tone. "Don't say such things. She was in love with him. Rather, she thought she was. There was nothing gross about the affair. It was an idyl—for a time. But—he wouldn't marry her. He thought more of his job than he did of her. And now—"

"And now he's sorry."

"I DOUBT that. But"—he took her hands and laughed at her—"why should we quarrel over this hick? He probably has pimples and a size six and one-half hat and a thirteen collar—"

"We shouldn't quarrel over anything," she answered quickly. "Please, dear, be nice and say you love me—and—and don't fall in love with Mrs. Cahill."

"Why should I?"

"Because she's so lovely, so—well, interesting and pathetic. And she's so aristocratic. She's the type men go mad about. Elmer Goss. Mike Cahill. Don't tell me the old boy didn't worship her. Oh, I know what he said—but the truth is, he fell in love with her. And it was a tragedy because he knew he was old, and she— Oh, Bob, if you do fall in love with her, I won't blame you too much. I really don't see how a man could help it. But promise me this—if you do find you love her, don't lie to me, will you?"

"It's silly to think about. But—I'll never lie to you."

"Thanks," she said, and kicked the engine into life. "It may hurt, but I'll get over it."

"Why don't you stick around in the office until lunch time?" he asked as they drew near his building.

"I'm off my diet."

"Great. Be my secretary for half a day. Miss Prindiville hates pretty blonde witches, but she won't mind you for a few hours."

Elmer Goss arrived just after Miss Prindiville left for her daily hour in the cafeteria. Winnie was sitting at her desk. She had screwed up her face to look like Miss Prindiville. She had thrust half a dozen pencils through her hair. She was trying to write a love letter on the typewriter, and had smudged her fingers with carbon paper, when the door opened suddenly, and Goss stood

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE SHACKLED CINDERELLA
Continued from page sixty-one

there, awkward, hesitant, derby hat in one hand, a newspaper in the other.

"How do you do?" Winnie said, trying to take the pencils out of her hair, the efficient look off her face, and the smudges off her fingers.

"I'm Elmer Goss," he said.

He was tall, slim, shy, more boy than man. His face was long and narrow, with high cheek bones, a small mouth, nice eyes, and a sharp nose. His hair was sparse and sandy and inclined to curl. It was severely brushed back at the sides over his small and delicate ears.

"Oh," said Winnie, "the noble young bank clerk."

She was frightfully embarrassed, and so was Elmer Goss.

Shannon came to the rescue of both with a professional "What can I do for you, Mr. Goss?"

"You're her lawyer," the boy said, "and I want to see her, and they won't let me in. They said it was your orders. Mr. Shannon, I got to see her."

"Why?" Shannon's tone was sharp.

"Why? Well, she's in such awful trouble and—and—"

"And it's all your fault, Mr. Goss."

Winnie stared at Bob, incredulity in her face. She had never heard him say anything in that tone, had never before seen him accuse anyone of anything.

"That's why," Goss explained. "I know it's all my fault. So—so—"

Shannon motioned for him to take the seat near the desk.

"I must be going, dear," Winnie said. "I—"

"Please wait," Shannon begged her, looking at Goss; "we'll go to lunch in a moment or two."

Winnie sat down.

"There's nothing you can do—now, Mr. Goss," he went on.

THE boy's blush deepened. He thrust both hands into his trousers pockets and brought them out again, each with a neat package of bills. He spread the bills on the table, smoothed both piles, and put one pile neatly on top of the other.

"I thought maybe I could pay part of the bill," he said. "There's three thousand dollars, Mr. Shannon. I don't know how much you charge, but, whatever it is, I'll do everything in my power to get it."

Shannon felt a twinge of shame, and his voice was kindlier as he refused the money.

"I'm not charging Mrs. Cahill anything for my services. Of course there are expenses, but they will come out of her estate."

Goss reluctantly divided the bills into their original two piles, and put them back in his pockets.

"I'm sorry. I might have known, though. I read about her marrying that rich man. But—but—I do want to see her, Mr. Shannon. Even if it's only for a minute."

"Out of the question," Shannon said, brusque again.

"I'd go down on my knees to her," the boy said, excitement taking him up from the chair and bending him over the table. "I love her. I want to tell her so. And if she'll marry me now—after what I've done—"

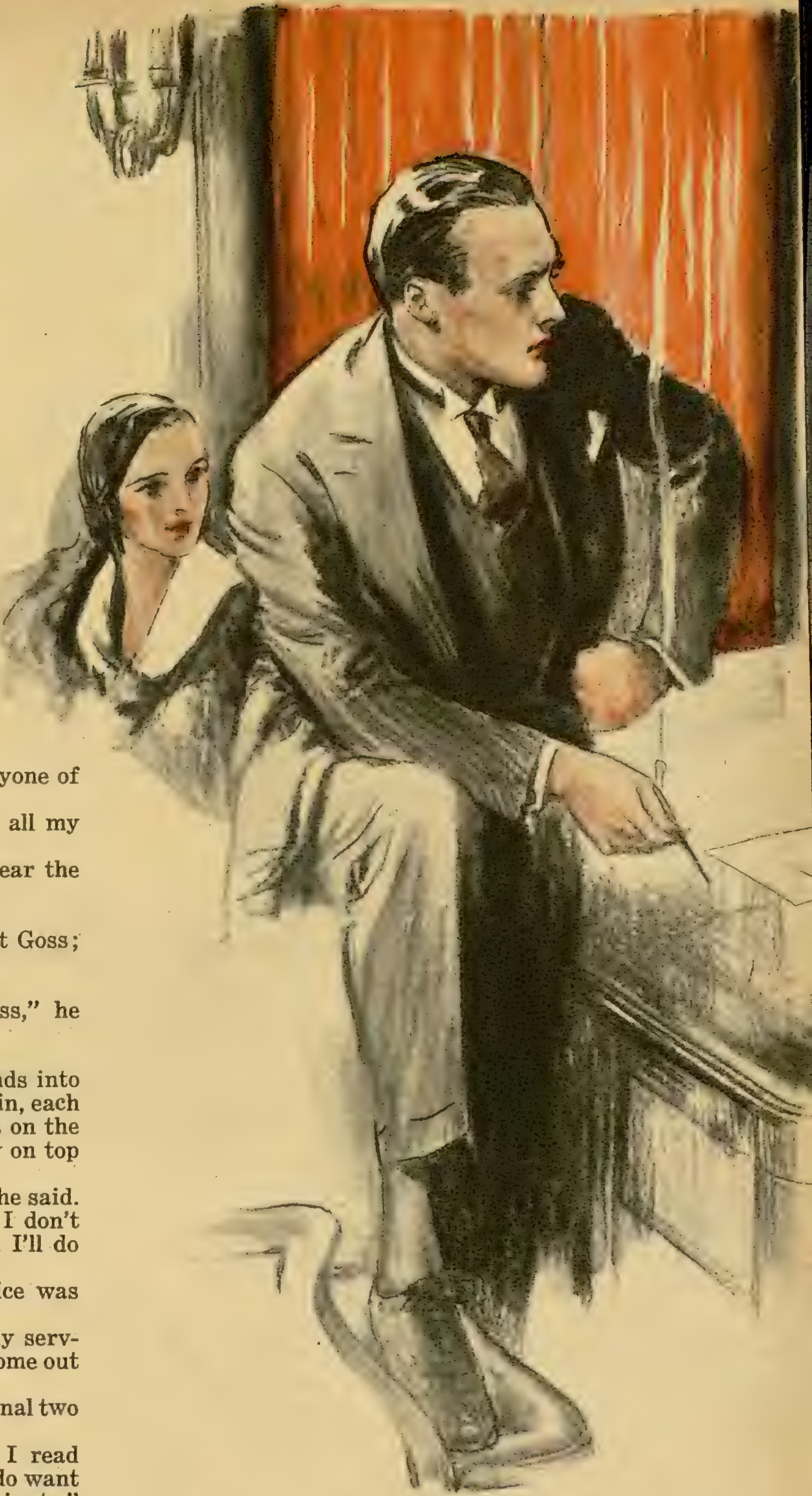
Winnie quietly put on her hat and coat and left the room. Neither man appeared to notice her.

"Sit down, please," Shannon said. "I'm sorry, but—I don't think she ought to see you. The newspapers would play it up. In due time—at the trial, maybe—I think perhaps I can use you. I've got an idea about that, but I must think it over. You love her, you say?"

"Yes."

"Then why didn't you marry her when you had the chance?"

"I've been asking myself the same question ever since she went away. May I tell you just what happened?"



"Of course."

"I've wanted to tell somebody. But I couldn't. You'll understand—and you won't think her so—so bad."

"What? What was that? Do you think she's bad?"

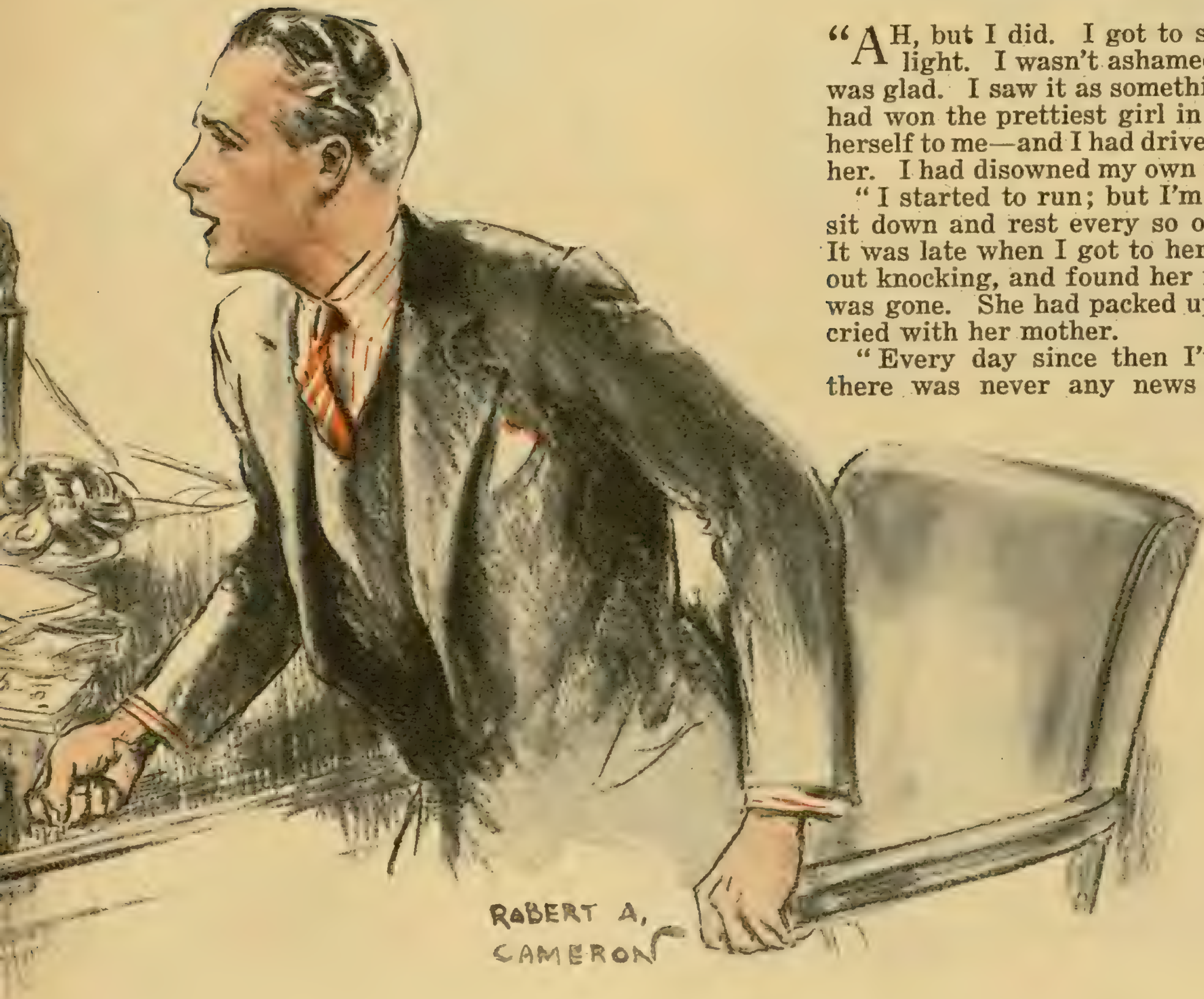
"I think she's the finest woman God ever made."

"Shoot. I'm listening."

"I met her a little over a year ago. In the library. She was—I can't tell you exactly how I felt about her. But—remember your first valentine, all lace and cupids and bleeding hearts and things like that? That's what she made me think of. I couldn't stay away from her. I got to visiting the library every day or so.

"After a time we started going together, and I began to dream about marrying her. I wasn't making any

"I'D go down on my knees to her," the boy said, excitement taking him up from the chair and bending him over the table. "I love her."



money—just twenty-five dollars a week—and I was sending half of it to my mother. She's old, and she's sick. And she's got nobody but me. I didn't have much money to spend on Natalie; but she didn't care. She wasn't the sort of girl who wanted lots of presents, or went to many parties. She wouldn't let me spend money.

"I began to figure ways of getting mother to Centerville, and marrying Natalie, and all three of us living together. But I didn't know whether I could swing it or not, or whether Nat would like it."

Shannon groaned.

"If you'd only said something to her about that!"

Tears came into the boy's eyes. He rubbed them away with his fists.

"I didn't even know she cared anything for me. It was last Fourth of July I knew. We went on a beach picnic. We spent the whole day there."

Elmer Goss looked down at the carpet.

"When we went to that beach, Mr. Shannon, I was in heaven. When we left, I was in hell. I was so ashamed of myself I could hardly talk to her. But she was sweet. She forgave me—and made me feel all the worse. If I'd stolen all the money in the bank I wouldn't have felt half so guilty.

"One day she came to me and said she was going to have a baby. At first I thought only of the disgrace—to me, and to my mother. My mother is dreadfully religious. If she knew what I had done—it would kill her. The people I worked for were the same kind. Respectability was everything to them. If they found out, it meant my job. I said terrible things to Nat. I said the baby couldn't be mine. I said I'd give her money to go away. I didn't mean anything I said. I was in a panic. I was a rotten coward. But she wasn't. She was more of a man than I will ever be. Do you know what she said?"

"Yes. She told me."

"After she left me I walked for miles and miles, out into the country. I wanted to crawl on the ground, like a worm. I wanted to run back and tell her I was crazy. I wanted to beg her to marry me."

"But you didn't."

"AH, but I did. I got to seeing the thing in its true light. I wasn't ashamed of what had happened. I was glad. I saw it as something wonderful. I realized I had won the prettiest girl in the world. She had given herself to me—and I had driven her away. I had disowned her. I had disowned my own flesh and blood.

"I started to run; but I'm not very strong. I had to sit down and rest every so often. Then I'd run again. It was late when I got to her house. I rushed in, without knocking, and found her mother there, crying. Nat was gone. She had packed up and left. I sat down and cried with her mother.

"Every day since then I've gone to her house, but there was never any news of Nat, never any word from her—until yesterday when the papers came."

"How did her mother take the news?"

"Hard. She's a vain, shallow woman. One of the righteous kind. Like my mother. God knows what she will do."

"And her father?"

"He didn't say anything; he's an old man. He never looked old, though, until last night."

"Mmmm! I must bring them here. But I want you to go back home. I don't want you to go near the jail. It would cause too much talk. It would only hurt her."

"I see. I—don't want to hurt her—again."

"But if I want you in the courtroom—during the trial—will you come?"

"Of course."

Shannon extended his hand. The boy seized it eagerly.

"I know you'll do everything in the world for her," he said. "Thanks."

He grabbed his hat and ran.

Shannon looked at his wrist watch.

"Let's go eat," he said, and looked for Winnie.

But Winne had gone long ago.

Her gay little car was now entering the park, where a girl could cry and cry and not be bothered by anything or anybody.

II

LATE in the afternoon the coroner's jury held Natalie Cahill for the grand jury, and that august body indicted her for murder in the first degree.

Natalie wore the blue dress at the inquest, and Shannon couldn't take his eyes from her.

"You were splendid," he said when she left the witness chair to sit beside him. "Were you frightened?"

"Terribly."

"You didn't show it. And don't show any emotion now.

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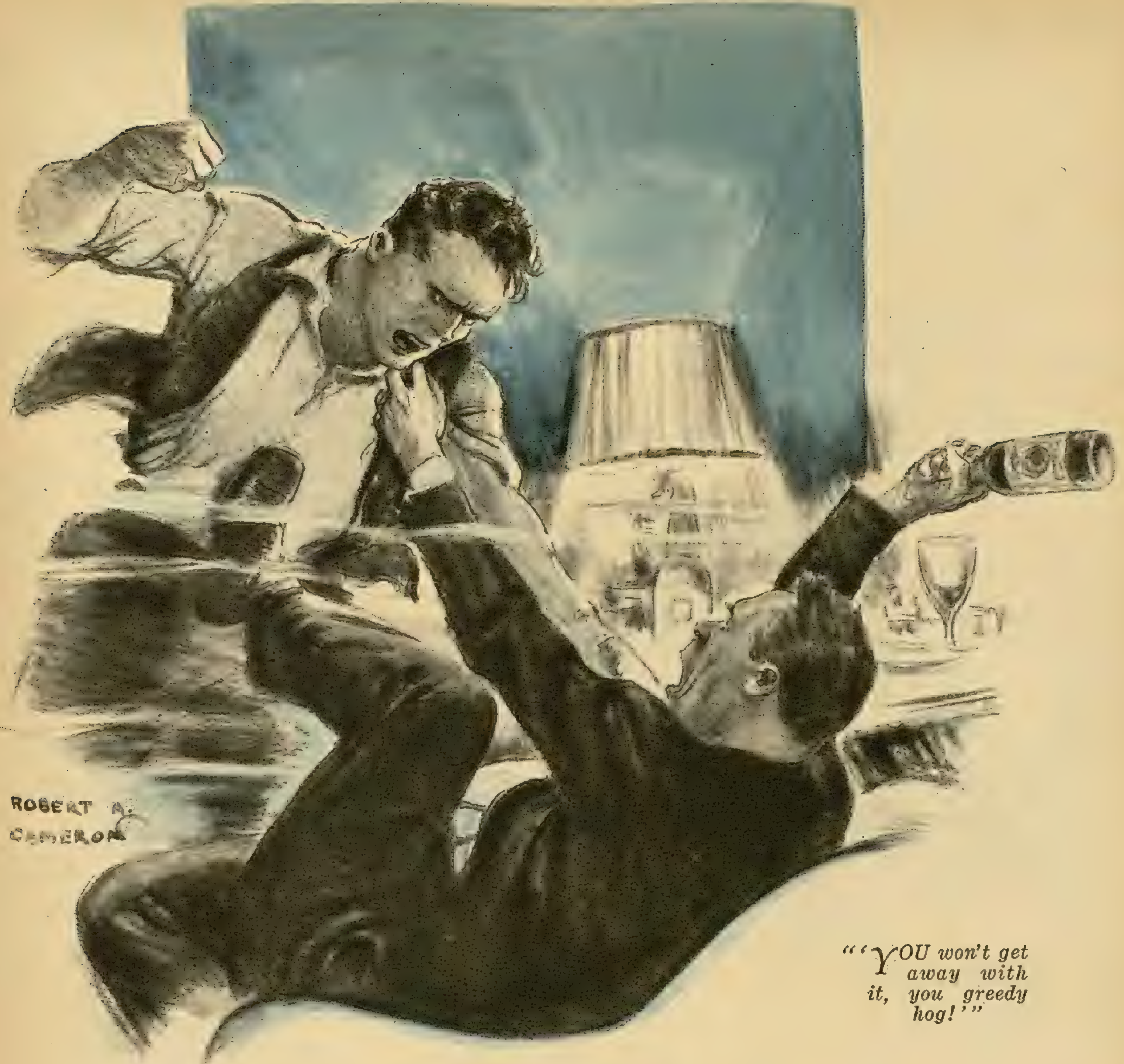


"'YOU won't get away with it, you greedy hog!'"

THE SHACKLED CINDERELLA
Continued from page sixty-three

Elmer Goss is in town. I told him to go back home. You didn't want to see him, did you?"

"No," she said, "oh, no!"

"He wasn't the sort of chap I thought him. He offered me three thousand dollars for your defense. He swore he was still in love with you. He said he came to your house to marry you, Natalie—half an hour after you'd left."

NATALIE'S face turned white, and her hands held tight to each other. "He did?"

Shannon turned white too, and he was cold, and a great fear was in his heart.

"You don't still love him?" he whispered.

"I neither love nor hate him. But think how different things would be had I stayed half an hour more—in my home!"

"You never loved him, Natalie," he said fiercely.

"Half an hour—and the whole world changed!"

The matron came to take her prisoner back to jail.

"One moment," Bob said, not taking his eyes off Natalie. "I must talk to my client—then she will go with you."

The matron retired.

"Natalie, you were only a child."

"No. I knew what I was doing."

"I mean—you couldn't have known real love. You couldn't have been in love with him. You only thought you were."

"Perhaps."

"But you know now, Natalie?"

"No!"

"You do. I see it in your eyes. You can't hide love. You can't deny it. You can't beat it down."

She attempted to rise, but he seized her wrist and prevented her. "Wait!"

"Bob—"

"I didn't know either—until Elmer Goss walked into my office. No—until a moment ago. I thought you still cared for him. And I was scared!"

"But—there's Winnie."

"No. Winnie knows. Winnie knew yesterday. Winnie's gone."

"You loved her."

"I didn't. I never knew love—until today."

"God help you."

"God help us both. But I'm crazy with happiness."

"It's too sudden. My dear! My dear! I'm going to cry. I can't stand it. I must go."

The matron came forward and took Natalie's hand.

"There, there, dearie," she said. "Don't cry. Coroners' juries are nothing at all. They're always holding some poor devil for murder."

Shannon took a taxi to Winnie's home. He went up her front steps solemnly, as one going to a wake.

She opened the door for him, ushered him in, gave him a cigarette and lit it. "Have you been to the dentist?" she asked. "You look terrible."

"The same thing—the inquest."

"And what did you do with Mr. Goss?"

"Sent him home."

"You do love her, don't you, Bob?"

"Oh, Winnie, I do. So help me God! I can't help myself. I do!"

Winnie laughed, and was rather proud of herself—but not a little shocked, too.

"I'm dying to hear all about it," she said. "Isn't that funny? I know I should be furious. But I'm not. For goodness' sake, what kind of girl am I?"

Shannon shrugged his shoulders. "I'm sorry, witch."

"It's all right. No bones broken. I saw it coming—and I guess I ducked."

She slipped his ring from her finger and gave it to him. He stood up and put the ring in his pocket.

"I must be going, Win. There's so much to do. Good-by. Any other girl would have raised the devil."

"Good-by, Bob. Any other man would have tried to lie. Good luck. See you in church some day—the Little Church Around the Corner."

"Good-by. It was the lightning struck me, witch."

"I know. Good-by. All my fault. I should not have let you go out without your lightning rod."

She closed the door quickly, and leaned against it, and watched through the window as he went down the stairs. She felt very sick. She fell to the floor. Her father found her there a few minutes later.

III

FOR six months Natalie endured her imprisonment stoically, but she was glad when at last the time for the trial came. "It will be so wonderful to leave this cell," she said to Shannon, "even if it's only to walk over the bridge and to sit in the courtroom."

"I'd keep you here a year or more if I could," he answered, "before you walked over that bridge."

"But why?"

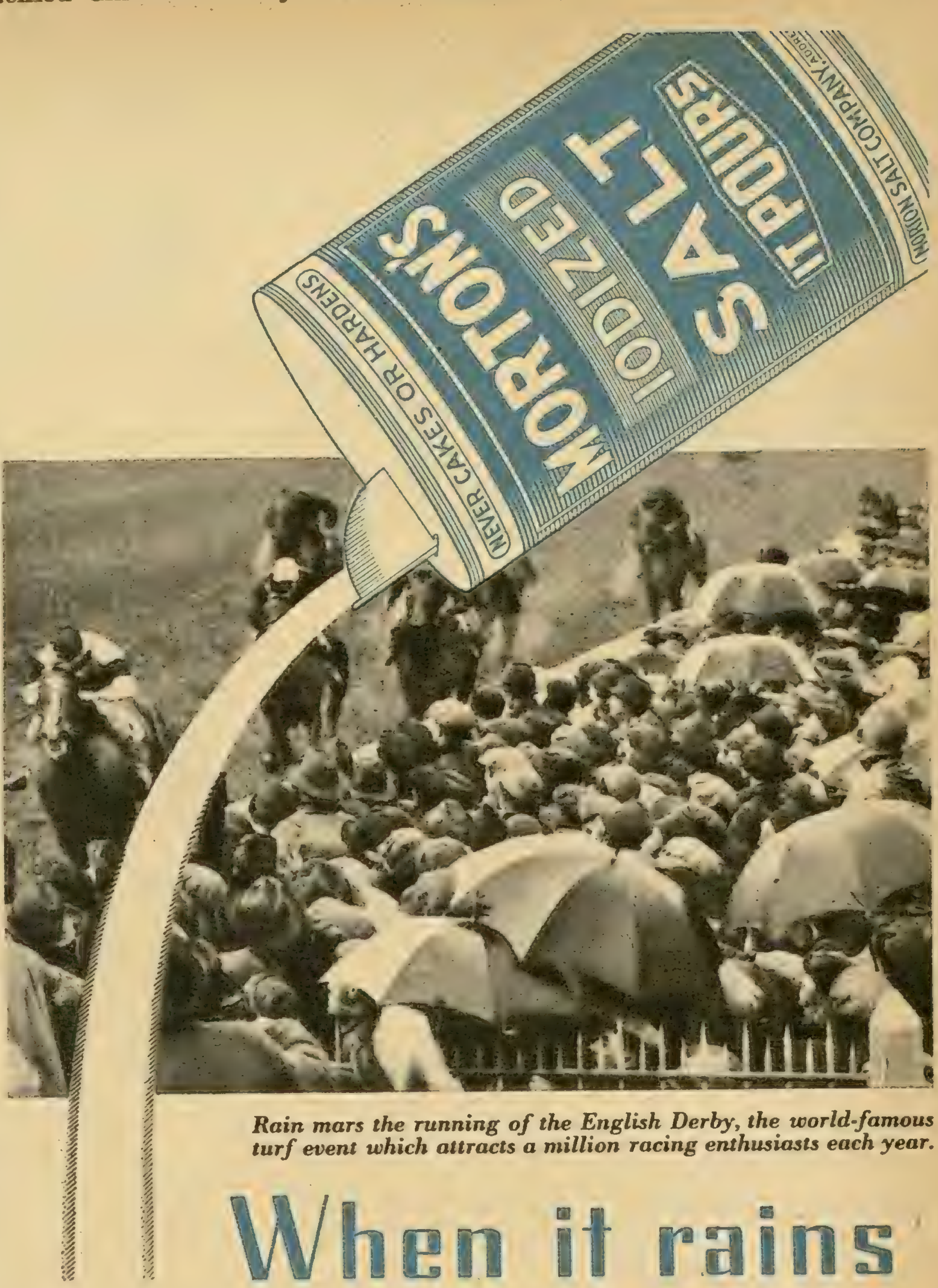
"We'd have a better chance of winning. Few trials are won by skill or strategy—or by the evidence, for that matter. Most of them are won by delay.

"If you'd gone to trial last April you wouldn't have had a chance. Everybody was indignant over the murder then, and hot to punish you. In a year everybody will have forgotten Ebb-Tide Mike, and what a character he was, and what he did for the town, and all the stuff the newspapers printed about them—and about you.

"Then, too—in a year we might be able to prove that young Mike Cahill killed the old man. As it is—"

A shaft of the dying sun fell be-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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MORTON'S SALT

PLAIN OR IODIZED

10¢

THE SHACKLED CINDERELLA
Continued from page sixty-five

tween the bars of her cell door and lighted up her face.

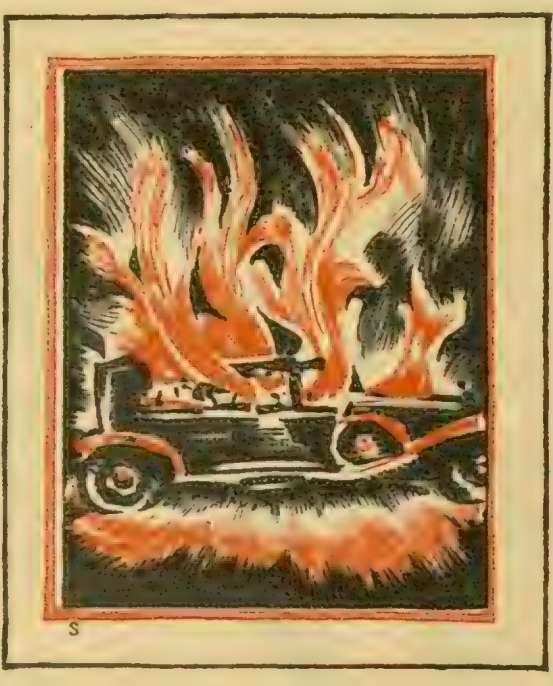
"I love you," he said. "I'd keep you caged up here, away from me, away from everybody, because I love you, because I am afraid for you."

She smiled and put her hand on his.

"Don't be afraid," she said. "We love each other. Nothing else matters."

"Ah, but it does."

"Even if they put me to death," she said solemnly, "it does not matter. I love you. You love me. We must each die sometime, I in my time, you in yours. It is not important when we die. It is important only that we love each other while we live."



"And it is important we live long—that we may love long."

"No—not that we may love long, Bob; just that we may love."

"Life is sweet, Natalie, only because we love."

"But does it matter if life be brief—so long as love lasts a lifetime?"

"I couldn't live without you. I wouldn't want to."

"Without you I would indeed be in a prison cell. Without you I would be afraid of life, afraid of death. Not even my own people mean to me what you mean."

"And my people—"

He could not complete the sentence. He was thinking of his interview with his father some weeks before.

"You're out of your mind," his father had said, scowling, "mooning over a loose woman, a hussy, a killer. You've swallowed her fairy tale about a parricide ghost, swallowed it whole, you that I thought so smart. You've thrown over the finest girl in the world for the Jezebel in the jail. You've got the whole town talking about you. And, in the name of God, what are you going to do? You can't save her from the chair. No mortal man can do it. It's harebrained to try. What are you going to do when she goes to the chair?"

Bob hadn't minded his father's words, though they hurt deeply; for he knew the old man loved him and grieved for him.

"She isn't the loose woman you think," he had answered. "Nor am I the fool you believe me. I love her. If she goes to the chair—I'll kill myself."

"Bah!" the old man had said, thundering. "You and your Tillie Hopscotch!"

All girls dad didn't like were Tillie Hopscotch to him. Shannon had smiled, as he always did at mention of that name.

"Winnie Rollins was Tillie Hopscotch once," he had reminded his father. "And if I prove Natalie Cahill innocent—"

"She's still a bad lot."

"Peace!" Bob's mother had ended the conversation. "Maybe she is a good girl, Dan. Maybe she's all Bob thinks she is. Anyway, the poor thing is in jail, and he's only doing his duty in trying to get her out. Don't be hard on the lad. And if he loves her—well, you were in love yourself once, long ago."

"But you're no Tillie Hopscotch, are you?"

"And if I was, you would have married me just the same." . . .

THE sunlight faded from Natalie's face as Shannon watched.

"Good night, dear," he said.

They put their faces to the bars and kissed.

"Some day," she said, "I'll kiss you, and feel no iron pressing against my cheeks. That will be so strange!"

"The day will come," he promised. "And it is not far away."

But, walking to his office a few minutes later, he felt the day would never come. Six months had gone, and he had yet no proof of Natalie's innocence.

His men had learned only this—that young Mike Cahill and "Croaker" Krull had escaped from jail together—and there was no trace of either.

Cahill's body, or a body identified as his, had been found in a burned automobile. Krull had vanished. He had been a surgeon. He was serving a life term for murder when he escaped.

It was possible Krull knew the secret of the gas bomb in Ebb-Tide Mike's front door; not only possible but probable. It was possible Krull had killed Ebb-Tide Mike; but there was no reason for him to frame Natalie, unless he killed for young Mike's sake, or was paid by Paddy Cahill.

"But I can't even prove that Krull is alive," Shannon thought; "while they can prove young Mike is dead."

Matt Whelan was waiting in the office.

"Any news?" Shannon asked.

"Not much. Geoff Lynch and Paddy Cahill had a bitter fight today, but we couldn't find out what it was about."

"DID you ask Malachy McLaughlin?"

"Yes. But he didn't know anything. He's afraid of Lynch; says he's a devil. He crosses himself every time he mentions the man's name."

"And Biddy?"

"Biddy said it was something about the trial, but she didn't know exactly what. She just heard them swearing at each other, and yelling things. She did hear Lynch say, 'You won't get away with it, you greedy hog!'"

"Nothing new on Lynch?"

Whelan scratched his head and frowned.

"That is the damnedest thing. We can't get a line on him before he came to work for Cahill. It's like he was born thirty-five years old and in Cahill's house. We've looked over thousands of pictures. Not him. His finger tips don't give any prints. They've been burned. But I told you that. I'd like to get Cahill alone somewhere and squeeze the truth out of his fat neck."

"And Linklater?"

Whelan looked at his employer blankly.

"Linklater!" Bob repeated. "The dentist who identified young Mike! You don't mean to tell me you've forgotten him! Why, you were going to squeeze the truth out of his fat neck too—weeks ago."

"But—didn't I tell you about him? No, I didn't—I left you a memo."

"I didn't see it."

"Well, maybe you did see it, and forgot it. Anyway, it isn't important. Linklater died. That is, he was killed. Why, it was in all the papers at the time."

Shannon threw his hat on the table, and sat down in his swivel chair. "My fault," he said. "I haven't read a paper in—in months, I guess. Tell me about it."

"He was shot by a woman named Leonie Bear. She was sweet on him, and he had a wife. She's in jail now. She said she didn't mean to do it. He told her he was through with her. She threatened to tell his wife. He got a gun out of his desk, she says, and she got it from him, and it went off."

"When did it happen?"

"May or June, sometime around there."

"About the time I told you to look him up and see how much Paddy Cahill paid him to make that identification. And you say it's not important? Matt, are you losing your grip?"

"I guess I am. Paddy Cahill had the man killed, I suppose. He hired this woman to do it—and put himself in her power? Not on your life. Leonie Bear killed the man—because she loved him."

"Nonsense. You talk like a newspaper. Pat Cahill got Geoff Lynch or someone to pay her a thousand dollars or so, and she killed him. She'll go to trial and one of

Cahill's judges will see that she's acquitted. Who's her lawyer?"

"She hasn't any."

"How do you know?"

"It's my business to know. I was asking around the jail yesterday, thinking I might get the case for you."

"And all the time I didn't know a thing about this! Look, Matt. This Bear woman may turn the trick for us. If she knows anything. Make a point of seeing her the first thing tomorrow morning. Tell her I'll take her case—if she'll have me—and I'll be reasonable. Pump her dry."

"We'll get nothing. I tell you it's a pure and simple love murder."

"I don't believe that. It's too much of a coincidence. Linklater was killed to keep him from confessing he lied when he said that body was young Mike Cahill's. Young Mike is alive—and I've got a hunch Leonie Bear can prove it."

"But—if she got money for bumping off her lover—will she talk?"

"She will if we offer her enough and promise her an acquittal."

"But she'll wait until she sees how you handle the Natalie Cahill case. If you win, you won't need her. If you get a hung jury, O. K. She'll have some confidence in you. But if you lose—good night! How can you promise to acquit Leonie then?"

Shannon sighed. "God, how I hate to think of tomorrow! We're licked, Matt. We know it. Our clues have all gone up in smoke. We're in a trap. There's one clue left—shut up in the same jail with Natalie. And, as you say, we can't do anything with it until after the verdict. If we win we won't need it."

"That's the hell of it. And if we lose, Leonie Bear will be afraid of us. We'll not make her talk for a million."

"What's a million dollars to a woman going to the chair?"

Whelan asked: "How much is Ebb-Tide Cahill's estate worth?"

"Over a hundred million dollars."

"Offer Paddy Cahill half of it—and he'll call off his dogs. He'll even turn up the real murderer, though it be young Mike himself!"

Shannon sighed again. "Matt, I suggested that very thing to Natalie Cahill months ago. Only I said, 'Let's offer him the whole estate.' She wouldn't give him a nickel—to save her life. You know what she wants to do with that money? Establish a home in every big city, a home that will take care of poor little girls, girls with ambitions, girls who've run away, girls looking for work, girls who have babies, or are going to have them. She'll feed them, house them, get jobs for them, take care of their babies. She'll do it if she dies for it. And Paddy Cahill can go to hell!"

"You've read Gene Fowler's book about Bill Fallon, 'The Great Mouthpiece,'" said Whelan. "There was a wizard with law tricks, that Fallon. He used to single out one juror. He talked to him exclusively, made him his friend and confidant, and to hell with the eleven others. He won impossible cases that way—always by hanging the jury eleven to one."

"If I hang this jury," Shannon said, "I'll— Matt, if only I can hang this jury—if only I can!"

In next week's installment of the story you'll see Shannon about to win all or lose all, as his great chance to save Natalie's life approaches.

Sixth of a Series of Yardleygrams

By Herbert O. Yardley

Author of The American Black Chamber

"Now that you know how to solve the rail-fence cipher," began Allan Crossle, cipher expert and ex-member of the American Cryptographic Bureau, at the sixth session in cryptography with his nephew, "I'll teach you a few other forms of route transposition ciphers. Here is one that stumped us for a while, CPOPO HGHDO REETA D."

"Where did this come from?" Russell asked.

"Floyd Boyd was ordered to Panama to steal or photograph the Spanish government code. For secret communication between us I gave him a secret ink and a special code patterned after those of the famous German spy, Mme. Maria de Victorica. I was seeing him off at the Washington railroad station when he suddenly said, 'Suppose my code is stolen? How shall I communicate with you?' I had no time for thought. I drew an envelope from my pocket and hastily scribbled instructions: 'This is a horizontal route transposition cipher. First write out the message in horizontal lines, thus:

```
a b c d e
f g h j k
l m n o p
q r s t u
v w x y z
```

and send the vertical columns in their respective order; thus, AFLQV BGMRW CHNSX DJOTY EKPUZ.'

"Boyd quickly read my instructions, then asked, 'Is it necessary to encipher the message in five columns?' I told him to use as many or as few columns as he liked, for we could discover the number by trial and error. Six weeks later we received the message I have already given you. Let's see how long it takes you to decipher it."

The solution will appear in next week's Liberty.

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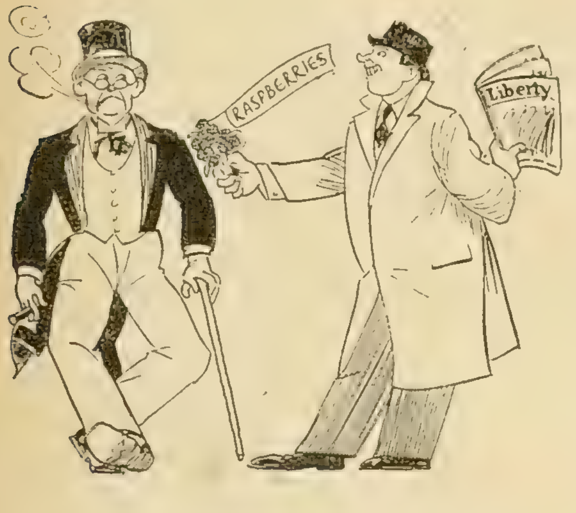
Vox

Putting Our Congressmen on a Spot

RAYVILLE, LA.—After reading all your editorials on the present liquor situation and on present-day politics, I am even more vexed at the men we elect as Congressmen and senators than I was before. We have only one solution to end this depression—*viz.:* Stand at the entrance to the Capitol and at the dismissal of Congress ask every Congressman if he believes prohibition is a success.



Those answering yes, hand a big bunch of red, ripe raspberries. Those answering no, give them some copies of Liberty containing your fine editorials on the wet and dry question. If they answer like true Americans you won't have to use raspberries, but if they make reply in the same way that they take action there won't be enough of them with Libertys in their hands to get around a pot of pot likker.—*William O. Lang.*

Long Long Bicker About a Short Short

FAYETTE, ALA.—I have heretofore thought your short short stories were fairly good. But of all the cockeyed crack-ups you've ever let slip through to mar the pages of an otherwise pretty darn' good magazine, "Mother's Secret" took the bait, hook, line, sinker, and a large portion of the pole.—*Musgrove.*

BOSTON, MASS.—Not since I read "Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy" have I laughed so hard over anything as over "Mother's Secret." I simply rocked. I was in stitches. You made a ten-strike, Liberty, by printing it.—*Dorothy.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Will you let me smell your breath, Mr. Editor? Or, if your breath's all right, what's your weakness? For certainly you have one, when you dare publish such a hodgepodge as "Mother's Secret."—*E. Phyllis Snyder.*

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—With grand amaze I read shorter story in Liberty Magazine, by Do Soo Hahn was written.

Too astonishing, I declare you. For which, I outguess, you have pay maybe one hundred dollar or some more. This is very happy for Hon. Hahn.

I also written short story, of first installment will I place on your pants lap in four or two week, where will make impression most apparent, for is a good damned story.—*Hon. Flung Ding.*

DENVER, COLO.—Please, can't you persuade Do Soo Hahn to compile a book on the technique of short story writing?

I understood "Mother's Secret" perfectly, except for these few items:

1. Whose mother was the nurse of whose child? 2. Who lost whose shirt tail? 3. Who framed whose mother, and concerning which?—*D. C. B.*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Congratulations, Liberty, on printing one of the funniest stories it has ever been my good luck to read. I'm referring to that masterpiece of unconscious humor, "Mother's Secret," by Do Soo Hahn.

I suppose that, because there was no Editor's Note saying, "This is intended to be funny," a good many people were in danger of taking it seriously. Some of them, possibly, may even have been angered by Liberty's printing it.—*M. L.*

WILKES-BARRE, PA.—So Liberty has taken to printing the mouthings of morons, eh? I refer to the what-was-it written by Do Soo Hahn. Mr. Hahn is, no doubt, a brother of the short short (but not short enough) story editor, else why would Liberty print this high-water mark of asininity?

John K. Hughes

Inclosed is a photo in which I register incredulity, then antipathy, and, finally, disgust at Liberty's latest atrocity. All at one sitting, too. Remarkable, eh?—*John K. Hughes.*

SOUTH ORANGE, N. J.—I think your short short story, "Mother's Secret," was positively delightful with its unique wording, its unusual phrasing, and its touches of slang. A group of us read and reread it last night so as not to miss any of the enjoyment it might give us. I have already bought extra copies to send to friends. We certainly hope Mr. Hahn will give us more pleasure soon.—*Evelyn D. Foster.*

Hooked!

OSHKOSH, WIS.—I was standing near a magazine counter when I saw a man thumbing through the pages of Liberty. Bristling and fuming, he said, "Of all the blankety-blank magazines, Liberty is the limit." Then, turning to the girl behind the counter, "Here's your nickel."—*John L. Rogers.*

To Cancel or Not to Cancel?

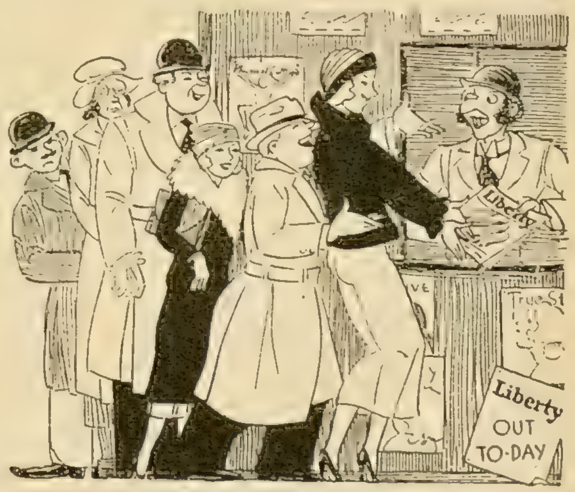
WINNIPEG, MAN., CAN.—After reading your article by Jay Franklin, "Do We Dare Cancel Our War Debts?" I feel that I cannot let certain statements pass unchallenged, especially since just such statements are now being repeated continually in the U. S. A.

He stressed that billions of dollars were loaned, and bewailed laxity of repayments. He neglected to state, however (intentionally or otherwise, that a large percentage of these loans was used for the purchasing of supplies—mainly in the United States. American industries flourished; American labour benefitted, and I understand that something like 400 (figures subject to correction) *new* millionaires came into being in the United States as a consequence of these activities. You put the money to work, (the proper function of money), you got the business, and you still have most of the money to be repaid back to you. Verily, this was a good stroke of business.—*J. M. Duffy.*

J. M. Duffy

You'll Fall Again

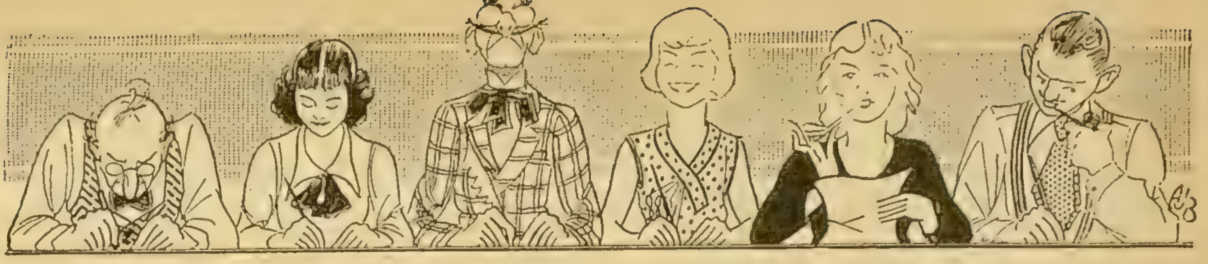
SOMEWHERE IN PENNSYLVANIA—While buying a newspaper the other day, I noticed a line at the news stand waiting for a big package to be unwrapped. Everyone in the line seemed anxious to get a copy of a certain periodical. After the distribution had been made, I inquired what the raid was on and I was told: "Why, Liberty, of course."



I'd never heard of Liberty before, but I thought that anything that sane people stand in line for, these days, must be worth while—so I fell.

Well, I read the thing through from stem to stern, and I am wondering whether those people got the same impression I did—or are they all crazy? If they are crazy, they certainly must feel right at home among Liberty's stories and articles.—*Robert Burns.*

Pop



The Soil as a Solution

ASTORIA, N. Y.—There is a lot of talk in your columns about sending the seven million unemployed " back to the farm." This is sillier than sending them back to the expert accountant's desk, to the automobile garage, to the carpenter's bench, or to any other trade that requires knowledge and experience.

The great majority of the unemployed in our country know nothing whatever about farming, and farming requires as much, or more, experience as any trade. Crops take time to mature, and if one should move to a farm now he would be rather hungry by the time he could dispose of his crop—if any.

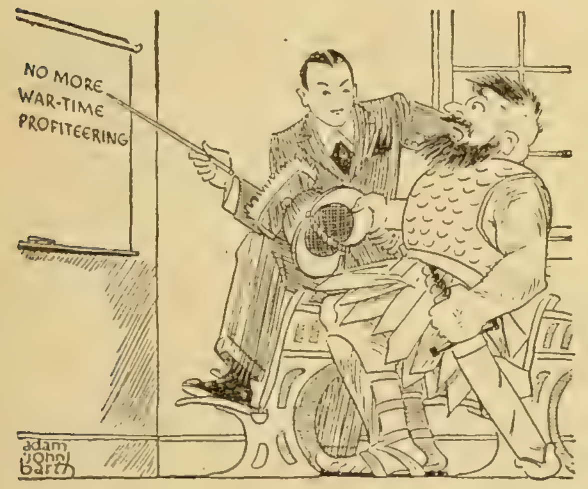
He would require enough capital to keep life in his body, and, if inexperienced, would likely have no crop to dispose of. Furthermore, the farmer is operating at a loss at the present time. —*L. M. Strong.*

ATLANTA, GA.—The critics of your back-to-the-soil idea who so sagely stated that clothing and shoes do not grow on trees should also consider that vegetables and eggs do not grow on city lamp-posts.

If viewed from the angle of necessity, a man can still live in overalls but not on an empty stomach—and they will find far more empty stomachs in the cities than they ever will in the country.—*Neil Burgess.*

"Are We Ready for War with Japan?"

TYLER, TEX. — Answering General William Mitchell's article, " Are We Ready for War with Japan? " I advise that a whole doggoned lot of us will never be ready for such a war, or any other war, until the country has made two progressive steps from the last one:



First, no more war profits for anyone, even if it takes the hide off every profiteer in the country. Second, no high or war wages. Everyone conscripted for either " front " or " industrial " service, including men and a lot of the women.

If the war maniacs, fanatics, or other advocates of war are unable to permit or endure the above, the jails won't hold the " holdouts." War for glory for some, death for many, and fortunes for the few. . . . That formula has been relegated to the dark ages, the unenlightened past!—*F. G. Swanson.*

HOLSTEIN, IOWA—From one of the greatest men in aviation today (although he is on the outside looking in since his court-martial in 1925 for telling the truth), General William Mitchell, came a warning against the " yellow peril " which our legislators may well take seriously. I'm referring to his article, " Are We Ready for War with Japan? "

The Exclusion Act was an insult to Japanese national pride which they'll want to avenge. They have ambitions for expansion, illustrated by the invasion of Manchuria. When the opportune time comes they will invade the Philippines, forcing us to fight. They have us outnumbered two to one in combat planes.

E. A. Kuehl

Liberty, give us more articles like General Mitchell's!—*E. A. Kuehl.*

One of Our Authors Speaking

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—In Vox Pop for January 30 Mr. Merrill L. Robran brought up five points regarding my story, " Sheath Knife." The first three of them were: " 1. What was the third mate doing on deck, bossing the crew? 2. I've always thought that the third mate was on the 8 to 12 watch—not on duty before dawn. 3. Also, the second mate had no business on deck, as he is on the 12 to 4 watch always."

Since these three questions are on the same subject, I give a short explanation of the system of watches in universal use at one time. The mate had the port watch, assisted by the bosun, who bossed the deck work under the mate. The second mate had the starboard watch, assisted by the third mate, who bossed the deck work under the second mate. Each watch had the deck every alternate four hours, except during the dog watches, from 4 to 6 and from 6 to 8 in the evening. The dog watches were designed to change the hours of duty, so that each watch should have eight hours below every second night, as follows:

Port watch on deck—	8 to 12 midnight
Starb'd " " "	—12 to 4 A. M.
Port " " "	— 4 to 8 A. M.
Starb'd " " "	— 8 to 12 noon
Port " " "	—12 to 4 P. M.
Starb'd " " " (First dog watch)	— 4 to 6 P. M.
Port " " " (Second dog watch)	— 6 to 8 P. M.
Starb'd " " "	— 8 to 12 midnight

Mr. Robran's fourth comment was: " According to my schooling there's no such thing as a point on the ' port beam '—it's either forward or aft of the beam."

The expression " on the port beam " signifies a direction at right angles to the keel of the ship. Mr. Robran's expressions " forward of " and " aft of " are terms never used by seamen.

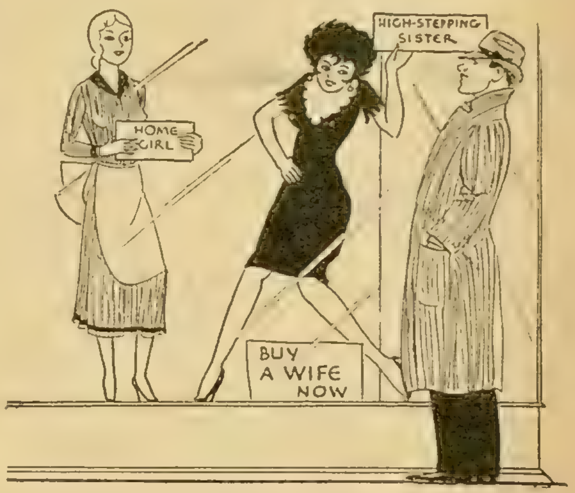
The fifth comment made by Mr. Robran was: " It's the bosun's job to supervise the washing of decks, etc."

It was the bosun's job to supervise the washing of decks when he stood the morning watch from 4 to 8. Every other morning it was the third mate's job.—*William Outerson.*

How to Shop for a Wife

BOSTON, MASS.—Mr. E. Pfeiffen, in Vox Pop, gave his solution to the alimony problem. His solution was: " Be a bachelor and stay one."

May I suggest that this is not the solution? The correct answer is: Pick your wives with at least as much intelligence as you would pick your new car. Don't fall for the baby-faced, fur-wearing species of female who will let you down the minute she has you tied and branded.



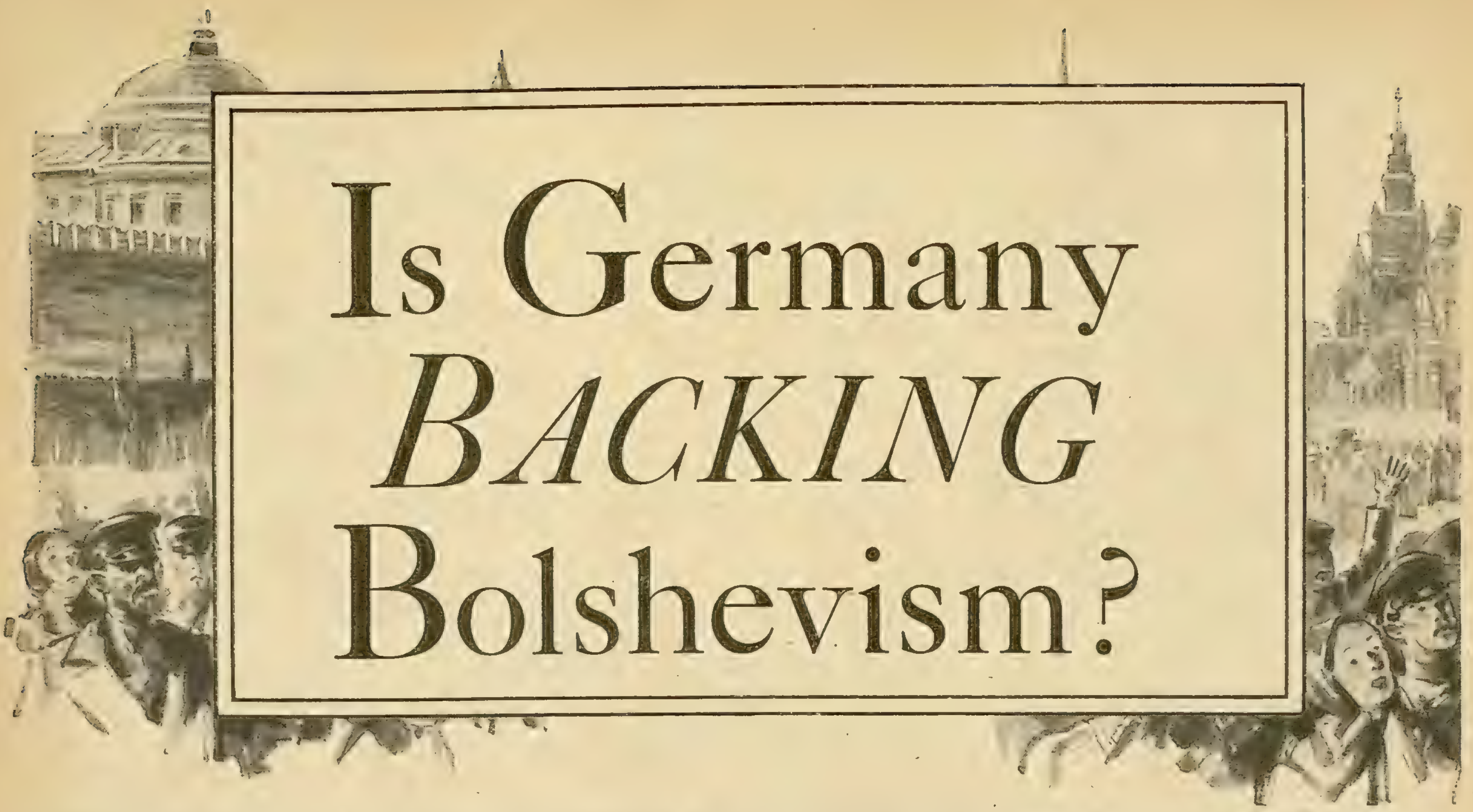
It's unfair to the hundreds of thousands of fine, wage-earning, economical young women who would ask nothing more than companionship, love, and shoulder-to-shoulder responsibility with young American manhood. Do they get it? They do not. They get the cold shoulder, while the high-stepping sister gets the man—and, later, the alimony.

I know Mr. Pfeiffen and his ilk will sneer. They were probably born sneering. But the true solution is, shop around and pick your women. Don't let 'em pick you.—*American Girl.*

Hurray for Mr. Held!

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Hurray for your art feature, " Civilization's Progress," by John Held, Jr.! It is really one of the most amusing things in Liberty.

The contrast between the days of yore and the present day is screechingly funny.—*Ruth Riley.*



Is Germany *BACKING* Bolshevism?

An Answer to Trotsky's Contention that Russia Dare Not Fight Japan

By COUNT ILYA TOLSTOY

(Reading time: 8 minutes 5 seconds.)

LIBERTY, in its last issue, presented an utterance from Leon Trotsky which purported to be his reflections on the Sino-Japanese situation in Manchuria.

From his exile on the shores of the Bosporus, this "prophet of permanent revolution" analyzed the motives and causes of the clash of arms in the Far East as he deciphered them. More important than anything else, he dismissed the idea of a war between Japan and the Soviet Union because—

Because Russia must be wary about tying herself up in any Asiatic fracas, for if the Hitlerites should come into power "it would mean"—to quote him—"an inevitable war between Fascist Germany and the Soviet Republic."

He doesn't take the trouble to explain this or give reasons. Darkly he hints it is enough to know that the Soviets' first concern is to watch their western border.

So we are to infer that the Soviets are in no position to defend the rights of Russia in Manchuria! The Red army, which Trotsky describes as possessing "a gigantic superiority over the present prerevolutionary Japanese army," must be ready for a foe closer to home.

An expressive American word sums up this argument: "Bunk!" Only those who are very naïve or uninformed will believe what he says. For one remembers that it was Germany who got the Soviet leaders into Russia, who supported them financially, and who abetted them in seizure of power. Indeed, since 1917, Germany has been backing Bolshevism. And even now Germany is extending Russia huge credits, and is discounting the Soviets' long-term notes with the help of American money.

Today there is no doubt that if Germany wanted to overthrow the Soviets she could do so in a short time. But why should she? Germany wants Russia weakened and to Sovietize her is to keep her in a strait-jacket.

It is my guess that Mr. Trotsky knows these facts as well as I do—but perhaps he denies them even to himself! Politicians are a weird breed. That gentleman wants to return to Russia some day. Off in his Turkish corner, where he stands punished like a naughty child, he watches his comrades play their pretty game in Moscow and longs for the moment when he will be allowed to join them again—preferably, mounted on his white horse in his favorite rôle of Napoleon come again.

Oh, no; I am quite sure it isn't the advent of the Hitlerites he fears for the Soviets, but rather a general change of Germany's policy, imposed upon her by the irresistible force of events already at work.

Now let us get at the truth. First, the Soviets are not Russia. The Bolsheviks are the invaders and enslavers of Russia. They should not be considered as Russians. Even the very terms "Russia" and "Russian" are excluded from the Soviet vocabulary by governmental decree. Politically speaking, there is no Russia. And Japan was able to make the bold move in Manchuria only because Russia in this final sense does not exist. Only the real Russia, supported by Europe and America, could have stopped the Japanese invasion.

Trotsky tried in his article to persuade Liberty readers that the Soviets with their Red army could have defeated Japan easily if they had wanted to fight for Russian rights in Manchuria. But they had another kettle of fish to watch—Hitlerites!

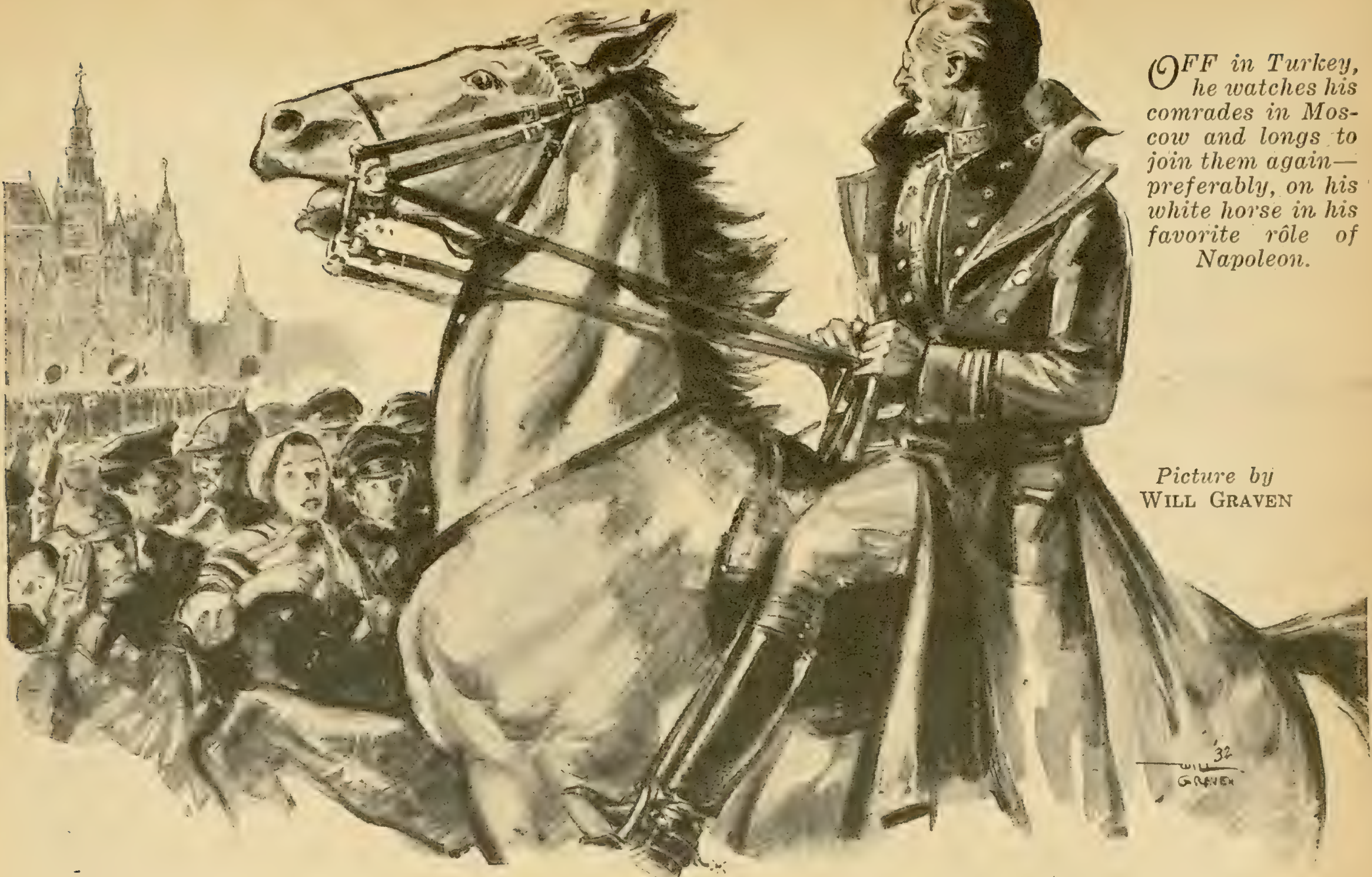
THE exile knew better. He knows that the Soviets will not and cannot fight Japan for excellent political and economic reasons—and Japan knows it!

To wit: The population of Russia can be held in subjection only by forbidding the people to have weapons. It would be the mistake of mistakes to give them arms and ammunition. Visitors from Russia today who have studied the condition and mood of the masses are unanimous in saying that the peasants desire nothing but war—against their oppressors. They cry:

"Give us rifles and we will shoot down all the communists and deliver our country and ourselves!"

Better than anyone else, the communists know the disposition of the people, and they will never take a chance by arming them. And Mr. Trotsky is aware of this murderous discontent, for when he speaks of how averse the Soviets are to going to war he alludes to certain "political difficulties" as one of the major drawbacks to its successful pursuit. Those "political difficulties" I interpret to mean the smoldering enmity of millions of peasants toward their communistic overlords.

Inevitably, then, the first result of any external war would be a revolt against the Soviet government. Of course, any such revolt would be abortive because of the



OFF in Turkey, he watches his comrades in Moscow and longs to join them again—preferably, on his white horse in his favorite rôle of Napoleon.

Picture by WILL GRAVEN

widespread espionage of the so-called special commission and the enormous distances of the country.

Trotsky gives us to believe that the Red army is invincible. He says: "The Red army is a historic product of three revolutions, which have awakened and educated the Russian nation. . . ."

But, from reliable sources of information, the Soviets have a standing army of approximately 700,000. In this number are included the 200,000 soldiers belonging to the aforesaid "special commission." These 200,000 are outright mercenaries, and the greater majority not even Russians, but Letts, Hungarians, Esthonians, and Chinamen. They are practically the only portion of the Soviet army that can be relied upon by their rulers in keeping the interior of Russia in order. They could not be spared to fight on any foreign front!

And so, Mr. Trotsky I ask you where is the Red army that you say could defeat Japan? To say nothing about the Soviets having to face the Hitlerites!

War is also impossible for the Soviets on economic grounds. They are facing financial bankruptcy. An army cannot fight without shoes, and from a hundred authentic reports we have learned that there is no footgear for soldiers. What about the Five-Year Plan, you ask? Well, that is exclusively a military plan, too, but it is set to furnish guns, tractors, and other war implements and ammunition—not shoes, clothing, meat, and bread!

JUST one more point about this easy victory over Japan which Mr. Trotsky avers the Soviets would win. How about the railroad? Stalin himself admits the entire disorganization of the railroad system. The Russo-Japanese War proved that 5,000 miles of one-track railroad was tragically inadequate even when in first-class condition. What good would it be now, broken down?

Do the Soviets wish to fight Japan?

My answer is no.

And if they do not, is it because they must be ready for the uprising of the Hitlerites in Germany?

My answer is no.

To begin with, many significant facts indicate that *the Soviets have a secret agreement with Japan.* During the last ten years these two powers rendered each other several mutual political services:

1. Japan was furnishing visas and other documents for the Soviet Asians to enter China, India, the Philippines, and America.
2. During the revolt in southern China in 1923-27, the communists were supporting the boycott of English goods in the Far East and backing the interests of Japan.
3. In 1929, during the conflict of the Soviets with China over the Chinese railroad, Japan kept silent.
4. In 1931 the Soviets did not object to the invasion of Manchuria by Japan. In the note of Litvinoff of November 13, 1931, to Japan, he mentions the "pledge" of Japan. What pledge?

FROM such actions alone (and there are others) one would be justified in saying that the Soviets and Japan were in secret alliance.

What does this mean to the world? Obviously, it would appear to be a combination of interests and aims directed against Europe and America.

To complete the picture, let me add that "the second face" of the Soviets—the Komintern—will do everything possible to complicate the already tangled situation. Already it has appealed to the proletariat of the world to protect the oppressed Chinese people.

But the secret aim of the Komintern is to promote a war between the United States and Japan that would open to the communistic party the most radiant of prospects.

How the Far East question will be solved is still in the womb of the future. Japan knows only too well what she wants. Europe, as a whole, seems absolutely helpless in the situation, and its League of Nations a faithful reflection of Europe's impotence. The main reason why Europe will not defend Manchuria is that she has very small commercial interests in that country.

The United States? They could intervene, but it would mean that the United States would have to protect the interests of the other signatories in Manchuria without any help from bedeviled Europe. And it is altogether unlikely that the American people would stand for such a move and its consequences.

Japan knows all these things, and knows also that Soviet Russia won't and can't step in her way in Manchuria; and she doesn't thank Herr Hitler for it, either!

THE END

Cash for Wise Cracks!

LIBERTY PAYS $500 FOR ANSWERS TO THIS WEEK'S QUESTION

"Why Do Farmers Cultivate Spinach?"

WEEKLY CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

FIRST PRIZE	$100
SECOND PRIZE	50
THIRD PRIZE	25
Two FOURTH PRIZES, each $10	20
Seven FIFTH PRIZES, each $5	35
Fifty SIXTH PRIZES, each $2	100
170 SEVENTH PRIZES, each $1	170
232 CASH PRIZES, TOTAL	$500

The RULES

1. Anyone, anywhere, may compete in this contest except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their immediate families.

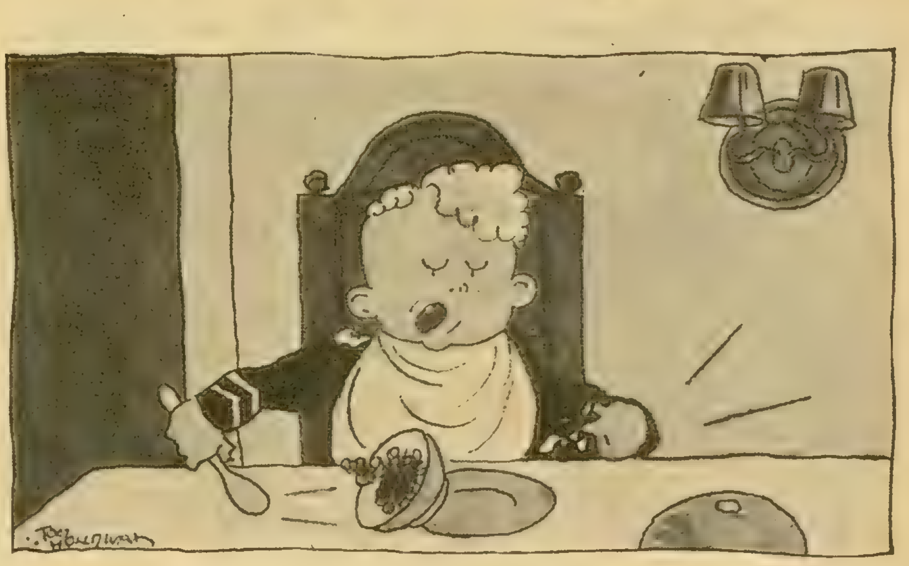
2. Each week until further notice Liberty will print a contest question. Write what you consider the most ridiculous possible answer to it. Your answer must be accompanied by a suggested question usable in a future edition of this contest.

3. Each answer must not exceed twenty words. Each suggested question must not exceed twenty words. Use typewriter or pen and ink. Answers in pencil will not be considered. Write on one side of your sheet of paper only.

4. The answer which, in the opinion of the judges, is the most ridiculous and is accompanied by the best suggested question for a future edition of the contest will be awarded the first prize. The next best entry, judged on this basis, will be awarded second prize, etc., according to the prize schedule on this page.

5. Mail all entries to ANSWERS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. Entries for this week's contest must be received prior to the close of business on Monday, March 7, 1932.



THERE you are! Why do farmers cultivate spinach? That's this week's question, and the prize-winning wise cracks in answer to it will take down a total of $500 cash money. You can win $100 for a twenty-word answer. You can win $50 or $25. You can win any one of the 232 cash prizes, provided you enter. And why not? The spinach question is subject to debate in millions of homes. Here's your chance to settle a million, more or less, family feuds—and get paid for doing it. Spinach addicts, non-users, and those who can "take it or leave it alone" are invited to express their opinions. And, after all, "Why *do* farmers cultivate spinach?"

NINTH WEEK PRIZE WINNERS, HOME LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST

$100 FIRST PRIZE

HARRIET S. RIDER, Rowayton, Conn.

$10 SECOND PRIZES

Art Feigl, Los Angeles, Calif.; Benton Bacheller, Mount Vernon, Me.; Mrs. Elizabeth M. Hanson, Providence, R. I.; Frank A. Kaufman, Rochester, N. Y.; Henry Klein, Jersey City, N. J.; Mrs. Adam Metz, Little Falls, N. J.; Jean Hamilton Newbury, Paris, France; M. M. O'Brien, New York, N. Y.; Esley Tabler, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. H. B. Schell, Pearl River, N. Y.

$5 THIRD PRIZES

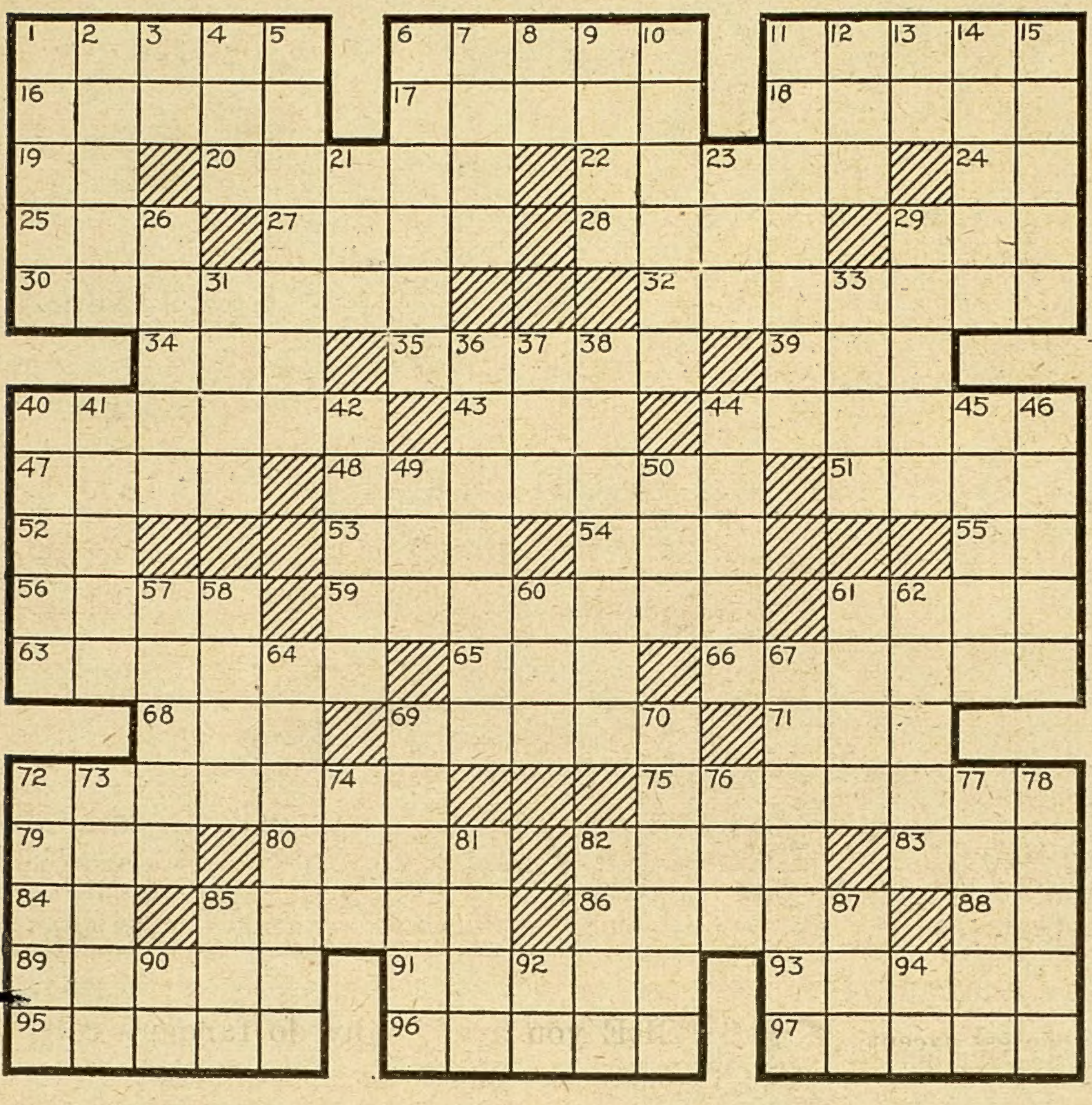
Elizabeth S. Alderman, Ironton, Ohio; Joe L. Ballenger, Spartanburg, S. C.; R. A. Barber, Elyria, Ohio; Mrs. C. E. Bisbee, Madelia, Minn.; Mrs. William T. Bissell, New York, N. Y.; Abner G. Bjorklund, St. Paul, Minn.; Karl Brucker, Milwaukee, Wis.; Frances Buchanan, Santa Barbara, Calif.; Mrs. E. O. Burdon, Portland, Ore.; C. E. Culpepper, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Ralph R. Dresel, San Francisco, Calif.; Roberta Duffy, Montgomery, La.; James B. Dyche, Morristown, N. J.; Walter A. Fehrmann, Havana, Cuba; Herald Gwilym, Seattle, Wash.

Mrs. Marion S. Haller, Middlebury, Vt.; Regina Hansen, Framingham, Mass.; Arthur L. Henreux, Escanaba, Mich.; G. E. Howes, Pelham Manor, N. Y.; Sam Hufschmid, Paterson, N. J.; P. A. Kinsey, Boyertown, Pa.; Arma Kramberger, Akron, Ohio; Lowell E. Kramien, Shirley, Ind.; Mrs. L. E. Lichtenwalter, Fort Sam Houston, Tex.; Arthur Lieser, St. Louis, Mo.; L. D. Merrill, Portland, Ore.; Mrs. Chester B. Monson, Watertown, S. D.; J. H. Morgan, Meridian, Miss.

William J. Mulcahy, Jr., San Mateo, Calif.; Mrs. Guy M. Page, Burlington, Vt.; Raymond R. Pittenger, Cleveland, Ohio; Margot Platz, Aurora, Ill.; Mrs. Charles W. Reninger, Allentown, Pa.; Ola W. Scott, Kenansville, Fla.; James Simpson, Colorado Springs, Colo.; Edmund W. Trissell, Kansas City, Mo.; John Unger, New York, N. Y.; Florence Watkins, Norfolk, Va.; John H. Wild, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Ralph S. Wyckoff, Oneonta, N. Y.

ANOTHER $500 PRIZE MONEY FOR WISE CRACKS NEXT WEEK!

Cross Words A New Puzzle

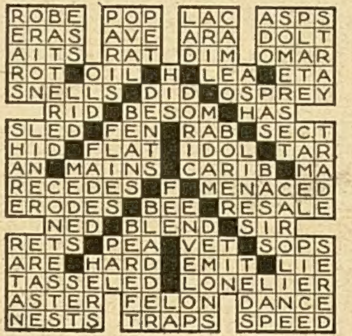


HORIZONTAL

1 One of the vertebræ
6 Withered old woman
11 Matched
16 A Celtic language
17 Man's name
18 Solitary
19 Japanese measure
20 Former English king
22 Worship
24 Note in Guido's scale
25 Printer's measures
27 Repents
28 Restore to health
29 Measure of area
30 Retards; hinders
32 Neater
34 Sprite
35 Half-melted snow
39 Seize
40 Nape of the neck
43 Devoured
44 Herbaceous plant
47 Pronoun
48 Profoundly intent
51 Plant
52 Babylonian deity
53 Portuguese coin
54 Exclamation
55 Note of the scale
56 Formerly
59 Legislative bodies
61 Prophet
63 Answer in kind
65 Latin numeral
66 Ethereal salts
68 Deer
69 Autocrats
71 Melody
72 Idle talk
75 Items in an account
79 Strike smartly
80 Exclamation
82 Mast
83 Woman's name
84 Form of to be
85 Fragile
86 Sarah's slave
88 Pronoun
89 Walked in water
91 Tag
93 Tranquillity
95 Snowfalls
96 Dams up, as a stream
97 Petty malice; grudge

VERTICAL

1 Displayed ostentatiously
2 Threefold
3 Chinese measure
4 A tree
5 County officer
6 Fondle
7 Beams
8 Either
9 Biblical name
10 Concludes
11 Small line of two strands
12 Beverage
13 Toward
14 Habituate
15 Hinder
21 Recluse
23 Propeller
26 Metric measure
29 Translucent resin
31 An astringent
33 Brewing material
36 King of Latinum (mythology)
37 American Indian
38 Legislator
40 Guide
41 Single or odd job
42 Foremost
44 Discontinue
45 Allude
46 Measures of time
49 Born
50 Pronoun
57 Narrow strip
58 Sound a horn
60 Collection of facts
61 Agitate
62 Weird; uncanny
64 Impedes
67 Governors of provinces in ancient Persia
69 Tracks
70 Leaves or divisions of a calyx
72 Crops
73 Chief minister of Ahasuerus
74 Note of Guido's scale
76 Horse
77 Eject; oust
78 Kind of sofa
81 Part of a bed
82 A son of Noah
85 Of small number
87 A fabric
90 Note of the scale
92 Partake of reality
94 Sloth



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ROBE POP LAC ASPS
ERAS AVE ARA DOLT
AITS RAT DIM OMAR
ROT■OIL■H■LEA■ETA
SNELLS■DID■OSPREY
  RID■BESOM■HAS
SLED■FEN■RAB■SECT
HID■FLAT■IDOL■TAR
AN■MAINS■CARIB■MA
RECEDES■F■MENACED
ERODES■BEE■RESALE
  NED■BLEND■SIR
RETS■PEA■VET■SOPS
ARE■HARD■EMIT■LIE
TASSELED■LONELIER
ASTER FELON DANCE
NESTS TRAPS SPEED
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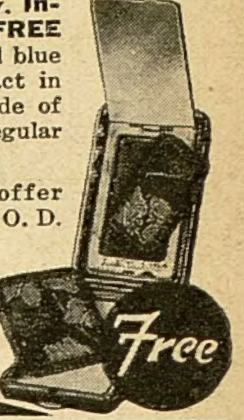
Answer to last week's puzzle

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue


Read this remarkable **FREE Offer** made by **LUCRETIA VANDERBILT**

Introducing purse size **Parisian Concentrated Perfume,** (sensual as the Orient—favorite of all fastidious women). Crystal flask in soft sheep-skin bag—handy to carry. **Included FREE with each order** a beautiful blue lacquer silvered double compact in blue leather case. State shade of powder and rouge desired. Regular retail price for both, $5.

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Sudden Change to COMPLEXION BEAUTY Amazed Her Friends

But she never told them why. For years her skin was dull and sallow. Pimples, blotches and blemishes caused by constipation marred her chance of beauty. But not any more.

Stuart's calcium wafers worked their wonders for her. Gentle internal cleansers—they quickly help to remove the *cause:* intestinal stasis and poisonous wastes that dull the eye, blotch the skin and stupefy the mind and personality.

A five day test of Stuart's Calcium Wafers will often work a wondrous change: soft, silken skin clear and free from faults! Bright, sparkling eyes! Alert and vigorous in mind and body! No wonder that so many thousands of people find that an occasional sugar-coated Calcium Wafer (Stuart's) is all the tonic that they need.

STUART'S CALCIUM WAFERS
AT ALL DRUG STORES: 10c and 60c

FULL BOX FREE

Enough for full test—ample to prove the value to you of Stuart's Calcium Wafers—will be sent you, if you mail this coupon to the Stuart Co., Dept. 10-K, Marshall, Mich.

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Address..

Town..

To the Ladies!

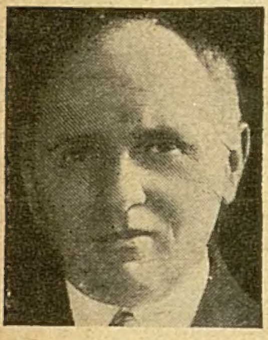
By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 4 minutes 45 seconds.)

HE has entertained thirty million people and made them like it, but his kids tell him, "Daddy, you don't understand."

So you see, Mr. Roxy of Roxy Theater fame is a regular parent. He's "regular" in other ways, too. Reads himself to sleep with murder mysteries. Sings in his bath. Likes music with good clear tunes.



Samuel L. Rothafel

"All this ultra-modern music may be O. K.," he told me, "but I want a melody I can follow and remember. So does everybody else, in my opinion. I don't believe 'em when they say they *enjoy* those futuristic discords."

I asked Mr. Roxy what he considers the most important ingredient to put in when he cooks up a popular dish of entertainment.

"Emotion," he answered promptly. "When you want to amuse people give them something emotional. Give it to them rapidly—at high speed—but don't let them realize you are hustling them."

Mr. Roxy is now giving it to them via the radio—and making them like it more than ever. By the way, he's been "Roxy" so long to the public that he has almost forgotten his name is Samuel L. Rothafel.

A DEBUTANTE with a wicked sense of humor has set tongues wagging in Washington. When a lady advertises for a children's governess, the débutante applies.

"I'll do *all* the mending," she says demurely, "and when the children don't need me I can help cook or serve at table. I do all kinds of housework. And I only want one evening off."

Then comes the shock.

"But on my evening off," adds the prim applicant, "I expect your husband to take me out."

Then the minx departs, as demurely as ever, while the lady goes into a faint or boils with indignation. The deb has a list of victims. She calls it her "Washington Catalogue of Jealous Wives."

OF all our human qualities, "taste" is the most difficult to define. But in exercising it I believe there is one safe rule to follow: *When you consider one of your possessions beautiful—give it a chance.*

I was reminded of this one evening recently when I saw the very luxurious but oh-so-tasteless home of a wealthy acquaintance. The fine furnishings would have looked so much finer had they not been crowded together in a vast heap of magnificence, the effect of each lovely object killed by confusion.

For example, two unusually interesting vases, mounted as lamps, stood on a long table which was draped with rare old brocade and covered with smaller ornaments, bric-a-brac, statuettes, little boxes—what not? And the general effect was—a mess.

I think the Japanese are altogether right in their practice of showing *one* beautiful vase, or bowl, or box, or whatever it may be, alone, by itself. They give each beautiful thing a chance to be appreciated.

ONE of these days we'll find "marriage advice" clinics doing business in every city. The establishment of this new service is only delayed by lack of funds, says Dr. Robert L. Dickinson, maternal health expert at the Regional Conference on Social Hygiene. Dr. Dickinson believes that plain talk, straight from the shoulder of an old-fashioned family physician, puts wayward marriages back on the track far better than modern psychology or the courts of law.

I am all for such clinics. I go a step further. I think they should dispense practical advice *before* marriage as well as after. I'm sure there would be fewer divorces if we had reliable centers for handing out "marriage information."

BEADWORK comes into fashion again and again as a trimming for dresses. It's coming in now.

Some of the new Paris evening gowns are beaded all over. A few days ago I saw a lovely chiffon dress in pale beige decorated with bands and bands of tiny pearly beads. The beaded bands follow the lines of the figure—long and flowing on the skirt, beltlike around the waist, then curving up the front. Narrow strips of the chiffon appear between the bands.

Beads of shimmering night blue are very effective on a black dress, and dark bronze beads were most attractively used to trim the tie-on bolero worn with a flounced dress of green satin.

A READER asks me for some *private* kitchen tricks. Here are a few little secrets of mine:

When I roast a chicken without stuffing I put a whole apple, peeled and cored, inside the bird. Remove the apple before serving. It's not there to be eaten, but to give the meat added succulence and flavor.

I rub the chicken over with plenty of salt and paprika at least four hours before roasting. This Hungarian trick makes the browned skin tender, crisp, and delicious.

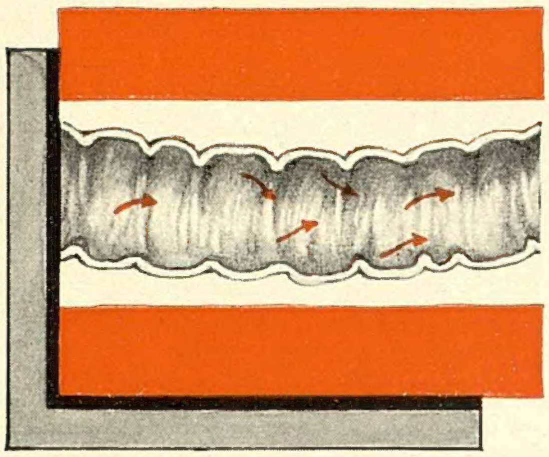
Before broiling chops or kidneys rub a little powdered ginger, salt, and a dash of cinnamon into the meat.

Put two cloves into the water in which you cook your pound of spaghetti.

When you serve mashed turnips, squash, or pumpkin, add 1 tablespoon of sour cream and ¼ teaspoon of nutmeg to 3 cups of cooked vegetable.

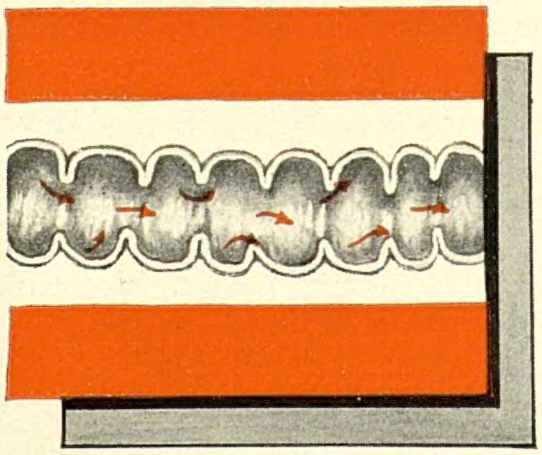
EVENSONG is an amusing new book by Beverly Nichols. The great opera singer, delightfully eccentric, *will* keep on singing after her time. (Doubleday Doran.)

DON'T ROB NATURE OF HER JOB!



Beware of Violent Cathartics!

Chronic constipation distends the intestines as shown above, causing loss of muscle "tone" Repeated abuse with violent cathartics may further impair the action of these muscles, thus often doing more harm than good



Action of a Normal Intestine

Arrows show how the peristaltic muscles knead and churn constantly to eliminate waste matter When action is delayed, Ex-Lax simply gives Nature a gentle nudge and proper function is resumed.

It's Nature's job to eliminate food waste from your body—gently—normally. Nature has given you a set of bowel muscles which should churn and "knead" *steadily* to perform this vital task.

When you are constipated it simply means that these muscles have slowed down temporarily. You need something to speed them up to *normal.* But be mighty careful what you take!

Beware of violent cathartics which distort and violate the normal, easy action of the bowel muscles. Such cathartics rob Nature of her impulse to function normally.

After repeated "dosing" with wrong laxatives your bowel muscles are so abused that they lose their impulse to act effectively and naturally, without assistance.

Keep your intestines independent

To keep your health, keep your intestines independent of such harmful laxatives. Use instead a laxative that aids Nature *gently*, helping occasionally as needed.

Ex-Lax is such a laxative! And doctors everywhere approve its scientific principle.

Ex-Lax does not rob Nature of her work. It simply stimulates the bowel muscles to help themselves naturally, urging them gently to resume their normal activity.

The Ex-Lax way is Nature's way

It's so simple—so natural! Ex-Lax gets *all* the "results" you expect from any laxative, but gets them harmlessly.

The only medicinal ingredient in Ex-Lax is phenolphthalein. Its gentle, helpful action is known to physicians everywhere.

The special Ex-Lax formula contains this famous laxative agent—in just the right proportion, right quality and right dose—deliciously chocolated.

Ex-Lax checks on every point doctors demand of a laxative.

Ex-Lax doesn't gripe. It isn't habit-forming. It isn't absorbed in the system. It doesn't affect the stomach or disturb digestion.

Ex-Lax is so safe, gentle and effective for all ages that it has become the world's leading laxative!

Get Ex-Lax at your drug store. 10c, 25c, 50c a box, or mail the coupon below for a free sample.

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BECAUSE

THEY'RE MILDER. It's the *tobaccos!* The mildest that money can buy. Ripened and sweetened in the sunshine . . . cured by the farmer . . . then aged for two years in wooden hogsheads.

THEY TASTE BETTER. Rich aroma of Turkish and mellow sweetness of Domestic, blended and *cross-blended* the Chesterfield way.

THEY'RE PURE. Everything that goes into Chesterfield is tested by expert chemists. The purest cigarette paper made, tasteless, odorless. Sanitary manufacture . . . throughout!

THEY SATISFY. You break open a clean, tight-sealed package. You light up a well-filled cigarette. Yes, sir . . . you're going to like *this* cigarette! And right there is where many a smoker changes to Chesterfield. *They Satisfy!*

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LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

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